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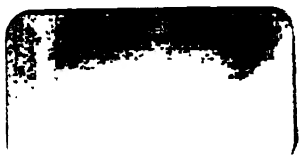

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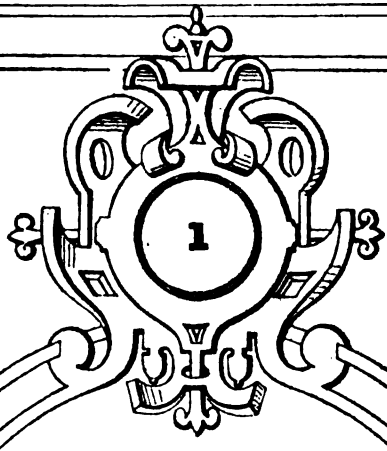

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RUSSELL'S

MAGAZINE.

No. I. APRIL, 1857. Vol. I.

THE EDINBURG REVIEWER REVIEWED.

THE EDINBURG REVIEW, NO. 212, OCTOBER, 1856.

An article on American Parties, from ah English pen, in a leading British Quarterly, naturally commands attention with the American people, when the same remarks, in a Journal or Review of their own, would receive and be entitled to none. In the first case, the writer's sentiments claim authority, as offered by one at a distance from the scene of excitement, and occupying a more commanding stand-point; in the other, they would be disregarded as those of a heated and prejudiced partisan. Independently, then, of any supposed or real undue sensibility of our citizens in reference to their reputation for morals or manners, comments upon them, from abroad, and from home, are different things in character and value. The article, in the November number of the Edinburg Review, on the Political Crisis in the United States, professes to be one of these, and is, in fact, the other. It is, therefore, a flagrant issue of counterfeit coin. It is what is called, in the refined language of Congressional debate, a bogus paper. It seeks to obtain credit under false pretences. The author is an utterer of spurious and base money.

In former times, this sort of literary imposture was visited with rebuke and contempt. Poor Chatterton was hunted to death, by Walpole and others, because he published his beautiful poetry in the name of an old Monk who lived 200 years before him. Lauder was forced by Dr. Johnson to make an humble apology to the public for palming upon them his own productions as those of another person, with a view to injure the reputation of Milton as a poet. The culprit was driven from his country, and died in degraded obscurity. But here we have a man practising the same kind of simulation, not harmlessly, like Chatterton, nor, like Lauder, to assail the reputation only of a poet, but with the design to traduce and revile, before the European world, the character and condition of his own nation.

If the fraud, in any shape, is disgraceful, what does it become when its purpose is to make the writer's countrymen contemptible or hateful to a kindred people. In the great world-battle among nations for honest fame, he is a traitor to the cause of his country. Whatever an American may do at home, he should know, when abroad, neither North nor South, East nor West of his own country; but this gentleman creeps into a foreign Review, to exasperate and magnify their differences. What punishment is adequate for such an offence? If, after, the old custom, he was compelled to do penance, before the public eye, in a white sheet, for such a prostitution of talent, it would be the least penalty deserved. The pillory has been inflicted for a smaller crime.

But we have changed all that. We no longer live under the wholesome influences of Lauder's sturdy old Moralist. It is no longer the fashion to judge a bird to be an ill bird that takes indecent liberties with its own nest, and fraud has become an institution. It has its heroes like Schuyler and Huntington. It is no longer a vice, but a disease. The gentlemen of the law have discovered, with the ingenuity that naturally springs from the indiscriminate defence of right and wrong, that even forgery is not villainy, but moral insanity; and our author is only slightly afflicted with a prevailing malady.

In the midst of all this gigantic roguery, it would be an Old World scruple to make much ado about a mere literary cheat, if it pays the author well, or to censure the libelling of one's country, when to do so has become the most ready introduction to notice abroad and applause at home. The time has gone by for treating with scorn or contempt these petty larcenies on public confidence or common decency; but, in future, when we meet, in a foreign Journal or Review, with abuse on the Southern States, particularly systematic in its form, minute in its details, and virulent in its tone, we may at once ascribe it to the malignity which is nursed, not in Edinburg or London, but in Boston and New York.

Setting aside these antiquated considerations of truthfulness and fidelity to one's country and people, we shall proceed to the arguments and statements of the Reviewer. These are so absurd on the one hand, and so much at variance with the whole scope of our history on the other, as to be worthy of the spirit alone that produced them.

We will pass the less important topics, and take up the leading principle only, which forms the frame-work of the article. The Reviewer asserts that there has been a change in the policy of the Government since 1789; that all Parties, at that time, North and South, were opposed to slavery and wished its destruction; that its extension was expected and desired, "neither by Southern men nor by Northern men"; that this policy was formally proclaimed as that of the nation; that it has been re versed by the management or violence of the slaveholders, against the will of the country; that the same violence or intrigue has committed continued aggressions on the North, and driven it at last to the verge of revolution.

We assert, on the other hand, that no such policy or design, respecting slavery, ever existed in the country, under the old Government, nor under the *present Constitution;* that the Southern States were always jealous of their rights of property; that ample provision was made for the extension of slavery

when it was made for the expansion of the Northern Population; that the assumptions of the North, in reference to what is called slavery extension, are at variance with the whole practice of the Government, from the Revolution to 1820; and that the supposed aggressions by the South on the North are chimeras only of imaginations heated by the fires of party violence.

We will dispose, in advance, of one topic in relation to the question which makes a large part of the staple of the writer's argument, and which is frequently adverted to in Congressional speeches by Northern members. The opinions of the great men of the Revolution, we are told, were adverse to slavery. Mr. Jefferson has become a favorite statesman with the Abolition orators, and his opinion is perpetually quoted as overwhelming authority. Formerly, he was denounced in New York and New England as an arch Jacobin and preacher of false and dangerous principles in Morals, Politics, and Religion; now he is recognized there as the great Apostle of Freedom. But whatever his opinions may have been, or whatever their authority, now or of old, our discussion concerns not the sentiments of individuals, but the action of States. We must judge of the temper of the times by the proceedings of Congresses, Legislatures, and Conventions; not from the speculations of writers or speakers, however distinguished. These were various then as they are now. If Mr. Jefferson held opinions which Mr. Wilson, Hr. Hale, and the Reviewer are ready to adopt and enforce, Mr. Adams expressed others that are equally decided the other way. We will quote them, to show the difference between the sound sense of Revolutionary Massachusetts, and the speculations of Massachusetts in 1856—between Mr. Sumner and Mr. Adams.

In 1775, during the debate on the 9th article of the old Confederacy, proposing population, including slaves, as the basis of taxation, an objection was started by the Southern members. They thought that slaves should not be regarded as population. The Northern members judged differently. Among them was Mr. Adams.

Mr. Adams said, "that it was of no consequence by what name you call your people, whether by that of freemen or of slaves; that in some countries the laboring poor were called freemen; in others, they were called slaves; but the difference to the State was imaginary only. What matters it whether a landlord, employing ten laborers on his farm, gives them annually as much money as will buy the necessaries of life, or gives them those necessaries at short hand? The ten laborers add as much wealth annually to the State, increase the exports as much in one case as in the other. Five hundred freemen produce no more profits, no greater surplus for the payment of taxes than five hundred slaves. * * * Suppose, by an extraordinary operation of Providence, or of law, one half of the laborers of a State could, in the course of a night, be transferred into slaves, would the State be made the poorer? The condition of the laboring poor in most countries, that of the fishermen particularly in the Northern States, is as abject as that of slaves. * * How does the Southern farmer procure slaves? Either by importation or by purchase. If he imports a slave, he adds one to the number of laborers in the country; if he buys from his neighbor, it is only the transfer of a laborer from one farm to another, which does not

change the production of the State. * * A slave may, from the custom of speech, be more properly called the wealth of his master, than the free laborer can be called the wealth of his employer, but as to the State, both are its wealth."

These remarks embrace the whole philosophy of the subject. They certainly imply no disposition in the speaker to join in a crusade against slavery. They are commended to the notice of the good people of New England, and they should convince the Reviewer that he has committed the mistake, common in historical disquisitions, of imputing to a former time the humors and passions of one's own.

To ascertain the general opinion of the Revolutionary period, we must look to the debates of the old Confederacy, of which Mr. Adams' speech makes a part. There is no trace to be found in them of any thing approaching, in the most distant manner, to the ferocious and insane declamation so fashionable now. Slavery at that time was common in the States. The North knew then what slaves are, and would not have submitted for a moment to the nonsense that is current on that subject at present in both Houses of Congress. To interfere with the rights of the Southern men, to insult their homes, or assail their feelings, never, at that period, entered into the heart of a Northern man. So scrupulously careful were the members from the North on this score, that the clause was stricken from the Declaration of Independence, in the original draft, which contained a denunciation of the trade in slaves, carried on by England with her Colonies, because, it was thought, reflections on the subject might be offensive or disagreeable to Southern men. Slavery was never made a subject of debate, day after day, as it is at present. Except incidentally or collaterally, it never was discussed at all. When, in the Conventions or Legislatures of the Southern States, vigilant or suspicious members expressed doubts whether their property in slaves might not be assailed, they were not told that slavery was proscribed by general consent as the national policy; that it was to be modified or cease; and that therefore there was no reason to be tenacious about future events or measures respecting it. They were answered by being assured that there was no design any where to interfere with their rights of property at all. The extension of their population, of whites and blacks, into new territory was one of those rights. We will proceed to show not only that it was not resisted, as it is now, but that it was unanimously assented to and amply provided for.

The measure continually appealed to, by the opponents of slavery, as settling conclusively the early policy of the country against the extension of slavery, is the ordinance of 1787. We will trace the history of the measure, and show that it proves the very reverse of their opinion to be true. The extension of slavery was clearly understood to be amply provided for at the time that the ordinance was passed. The provision for the extension of the Southern population, like that for the Northern population, was acquiesced in alike by all parties on that occasion. The settled policy proclaimed at the time was, equal justice to both sections of the Union.

It is a common error to suppose that the controversy about the public lands, during the Revolution, their cession, and the rules adopted for their regulation, turned altogether or mainly on the subject of

slavery. The controversy had in truth nothing to do with slavery. It arose from the disposition, in some of the States, to monopolize then, as others are wishing to do now, the whole Territory of the United States. The States claiming it, asserted a right to what were called the back lands as being within their chartered limits. The other States denied the right. They declared that the disputed Territory had been won from Great Britain by the common efforts of the States, and was therefore the common property of the States. The dispute was one of the most serious that prevailed in our Revolutionary counsels.—Maryland was so determined in asserting her rights, that she refused for a long time to sign the articles of confederation; nor were her Delegates permitted, by her, to sign them, until March, 1781, when the cessions from the claiming States had been partially made. The chief cessions were to the lands north of the Ohio. They were made by New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Virginia. The N. W. Territory was claimed by all these States, and not by Virginia alone. Congress had decided, indeed, that the right of New York was the best of them all. Conditions of various kinds were annexed to the deeds of cession. Connecticut reserved a part of her claim.—But no deed of cession contained any general proscription against the extension of slavery. The cessions made were accepted by Congress in 1784. Mr. Jefferson, as Chairman of a Committee, introduced an ordinance for the general regulation of the Territory. Among the articles of the ordinance was one excluding slavery from all the lands "ceded and to be ceded" by the States to the United States. The lands to "be ceded" were those south of the Ohio. The article concerning slaves, in reference to these lands, was not demanded from any Northern quarter. It was introduced without special instructions from Mr. Jefferson's State. It was against the opinion of his colleague. Although naturally enough acquiesced in or supported by the Northern States, it received the vote of no Southern State, and the measure failed.

The Reviewer here remarks with singular sagacity, that *if* the ordinance had succeeded, slavery would have been excluded, not only from the North-West, but from all the Territory then owned by the United States. Without doubt there is much virtue in an "*if*." It affords an area ample enough for innumerable castles in Spain. If the skies fall we shall catch larks. If the ordinance had passed without change, the Reviewer would be right; now he is wrong. If the thirteen States had continued to be slaveholding States, there would be no disputes respecting slavery. If the ordinance had not passed at all, the territory north of the Ohio might now be slaveholding States.

The ordinance did pass, however, in 1787. But it was adopted with this important modification. The restriction respecting slavery was confined to the lands north of the Ohio. In this form it was accepted unanimously, the Southern States voting for it because, as the historian Hildreth observes, they thereby secured for themselves all the back lands south of the Ohio, to the 31st degree of latitude, and west, to the Mississippi. If the adoption of the ordinance, in relation to the lands north of the Ohio, was significant on the one hand, the rejection of it, in relation to the territory south of that river, was equally significant on the other. It resulted in an equal division of the public territory between the

two sections of the country. In addition to the large extent of Virginia and Georgia, the one partially settled, the other almost a wilderness, the two comprising a number of square miles equal to New England, New York, and New Jersey together, the whole country comprising the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi, was thus secured, by the general acquiescence, to the slaveholding population. To that of the North was assigned the North-Western Territory, and this the more equitably, because three of the Northern States had made claims to a part or to the whole.

The proclamation of a national policy adverse to slavery, which the Reviewer fancies, resulted in a provision for its extension, and in a just and equal division of the whole country between free labor and slave labor. The history, then, of the transactions that ended in the ordinance of 1787, establishes these facts, that the claims of certain States to a monopoly of the public territories, was abandoned to the remonstrances of their sister States; that the territory was admitted to be common property; that it was fairly divided between the North and the South. In a word, the policy adopted was the very reverse of that now so eagerly pursued by the Northern people.

This is equally true, whether we regard the devotion of the North-West to the interests of free labor, as made by Virginia, or by the Congress of 1787. If made by Virginia, it must be remembered that when she yielded the lands north of the Ohio, she expressly asserted her right to retain what was south of that river; when she gave a part of her domain to the white population of the North, she preserved a part also for her mixed population of whites and blacks. If the appropriation of the North-West to free labor was the work of Congress, then, considered, as it must be, in connection with the whole history of the measure, it amounts to an equitable compromise and a fair adjustment of the conflicting interests of the Northern and Southern sections of the United States. This is all that the South now asks, and this is what the North now attempts or desires to refuse.

The Reviewer indeed admits all this, since he admits that territory was left open to slavery by what he calls the limitations of the ordinance. "The slaveholding party in the South," he says, "resolved to add Louisiana to the territory which had been left open to slavery by the limitations of the North-West ordinance." He thus contradicts himself in a breath. While, at one time, he asserts that slavery was denounced by the national policy, he admits, at another, that the extension of slavery was provided for by the very measure which is said to denounce it. The ordinance of 1787, he declares, was a proclamation against slavery; the modifications of the ordinance, he confesses, left ample room for its progress.

All that is demanded by the South now is, that the States should continue to do with the public territory what was done with it in 1787—admit it to be common property; divide it as common property; leave an equal portion of it open to the extension of slavery, or, to speak more properly, to the extension of the mixed population of the South, as was done by the limitations of the North-West ordinance. Continue the policy of the Government, or of the States, as it was at the beginning. The Reviewer tells us that the early Republic was anti-slavery—pursue then its mode of distributing the public

lands, and the country will no longer be convulsed by the tricks of demagogues, and the passions of self-righteous abolition reformers.

The ordinance of 1787, if properly understood, will be regarded as a concession, by the South, to the necessities, rather than the prejudices or opinions of the Northern people. Whatever the personal views or opinions of Mr. Jefferson, or of other friends to the measure, may have been, the Delegates of the Southern States saw in the N. W. Territory the only outlet for the growing population of the Northern States; they had ample space for their own; and they yielded the North-West to Northern emigration with a liberality far more common, in their public conduct, than in that of Northern politicians now, whatever it may have been in the days of the Revolution. Then, a Southern State yielded, for the advantage of the North, all its claims to the immense region north and west of the Ohio. Now, we see the Northern States, to whom the benefits of the cession accrued, disregarding every principle of equity and justice, and wishing to withhold, under flimsy pretences, every acre of the public territory from the people of the South. Stript of these false pretences, the policy of the Northern States is nothing less than to monopolize the common property of the nation, to cripple the strength and circumscribe the limits and growth of the Southern States—a policy the reverse of that adopted and universally approved under the old Confederacy.

The policy and principles settled under that Government, in 1787, prevailed equally under the new Constitution. When it was proposed to re-model and improve the Government of the Revolution, and the States sent Delegates to the Convention assembled for that purpose, they said nothing in their credentials respecting slavery. In the various plans of government submitted by Hamilton, Patterson, Pinckney, and Randolph, there was no denunciation against it. Among the State Conventions, where amendments without number were adopted or suggested from all quarters, no amendment hinted at a proscription of slavery extension. The Northern States agreed to restore fugitives, held to labor, at the requisition of their Southern masters. The North consented to the extension of the slave trade with Africa, for twenty years, because two States only thought that they needed an additional number of slaves, and required twenty years to obtain them. The present Government began its career in 1789. In the next year a new slave State was added to the Union. Other slave States were admitted from time to time. They equalled in number the new free States. The fair and equal policy between North and South, established in 1787, continued to be the undisputed policy of the Federal Government and of the whole country.

In the quotation above, respecting the limitations of the ordinance, the purchase of Louisiana is represented to have been a scheme of the slaveholders for their own advantage, in opposition, as usual, to the whole power and policy of the nation. It was a project of Mr. Jefferson, an anti-slavery man, for the extension of slavery—for adding new territory to that left open for the slaveholders by the limitations of the ordinance of 1787. If this be so, what does it prove but that the people of the Union were not opposed, at either time, to the extension of slavery? To assert that the measure was a sort of *coup d'état* of the slaveholding oli-

garchy, is merely absurd; to admit it to be the work of the nation, for the purpose assigned by the Reviewer, is to admit that his speculations in reference to the supposed anti-slavery temper of the Republic are not only unsupported by his facts, but opposed to them. If his theory of the purchase be true, his conclusions are adverse to his premises. Like Swift's logician,

> "His arguments directly tend,
> Against the side he would defend."

If it is not true, he falsifies the evidence of history.

His theory is not true. It is at variance with the annals of the times. The purchase of Louisiana was not devised by slaveholders for their selfish purposes, nor was it carried out by their domineering influence. It was the measure of the country, of the whole West especially. Slavery had nothing to do with this great national measure. Every true statesman of the Union had long and anxiously desired the command of the Mississippi. Great efforts had been made, during the Revolution, to obtain from Spain a right to the navigation and outlet of the river. When the treaty was at last made, by which not this right only, but the whole country was acquired from France, it was sustained by every sound statesman in the country. Objections were made by them to the constitutionality of the treaty, but none to its expediency. These objections were overruled, and by no one more readily than by leading men in the Northern States. But from no quarter was any opposition made to the treaty, as being the measure of the Southern slaveholders for their own ends. Even Mr. Quincy, whose denunciations and prophecies the Reviewer quotes with admiration, but which every other man must look back upon with a smile only at their extravagance—even Mr. Quincy placed his enmity to the purchase on another footing. It was designed, as he thought, to draw closer the bonds between America and France, to the detriment of England and the Federal Party. This was the sin of the treaty. It was Jefferson the Jacobin, and not Jefferson the friend of slaveholders, that was proscribed by Mr. Quincy and his friends. This was the reason that induced them to inaugurate Nullification, and to proclaim the virtual dissolution of the Union.

It turned out, however, that it was the Federal Party only that was dissolved; and it was the narrow policy of the Eastern section of that Party, in reference to this and other measures, that prostrated it forever.

In conformity with these narrow views, but for a reason peculiarly his own, the Reviewer joins Mr. Quincy in condemning the purchase of Louisiana. It was the step which, he says, "turned the anti-slavery Republic of Washington into a Republic of freemen ruled by slaveholders." In what, let us ask, did the Republic of Washington differ from that of Madison, or Monroe, or Jackson? During the whole course of Washington's administration the extension of slavery was promoted by the admission of new slave States into the Union; by the importation of African slaves from Africa; by the restoration of fugitive slaves to their owners, without the interference, by word or deed, of mob, magistrate, or legislative enactments. No abuse of slaveholders in public harangues, was heard in Congress or out of Congress. If any feeble attempt was made to disturb the peace and mutual respect prevailing, it was unheard or disregarded. Is it not

evident from all this, that the anti-slavery feeling of the country has been the growth of modern times, and is utterly at variance with the spirit and policy of Washington's administration and the sentiments of Revolutionary councils?

If the Reviewer's notion of the early Republic, and its temper and opinions, and the motives which induced the purchase of Louisiana, be at variance with history and truth, his account of the agencies that produced the change in the character of the Government is still more extraordinary. Nothing in the Edinburg Review resembles it since the time when Smith and Jeffrey agreed to cultivate the Muses on a little oatmeal—*Musas meditamur avena.* It is not an absurdity merely, it is curiously and elaborately absurd.

The whole policy of the Union, it seems, was overturned by a handful of slaveholders. In 1850 they amounted, according to the census, to 350,000. The Reviewer discredits the census, questions the integrity of its compiler, and reduces the number to 100,000 only. At that time the voters of the United States were 3,000,000. The small oligarchy of slaveholders have not only ruled the non-slaveholders of the Southern States, but they have reduced to "practical vassalage" the two millions of voters in the Northern States also. They have done this in the face of all the great men of the country, the A's, and B's, and C's, &c., &c. While they do this, they treat their own people with contempt, and scorn them as "trash." They are arrogant and overbearing to those of the North. The Northern people, immensely superior in number, "are immeasurably the richest, the best educated, the most thoroughly civilized;" they are superior to those of the South "in population, wealth, cultivation, popular education, and in the practice of free institutions." In the absence of every instrument of power, without numbers, money, intelligence, or influence, a handful of slaveholders have subjected to their will three millions of their fellow-citizens, armed at once with the musket and the bollot-box. We will not discuss such a proposition. It would be contemptuous to the reader. To attempt to disprove the assertion that two and two are equal to five, would be as absurd as to make it. The wonder is, that the Edinburg Review should consent to circulate an opinion so false and foolish on the face of it. What would its Editor think of the man's sanity who should assert that Edinburg ruled not only all Scotland, but England and Ireland besides, "with a daily increasing influence," to their constant injury, with so despotic a temper as to drive the whole Empire to the verge of revolution? And yet the proposition would not be so amazing as that already expressed in the Review. With a population as great as the slaveholders, the old Scotch Capital has vigor and enterprise, learning and genius, courage and perseverance, virtue and religion. The slaveholders have nothing. They are without intelligence, wealth, morals, or influence of any sort. The slaveholder has no greater vote at the polls, than the man who builds his barn. There is no sympathy between him and any body. He treats scornfully his poorer neighbors in the South. He regards the Northern people with disdain. He assails their "constitutional freedom," and leaves them "the forms of a free government instead of the substance." He drives peaceable men like Chief Justice Parker to talk of Bunker's Hill, of the paternal blood shed

there, and the "little more of the same sort left to begin, if necessary, a new Revolution." All this terrible condition of affairs is brought about by the insolent domination of a few slaveholders. The oppression of a small people by a great one is intelligible; but by what marvellous contrivance do the hundred control the million; the weak, the strong; the foolish, the wise; the poor, the rich; the 100,000 unprincipled and ignorant slaveholders, the 23,000,000 with whom they are associated?

We are not told what the aggressions are which the South is charged with committing on the North, and which have driven sedate men like Dana and Parker to the desperate counsels they are prepared to adopt. We will endeavor, therefore, to give very briefly an account of the injuries of which they complain. The injuries will be found to be quite as anomalous as the causes to which they are ascribed.

The first in order of these aggressions on the rights and interests of the North, was the act of the Government, imposing a large bounty on their fisheries. The unfortunate fishermen of New England were obliged, in this way, by the interposition of the Federal Government, to carry on their business, on a large and systematic plan, for furnishing salted fish, not only to the slaveholders of the Southern States, but to their neighbors also of the West India Islands. Millions of dollars have been expended from the public treasury for this purpose; thousands of vessels have been sent to sea, and large cities have been built by these aggrieved people, in the most sterile region of Massachusetts.

About the same time, a similar act of the Government, in the nature of a navigation law, imposed upon the North the great burthen of carrying on the whole coasting trade of the nation. No foreign vessels are permitted to assist them. It is by virtue of this law, that every winter the sloops and schooners of New England are found in southern rivers, carrying the rice and cotton of the planters to Savannah, Charleston, and other cities. They are allowed to go home in the summer, but, with the first flight of ducks in autumn, they return to the rivers of the South.

A similar law compels the North, to the exclusion of all other nations, to do the ship-building of the United States. If a Southern merchant wants a ship, the law will not allow him to impose the task of building it on a foreign workman. The Northern shipwrights furnish everything. Not only so, but the northern States are known to construct every year, for the General Government of the slaveholders, by their order and for their advantage, steam ships and other vessels of war, requiring enormous expenditures of money and labor. Nor is this all. By a high tariff of duties prohibiting foreign interference, the manufacturers of the North have been forced to supply the South with shoes and woolens for the slaves, with cotton goods, carriages, salt, iron, and a thousand other commodities. Even knowledge itself is not excepted, and northern printers and publishers are obliged to furnish the South with continued re-prints of foreign books, at an enormous cost.

It is a singular fact in the history of these aggressive measures, by the South, on the North, that the slaveholders have perpetually denounced them as injurious to themselves also. They are so little satisfied, that they have gone to the length of Justice Parker and Mr. Quincy, and talked very strongly of nullification and disunion, and the hereditary blood shed at King's Mountain and Fort

Moultrie, places which they seem to think as important and significant as Bunker's Hill. They profess to think that the bounties, direct or indirect, on catching fish, building ships, and spinning cotton, are bounties paid to classes at the expense of the whole country; and that there is no more merit in spinning cotton than in cultivating it. One of these producers of cotton went so far as to attempt to persuade the cotton-growers of the South that they were heavily taxed for the exclusive benefit of Northern manufacturers. He maintained that for this end only, every farmer who sent one hundred bales of cotton to market, was deprived of forty, by a tariff imposing a duty of forty per cent. on cotton goods. The farmer would export his cotton to Liveprool, and invest its proceeds in cotton goods. On their arrival in New York, forty per cent. would be demanded by the Custom House. Whether this forty in the hundred was taken from the cotton in Charleston or the cotton goods in New York, could make no substantial difference. If told that his forty per cent. would be returned by the consumer in the enhanced price of his goods, he replied that he was not disposed to run that risk by a trick of the Government, and that he was entitled to receive, for the goods for which he had exchanged his hundred bales of cotton, all that the consumer was prepared to pay under any circumstances. It may be, that this forty bale theory was an extraordinary mistake, but surely it cannot be so wonderful an error as the notion of the North that the measures of the Federal Government have been constant aggressions on its rights and interests.

It is in truth to the measures of the Federal Government that the prosperity and wealth of the Northern States may be directly and clearly traced. We deny nothing that can be said of Northern enterprise and industry, but their efforts would have fallen far short of their present success, but for the bounties and encouragements of the General Government. Without tariffs and navigation laws and bounties on fisheries, what would now be the condition of the North? Progressive, without doubt, but not as at present. They are never weary of boasting that they have a majority over the South of six millions. Where did they get it? The whole majority has been obtained from European emigration. They claim a majority of six millions. Nearly five millions of emigrants from the Old World, to say nothing of their natural increase, have been poured into the Northern States in the last half century. The wealth that they brought with them, the labor, the learning, the improved mechanical skill, have all contributed to the rapid advancement of the Northern States. This immense emigration, which alone accounts for their boasted majority, is the direct result of the navigation laws of the Union. These laws have built up, in the cities of the North, an immense commercial marine. It is there that the emigrant ships are owned. The emigrants go where they are most easily and cheaply carried, and the whole current of foreign population has thus come, by the natural and necessary operation of the navigation laws, to make up the boasted majority of the Northern people. There was no such disparity in the emigration to the North and to the South, before the revolution, when emigrants were carried in British ships. Nor was there any such difference in the comparative progress of the two sections of the country, when English laws bore

equally, if oppressively, on them both.

Thus it appears, that while the slaveholders have contrived, by some preternatural power, to domineer in the Government "with increasing influence," they have been led, by the trickery of the demon that helps them, to adopt measures that injure themselves and promote the prosperity only of the aggrieved and complaining North. They have benefitted everybody to their own injury.

Not content with the aggressive measures of the slaveholders, as evidence of their seizing the Government and overturning or directing its policy, the Reviewer adduces another proof of its truth. They monopolize all the offices. Let us take the highest as an example. They have filled the Presidential Chair, to the exclusion almost of everybody else. They have been Presidents, because they were slaveholders only.

The vulgar opinion is, that Washington was selected by the popular voice on account of certain eminent qualities which made him the foremost man of his country, in war or peace, with whom no other man is compared, or is comparable, either as statesman or soldier; neither Hamilton, the lawyer and financier, nor Greene, the successful general; nor any other in the whole history of the nation, or of the age. But this vulgar opinion is a vulgar error. Washington was elected President because he was a slaveholder. Jefferson too was indebted to this cause only for his occupation, during eight years, of the executive office. Although an opponent of slavery, he became President for no other reason but because he held slaves. These two, with Madison, Monroe, and Jackson, occupied the office of President for forty years, nearly two-thirds of the time since the formation of the Government. But they owed their elevation to no revolutionary services, nor to any distinguished military achievment. They were slaveholders, and the non-slaveholders of the nation elected them to office for that reason solely. It is the most curious fact in history. But we have no space to pursue any farther the mis-representations or mis-apprehensions of the Reviewer.

It is not true, then, as the Reviewer pretends to say, that the policy of the early republic was hostile to the extension of slavery. The extension of slavery was provided for then, as the South thinks it should be now, by an equitable division of the public territory. New slave States were added to the Union under the administration of Washington. They have been admitted continually ever since. They have grown from six to fifteen in number. If any policy of the Government can be considered settled and uniform, it is the policy of extending slavery to new territory. The present Northern sentiment on the subject, is one of modern growth and foreign origin.

It is not true that a half-educated, half-civilized and feeble class of slaveholders, have seized and rule the Government, against the will of millions. The assertion is unintelligible. Either the slaveholders are immeasureably superior to their competitors in intellect, in dignity, purity, and force of character, or their holding the rule of the country is an impossibility.

It is not true that the measures of the Government have been a series of aggressions on the North by the South. The measures of the Federal Government have been shaped, from the beginning, to promote the welfare of the Northern States. It is from these measures

that their prosperity springs. The great and marvelous Northern industry, which is so often boasted of, as compared with that of the South, has been carefully and continually nursed, dandled, and fed with the pap from the national treasury, by the national Government, while that of the South has asked nothing and wants nothing. The cotton culture of the Southern States, one of the most wonderful achievements of agricultural enterprise and industry, has grown not only without the help of the Government, but in spite of its discouraging commercial policy; the fisheries, the shipping interest, the manufacturers of the North, have uttered one unceasing cry for Government protection. Without the fostering aid of the Federal treasury, we have been told without ceasing, they cannot prosper or exist; if they can, the pertinacity with which they have beseiged the doors of Congress for help, since the first session of the Federal Government, has been a fraudulent pretence. They are fond of appealing, in the North, to the enlightened maxims and opinions of civilized nations in Europe, but they refuse to adopt those of the most enlightened on the subject of free trade. They are never weary of boasting about their industry, enterprise, wealth, and intelligence, but they can take no step in any branch of labor without grasping at the leading strings of the Federal Government.

The Reviewer, in his assumed character of an Englishman, tauntingly assures the Southern States that if the Union be dissolved, they need expect no favor or support from England. They must look to Russia or Brazil for treaties of friendship or alliance. The remark combines a sneer with a compliment; the sneer for his own country, the compliment for England. It is hard to decide in which character the author is most to be admired, as tuft hunter or as renegade. He is not equal to Mrs. Stowe, when thrusting her shabby libel on her own country into the reluctant hands of Queen Victoria, but he does very well for a beginning. He will improve; *facilis discensus*; in the school of slander on one's own country, he may one day attain to distinguished honors.

The sentiment imputed to England, however, is not English, nor Scotch, nor Irish. It is genuine New England. If for the sins of the country, writers, like the Edinburg Reviewer, are ever permitted to bring about a separation of the States, it will be seen to which section of the country the preferences of England incline. Attached no more to one than to the other, she will go where her commercial interests carry her. In the North, she will find rivals in manufactures; in the carrying trade; in the necessary material for her industry. In the South, she will meet, not with competitors, but with customers; with an increasing market for her goods; a new ocean of enterprise for her shipping interest; the largest and most certain source of supply for the great staple required by her manufacturers. A commercial treaty with the Southern States would be worth more to England than with any other country in the world. Negro philanthropy has done its worst with her, and the folly, like all other national follies, will decline and pass away: But, in its noon-day strength, it would not be able to prevent the British people from promptly and eagerly seeking, if the opportunity offered, the commercial advantages which

a treaty of free trade with the Southern States would certainly give her.

In our remarks on "The Political Crisis in the United States," we have passed over many of the writer's topics as unimportant or belonging to past issues no longer interesting. We have confined ourselves to the leading proposition, that the policy and nature of the Government have been changed by the slaveholders; that their influence has unduly increased, and is increasing; that they have carried on a series of aggressions against the dignity and welfare of the Northern States; and that they do all that they are represented to have done, while they are immeasurably inferior to the North in numbers, intelligence, ability and virtue.

We have attempted to show, on the other hand, from the facts of history, that the original policy of the Union was to do what the South still demands, but the North now refuses—to divide fairly between them the common property of the country; that "the anti-slavery Republic of Washington" not only admitted new slave States into the Union, but new African slaves from Africa; that the annexation of Louisiana and other Territory, if intended, as the Reviewer asserts, for the extension of slavery, is additional proof only of the willingness of the American people to extend slavery into new territory; that the notion of the Reviewer, respecting the domineering rule of a handful of unprincipled slaveholders and their aggressions on the North, if it does not prove that he subscribes to the maxim of the schoolmen, "*credo quia impossibile est*," proves that his creed comes very near it—he believes what is impossible, if he does not believe, *because* it is impossible.

THE TRESS OF HAIR.

Ah me! this simple golden braid
No life possesses,
Where summer winds so lately strayed,
And loving fingers oft have played,
With soft caresses.

Amid these woodland walks, made green
By April showers,
No more her fairy form is seen,
And ne'er her gentle hand, I ween,
Shall pluck their flowers!

Not brightest bud, nor bloom, alas!
Can charm the dead!
The cool winds, rustling as they pass,
Wake murmurs only mid the grass
Above her head.

Around her, happy now as then,
Gay birds are singing;
Her merry voice shall ne'er again,
In laughing echoes wake the glen,
With music ringing!

For others now bright flowers may grow
And birds rejoice,
And summer airs breathe soft and low,
But never shall we hear, I know,
Her loving voice!

My eyes are filled with blinding tears,
My heart with gloom;
And half my life, and love and prayers,
Lie buried with my hopes and fears
Within her tomb!

ESTCOURT:

OR

THE MEMOIRS OF A VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN.

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CHAPTER I.

WILLIAMSBURG.

On an afternoon of April, in the year 1756, an open chariot, drawn by four splendid sorels, and driven by a gentleman, beside whom sat a negro in livery, entered the city of Williamsburg, in Virginia, and, traversing the main thoroughfare of Gloucester-street, stopped finally before a house, on the door of which was inscribed, "P. Lincoln, Counsellor."

The gentleman dismounted, and giving an order to his servant, entered the office—passing into the rear apartment with the air of one entirely at home.

Let us endeavor to trace an outline of the personage thus introduced to the reader: a physiognomist would have made him a study.

He was a man of about thirty-eight—tall, dark-haired, and elegantly clad after the fashion of the period. His costume consisted of a coat of dark cloth, with heavy barrel sleeves turned back, and ornamented with embroidery; snowy ruffles, which reposed upon a waistcoat, decorated with flowers, worked in gold thread; drab small-clothes; and fair-topped boots, which fitted tightly to his slender and firmly-planted feet. A cocked hat, and Spanish gloves—one of which he carried in his hand, thin, white, and muscular, completed his costume.

It was the face, however, which universally attracted the attention of strangers. The eyes were black and brilliant; the nose long and delicately outlined; the lips thin, and half curling with a mingled expression of satire and sadness. His striking head was inclined forward slightly, with the air of a man who spends much time in thought, in pursuing his recollections and dreams. Already, the high brow was traversed by those lines which indicate suffering; and the clear light of the proud eyes began to veil itself, and fade away.

A penetrating student of human nature would have said, that this man had suffered much; and that the world had crushed in him a tenderness and nobility of organization, such as few possess. A settled sadness vainly tried to conceal itself behind a careless manner, and he would have advanced, apparently, toward the guns of a battery, with as much indifference as he now entered the office of the lawyer.

Mr. Lincoln, a fat old gentleman, clad in a huge drab coat, a world too big for him, did not turn his head as the footsteps of his visitor resounded in his ears—he was busy. He proceeded, in a methodical manner, to put the last touches to the law paper he was writing—and having perfected his work, carefully wiped his goosequill on his cuff, and turned round.

"Ah," he said, looking at the in-

truder from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, "it seems there is a little punctuality left in the world."

"What a compliment!" replied his visitor, smiling. "Yes, here I am, my dear friend, ready to listen to your learned disquisitions."

And he stretched himself indifferently in a leather arm-chair.

"Disquisitions!" cried the old lawyer, "you'll get none—without a retainer. Where's my retainer? I don't trust."

"What a spirit of suspicion you are cultivating. There! You are growing avaricious."

"Well, if I am? I *am* avaricious, and I want the world to know it."

"Why?"

"Bah! Need I tell such a philosopher as yourself, that it is better to be considered avaricious—and rich; than generous——and poor. The World's whole decalogue, its supreme commandment is, 'Thou shalt not be poor.'"

"That's the Law and the Prophets for you, is it?"

"The Law and the Prophets! Very good; really not bad, my dear sir."

Mr. Lincoln's sole weakness was fondness for a joke—to which his lady friends added, hatred of matrimony.

"I am brilliant, without knowing it," said his visitor, carelessly contemplating the evolutions of two red-legged pigeons on a roof without; "but what of our business?"

"Nothing; except that, as I predicted, the estate is yours."

"Really?"

"Yes—must I repeat?"

"Nothing has been discovered?"

"Nothing."

"No other claimant?"

"None."

"And I and this undiscovered young person are the sole claimants?"

"Exactly."

"Hum!"

And after this ambiguous monosyllable, which seemed to be uttered with much indifference, the visitor played with his watch-seal.

"The whole matter," said the old lawyer, opening a dingy paper, "is just this. Bulkley died intestate, without issue; and by the plain operation of the statute —"

The visitor made a beseeching movement of the hand.

"Very good," he said, "I have no doubt the statute in question knew what it was about. It is enough for me, my dear friend, to know that 'tis a nice question of law whether I, Edmund Estcourt, of Fairfield, or Miss Frances Temple, last a resident of the Province of Massachusetts, should inherit this estate, as legal heir. If you have nothing more to tell me, I'll go see my friend Gilbert."

"And the papers!—unhappy man that you are!—the necessary papers! How am I to draw up the papers?"

"What papers?"

"Those necessary to institute the suit?"

"Is there to be a suit?"

The old lawyer looked at his visitor as if he doubted his sanity.

"Suit!" he cried. "You ask, is there to be a suit?"

"Precisely?"

"Why, I never, in my whole life, knew a more beautiful point than that involved in this case!"

"Really?" said the other, smiling.

"Never! It is superb, sir! It is grand! It will settle more cases than any decision which the General Court has —"

"Stop a moment," said Estcourt, with his eyes fixed upon some object through the window. "Stop!—ah! yes—that is well! Excuse me, my dear friend, but it really did

seem to me that the white pigeon yonder, with red legs, was going to walk deliberately off from the eves. Go on—I fear I interrupted the thread of your discourse."

An odd smile, almost imperceptible, replaced the frown upon the old lawyer's face.

"I'll not go on," he said; "and I'll hold all future consultations by letter."

"Good: and what will be the pay?"

"As usual."

"Very well—but at least I am entitled to the present consultation unbroken. Tell me, briefly, what you or Mr. Wythe have discovered."

"Under protest then. All was, that Miss Temple was a resident of Massachusetts, where her parents died."

"Her condition?"

"Poor."

"Her age?"

"About seventeen."

"And Mr. Wythe has not discovered her actual residence?"

"No—but he is sanguine, he says—and will defeat us. Bother!"

"Certainly, if you merit it," said Estcourt, taking off his gloves; "but I think I will make a memorandum for Miss Temple—will you take charge of it for Mr. Wythe?"

"As you please."

Estcourt took a pen and wrote ten lines, which he folded, and directed succinctly to "*Miss Frances Temple—to the hands of her friend, Mr. Wythe.*"

"What is it?" said the lawyer.

"Oh nothing—my respects—any thing you will."

"Very well—and I am to proceed with the suit?"

"Hum! I think, upon the whole, you had better not."

"Better not?"

"Decidedly."

"Why, in the name of —"

"Well, 'tis best, perhaps, for you to read my letter."

The lawyer opened it and read the following words:

"I hereby relinquish all claim I may possess upon the estate of Charles Bulkley, Esq., of the county of King William, deceased, in favor of Miss Frances Temple, sole adverse claimant. As early as possible after the discovery of Miss Temple's residence, I will execute the necessary legal papers.

"EDMUND ESTCOURT.

"Done at Williamsburg, in Virginia, this 10th April, in the year 1756."

The old lawyer let the paper fall, and stared wildly at his companion.

"You relinquish!" he cried.

"Precisely."

"The whole?"

"Yes."

"Twenty-five thousand pistoles, at the very least?"

"Is that all?"

"All! Is that all!—do you call twenty-five thousand pistoles, which I can get a decree for, as easy as I can talk—nothing, sir! Do you?"

"Come, my dear friend," said Estcourt, smiling, "you know how eccentric I am, and how obstinate. I have enough of money, and Miss Temple is poor—and—and—a number of other reasons. We may as well let the affair remain thus—your bill for fees will be duly honored. Enough of that—there is Frank's step. What a joyous youngster!"

And Estcourt rose with a marked change in his demeanour. The careless and uneasy smile disappeared, and the brilliant eye became soft. Unconsciously the look of the gentleman wandered to the door, and an expression, almost of pleasure, flitted over his sad,—thoughtful face.

As the old lawyer folded up his

papers, with a growling comment upon the character of clients, the door opened, and a third personage entered the apartment.

CHAPTER II.

MR. FRANCIS HAY, STUDENT.

The new-comer was a young man of about nineteen, clad in the height of the fashion of the time. His brilliant waistcoat reached nearly to his knees; his cuffs were enormous; and his feet were cased in elegant Spanish shoes. A very small and narrow cocked hat, just sustained itself upon his brown and curling hair, beneath which two ivory cheeks, and a pair of blue eyes, full of the ingenuous frankness of boyhood, pleaded in favor of their owner, with every beholder.

From the curve of the young man's lips and chin, and the impulsive nature of his looks and movements, it was plain that his character was irritable; but it was equally plain that he was as generous as the day.

At sight of Estcourt, the new-comer's handsome features assumed an expression of extreme satisfaction and pleasure; and he hastened forward and held out his hand with a brilliant smile.

Estcourt pressed it in his own, and an expression, almost as bright as his companion's, came to the sad face.

"Ah!" he said, smiling, "it seems that Mr. Frank is as much of a fine gentleman as ever?"

"Yes, indeed, cousin—a great fop," was the laughing reply.

"Fie! and a lawyer too?"

"Oh, I forgot I was a lawyer."

"And I," said Mr. Lincoln, with grim humor; "I never remembered it."

"Our young, fine gentleman don't work, eh?" said Estcourt, turning to the lawyer; "is that it, my dear Counsellor?"

"Precisely."

"Oh, Mr. Lincoln!" said the young fellow, "you know I'm here regularly by —"

"Ten o' the clock—yes."

"I was up late these last few nights —" commenced the young man, in apology.

"Yes—seeing the players at the old theatre! Lawyers have no business going to the play, sir!"

"But it was Shakspeare!"

"Hum!"

"And knowing your admiration of Shakspeare, I considered it my duty to aid the comedians!"

Having given this impudent excuse, which was received by the two elders with outward reproof, but with covert smiles, Mr. Frank Hay went to a desk in the corner, and taking off his splendid coat, was about to indue himself with one decidedly ragged, for the purpose of pretending to work.

"Don't take down your old doublet, Frank," said Estcourt, "which I see you make a parade of, to produce the impression that you are systematic. If Mr. Lincoln will permit, I will take you out driving—this confinement is irksome to youth."

Mr. Frank restored the ragged coat to its peg, and resumed his fine one, with a rapidity and eagerness which argued unfavorably for his future eminence in the profession of the law.

"Certainly you can go if you choose," said Mr. Lincoln, looking

with grim favor at the young man; for one of the peculiarities of this youth was, that he made everybody scold and love him. "It is very plain that you will never make a counsellor in the Court of Chancery. You may succeed in the flashy advocate style, sir—the juries and that—but in the really beautiful and attractive portions of the profession—in cross bills, bills of discovery, cognovits, and injunctions—you will never make a particle of a counsellor."

And the old lawyer buried his head in his brief, scarcely raising his face as his smiling company departed.

"Shall we walk a little?" said Estcourt, as they issued forth, arm in arm.

"Proud to be seen with you, cousin!" said Frank, laughing. "The people will be sure to ask, what grand Seigneur that is Mr. F. Hay is walking with."

And Frank went along with his companion, at the height of felicity.

CHAPTER III.

THE PICTURE AND THE PLAY-BILL.

The two men took their way along Gloucester-street, in the direction of the *Old Raleigh* Tavern, enjoying the fresh air and brilliant sunshine.

Estcourt's walk was rather the stroll of a man who has an abundance of time upon his hands, than the hearty stride of those who have some definite object in view. As to his companion, he went along gaily, bowing to every body, and looking up to all the windows at which young ladies were visible.

Estcourt shook his head, when he observed this last proceeding.

"What fine gallants you are," he said, smiling; "you young men of the present day."

"The present day? How *old* you do talk, cousin."

"Old?"

"Certainly. Why, *you* are one of the 'young men of the present day.'"

Estcourt shook his head.

"I am thirty-eight," he said, smiling, "and that is nearly forty."

"Without being old, however. Now, there is a very good test. I should much fear having you for a rival."

Estcourt seemed pleased by the gay voice of the young man, and said,

"You youngsters have too much vanity to fear the issue of such a contest."

"*I* would fear it—for if you were not so sad at times, you would surpass all the cavaliers of the Colony. I see I am praising you, but I think it."

His companion turned round.

"I sad?" he asked.

"Yes, you often look weary."

"Why, I am as jovial as a lark—am I not?"

"No—and I have often wished to know what had occurred in your life to make you sorrowful. Will you tell me?"

Estcourt gazed at the young man for a moment pensively, and then replied in an indifferent tone,

"I fear it would not interest you—my history. It's not much. Perhaps some day, when I have a leisure moment, and you are disengaged—but, see that handsome engraving."

And the speaker pointed to a shop window.

Frank understood perfectly that

this was a simple evasion of the subject—but a glance at the engraving seemed to transfix him. It was a picture representing a Spanish girl, with lustrous blue-black hair, bound up with a carcanet of flowers. The eyes were brilliant and sparkling; the lips full and boldly curved; the whole poise of the head full of life and vivacity.

As Mr. Frank Hay gazed at the engraving, a slight color came into his cheek.

"Very handsome," said Estcourt. "A mischievous damsel, in the costume of the Andalusian peasants."

"Yes—certainly, cousin."

"See the network of the stays; the bracelets;—devices peculiar to the fair sex in all ages."

"Yes," said Frank, not observing the curl of the speaker's lip; "but will you excuse me for a moment."

And Mr. Frank Hay dived headlong into the shop.

Estcourt looked after him with his habitual expression of pensive sadness.

"Youth! youth!" he murmured, "what a fine time it is! How real are its illusions. He too will find —"

"I'm ready, cousin," said Frank, issuing forth with a radiant smile.

"You transacted your business?"

"Yes."

"Is it much like?"

"Like—like? Did you ask —"

And Mr. Frank stammered.

"Like Chloe, Phillis, or Daphne, whatever Miss Dulcinea's other name may be? I see the young lady has disappeared. What did she cost?"

And something very nearly resembling a sneer contracted the lips of the speaker. As to Frank, he blushed in the most ingenuous manner, and was silent.

"Take care of love affairs," said Estcourt, "and of likes which turn into loves. You will find woman false and frail—the ruin of many in her generation."

The words were accompanied by a look, which veiled the proud eyes like the shadow of a cloud floating above the fields of June. Then the speaker made a visible effort to drive away his thoughts—returning finally to his predominant expression of calm indifference.

"I'm an old dog, perhaps," he said, "and I growl because the sun no longer shines as brightly for me, and my teeth are worn out. But we have chosen an unpleasant topic. Come—where shall we go?"

"Wherever you please, cousin."

"That lies with you, Frank. I'm a mere rustic, come to town to look around."

"You!"

"Yes; everything amuses me. I delight in the sign-boards—look at that admirable play-bill at the tavern door. I enjoy everything, from pure excess of spirits."

And Estcourt laughed—but it was a very sad laugh.

"Cousin," said Frank, looking at the elder with his honest eyes, "I think you are not happy."

"I? What makes you imagine so? But we will not enter upon that subject. My words must not affect *you*, Frank."

"It is easy to say that; but whatever affects you, affects me; and when you are sorrowful I can't be gay."

Estcourt gazed at the honest face of the young fellow with a smile very unlike his former cynical indifference.

"You have an affectionate heart, Frank," he said; "I'm glad you are fond of me."

"Fond of you? I should be an ingrate otherwise, cousin; worse than a stock or stone, did I not love you. I can never repay your goodness."

"Now we are going to commence

exchanging pretty speeches. I confess I've often given you good advice—as just now; but that, you know, is proverbially easy."

"I wish you would give me something else," said Frank, with a pensive glance.

"What! is my youngster out of pistoles?" said Estcourt, smiling.

"Oh, cousin!—no! no! I mean that I want your *confidence*."

"Confidence? Of what species?"

"I wish to know where my property is, and the value of it."

"Your property—eh?"

"Yes, cousin."

Estcourt was silent, and an imperceptible cloud of gloom fell upon his forehead.

"It is safely invested—let us say no more Frank," he said. "I pledge you my honor to protect your interests."

"Oh! could you doubt that I trusted in you? But I fear I spend too much. You give me whatever I ask for, and —"

"There, there Frank—you are not extravagant."

"And you will not confide in me, cousin?"

Estcourt looked sadly at the young man, and said:

"Is it not enough for me to say, Frank, that I do as seems best to me?"

"Far more than enough. But where is my property, and from whom did it come?"

Estcourt withdrew into himself, and presented an exterior of impenetrable reserve.

"We will speak of this at another time, Frank," he said. "I do not feel inclined to enter upon business affairs this morning. Here we are at the *Raleigh*, and there is the bill of the play, to-night, at the old theatre. Let us read."

The young man sighed; and abandoning any further attempt to penetrate the mystery, fixed his eyes upon the placard before which Estcourt had paused.

The players—one of those strolling companies which periodically appeared in the capital and chief towns of Virginia at the period—promised on that evening to perform the drama of "Trailus and Cressida," by Mr. William Shakespeare; after which would be enacted the "Beggar's Opera;" the place being the "old theatre, near the capital," and the price to admit spectators five shillings and six pence.

Estcourt read the announcement with a drooping head and gloomy looks.

"An admirable drama of Mr. William Shakespeare," he said; and *Sir Pandarus* is an original character."

Frank did not observe the tone in which these words were uttered, his attention being given to the list of performers in the after-piece, among whom he seemed to seek some name familiar to him.

If he had not been thus absorbed, the expression of Estcourt's countenance would have shocked him. From gloom, it passed to rage—and as he continued to gaze, a livid light, like that which precedes a storm, slowly dawned in his eyes, and his thin, muscular hands seemed to grasp at some weapon. He raised his head with an air of unspeakable haughtiness, and a singular look, over the right shoulder, seemed to search for some adversary.

From this momentary agitation, Estcourt was recalled to himself by the sight of Frank's smile. With a well-satisfied expression,—the young man turned from the play-bill, which was evidently no longer a matter of interest to him.

"What folly in me!" muttered Estcourt, regaining his calmness, "to thus rake in the ashes of the

past; and I falsify my character by classing *her* with this woman of the play! No! I'll not commit a vulgar injustice. Let all go again into oblivion; the dead speak no longer."

"What did you say, cousin?" asked Frank, smiling. "I did not hear you. That's an excellent entertainment, is it not?"

"Perhaps so," said Estcourt, calmly; but these things have lost their relish for me."

"But you will go?"

"No; I must return to Fairfield. and we have scarcely time for the drive I promised you. Come—let us return."

And, followed by the young man, Estcourt retraced his steps toward the office of Mr. Lincoln.

At the moment when they passed the shop where the young man had purchased the engraving, a coach rolled by, and Frank bowed to a lady, who occupied it. Estcourt followed the young man's eyes, and saw that the lady of the chariot was a striking likeness of the picture which had disappeared from the window.

"Who is that, Frank," he said; "and why are you blushing?"

"It is—it is —"

"The original of the engraving; yes, I know that. But tell me the earthly name of this handsome Andalusian grace."

"It is Miss Crafton, sir."

"Crafton!" exclaimed Estcourt; turning as if a serpent had stung him. "Crafton, did you say!"

"Yes, cousin," said Frank, rather frightened, "Miss Ellen Crafton."

"A daughter of Joel Crafton?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are paying your addresses to this lady?"

"What ails you, cousin?" said the young man. "You are pale, and your eyes flash. Is there any reason why I should not bow to Miss Crafton?"

"Bow to her?—no," said Estcourt, controlling himself by an immense effort. "Pay your addresses to her? Yes! a thousand times yes! Frank," said the elder, with a mixture of gloom and agitation which powerfully impressed the young man, "I do not wish you to form a matrimonial alliance with the Crafton family. I desire that any thing of that description may at once be broken, if you have commenced it. Do not ask me why—enough that I have my reasons!"

The young man's head sank, and a burning blush diffused itself over his features. He seemed to suffer so much, that Estcourt repented the sternness of his address.

"There, my boy," he said, more calmly; "do not be pained at my rudeness. I am a poor diplomatist, and I blurt out everything. But let me beseech you to banish any designs in that quarter. You are young; by your own confession, you have paid your addresses to more than one young lady, now forgotten;—forget this too, if there be aught in it. I do not ask your confidence; neither do I command anything. But between myself and the father of this young lady there must ever exist a bitter and uncompromising hostility."

Estcourt paused a moment, and then added:

"I try to advise you as seems to me best. I would not have you consider my advice a command. As a proof of that, I exact no promise; I leave, what I have said, to your own conscience. Here is the coach; let us now have our drive; it will make us smile again."

And Estcourt got into the vehicle, followed by the young man, who looked very much disturbed.

As the chariot flashed along, with its superb horses, in the sunshine, however, and, issuing from the town, glided beneath the rich foliage of the forest, Frank's smiles came back again.

He was true April, and the lightness of the heart of boyhood ere long banished every trace of pain.

The calm expression returned to the countenance of the elder, also, and he seemed to have completely forgotten what disquieted him. His careless air returned, and in the charms of his brilliant conversation, glancing, like a sun-beam over men and things, the younger lost sight entirely of any cause for sadness.

"There, my dear Frank," said Estcourt, as they re-entered the town, and stopped at the door of Mr. Lincoln's office, "let us return to our good humor. Let nothing which I have said make you sorrowful. You see I'm in charming spirits; and to-morrow I shall come again, as I have some business. Give you good evening now, as I must return homeward."

With these words, Estcourt smiled, and, extending his hand, pressed kindly that of the young man. He then re-entered the chariot, and making a farewell sign to Frank, set out on his return to Fairfield.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HOUSE IN THE FOREST.

Let us leave the young man—to whom we shall, however, return—and accompany the chariot on its journey.

This journey was destined to be interrupted.

Just as the shades of evening were beginning to descend, the forest, through which the road passed, opened slightly, and at the termination of the little glade, a small cottage revealed itself. Estcourt directed the coachman to turn out of the road, and in a few moments the equipage passed in front of the little wicker fence enclosing the mansion.

It was a house built in the old hip-roofed style, and upon the eves, as around the bases of the chimneys, those imperceptible mosses, which indicate age, had begun to gather. An ivy vine covered one entire end of the building, and over the low porch a flowering honeysuckle began to perfume the air.

Estcourt opened the little gate, and approached the door of the house, with drooping head and measured steps. All his smiles had disappeared; his cheerfulness was quite gone; deep sighs agitated his bosom, and, with half-closed eyes, he seemed to be searching for some image, which did not appear, save in the horizon of memory.

As he placed his feet upon the worn and ancient flag-stones of the portico, a dog howled, in the rear of the edifice—and this howl was so sombre and mournful, that it sent a shudder through his frame.

"Yes, yes," he murmured, passing his hand over his forehead, as though to drive away some shadow which obscured his vision; "yes! that is my proper welcome, sorrow dwells here, as sunshine does in the outer world. It faints upon this threshold, where no life enters; the smell of mould is here!"

And pausing for an instant, his head drooped lower, and with dim,

wandering eyes, he made the circuit of the grounds.

Then, taking from his breast a key, he inserted it into the lock, and pushed open the door. It glided on rusty hinges, and gave entrance to a narrow passage, upon which opened two or three other doors.

As Estcourt entered, an old negro man, with gray hair, and a form drooping from age, presented himself, at the opposite end of the passage, as though to bar the way. His aged vision did not enable him to recognize the intruder, in the half-light of evening, and he advanced toward Estcourt with the air of one who guards a treasure, for which he is responsible to his master.

"There, there, my good Job," said the gentleman, with a slight movement of his hand, and sighing as he spoke, "it is myself—only your unhappy master. I have come back to look around me—that is all."

The old negro made a respectful inclination, in which much of the old-time courtliness of the family servant was visible; and with some muttered words, seemed to express pleasure at the sight of his master.

"It's a long, long time you been 'way, Mass Edmund," he mumbled; "but there aint much to bring you here."

The sigh which accompanied these words, was the echo of that which had escaped from the lips of Estcourt.

"You are right, Job," he said; there is little to bring me hither. But something has recalled old times to me, this evening, and I could not pass without stopping."

The old negro again muttered something about the pleasure he felt at seeing his master; and then relapsed into silence.

"I should have come, at all events, in two days from this time," said Estcourt, with a weary sigh. You know that is my habit—it is the anniversary."

The words were uttered in so low a tone, that they scarcely disturbed the dreary silence.

"Procure me a light, now," he added, "and then you may return to your place."

Old Job obeyed in silence, and soon re-appeared with a lamp, which Estcourt took from his hand.

"That is enough, my good Job," he said; "now leave me alone. I shall go as I came."

He held out his hand, as he spoke, and the old negro pressed it with great affection and respect;—after which he disappeared with slow and tottering steps.

Estcourt followed him with his eyes, and then entered the apartment to the right. The light revealed a species of sitting-room, with a lofty mantle-piece, above which the wainscotting was carved into a variety of devices, and furniture of an ancient pattern. Upon a small table, near the fire-place, lay a piece of delicate lace, in which a needle still remained, as though it had been carelessly laid down by one who never returned. An open volume lay also upon the carpet; and in the broad fire-place some blackened brands depended against the tall andirons, as though they had been but lately ignited, and burning in the middle, had thus fallen on either hand.

A careless observer would have said that this chamber was the favorite sitting-room of a woman who had gone out an instant, leaving her work upon the stand until she returned. But a more careful scrutiny would have revealed the fact that the lace was moth-eaten; that book-worms had preyed, for years, upon the leaves of the vol-

ume; and that spiders had woven their webs around the burnt out brands of the fire-place.

Estcourt placed the lamp upon the table, and, sitting down, leaned his head upon his hand. He remained thus silent for nearly half an hour—a motionless statue of grief, but for the heaving of his bosom, which labored with deep sighs. His powerful nature seemed to be overcome by the thoughts aroused in him—to yield to the rush of recollections which thronged upon his mind. The memory of the heart seemed to find in the past, without searching, those images and incidents which paralyze the most powerful will—and raising his head finally, he looked through a mist of tears, blinding his fiery eyes, at a picture hanging between the windows.

In this portrait—for it was evidently such—he found plainly the object of his revery of pain and anguish. It represented a young girl of rare beauty, with auburn hair, blue eyes, and dazzling complexion. She was clad simply, but elegantly; and the head was half-turned over the right shoulder, with an air of winning grace, which communicated a singularly life-like character to the whole picture.

Estcourt gazed long and silently at this portrait; then, as his dim eyes wandered from the picture to the table, upon which lay the unfinished lace, a groan escaped from his lips, so filled with agony, that it would have made the most indifferent listener shudder. There is something in the anguish of a strong man, which we do not find in the sorrow or the tears of woman, or of weaker natures. This man now seemed wholly overcome;—and again covering his face, he muttered:

"Still it lives! the fire is not burnt out! In vain have I attempted to forget—I cannot!"

He was silent for a time—then rising and looking around him—and finally, as though speaking to the portrait:

"I will come again, in two days from this time," he said; "it is the anniversary—which I have anticipated. Then I will make the last and supreme inquisition—which terminates all. Until then," he added, standing with clasped hands in front of the picture—"until I return—farewell. Heaven has not permitted me to banish your image; but, at least, I will not choose occasions, in the future, to recall the past. Let it sleep, if it can. Farewell."

Ten minutes afterwards Estcourt had locked the door—having first carefully extinguished the lamp—and entering the chariot, was soon lost in the gloomy depths of the forest.

(To be Continued.)

THE MUSIC GIRL

OF THE RUE DE LA HARPE.

One winter night, three friends sat before the fire in a snugly furnished apartment. They had been friends in their boyhood, when health and contentment were impartial;—they were friends still, when disease had now destroyed their community of freshness, and the various incentives of manhood had diversified their courses. In describing them, I shall use only the names, by which, in their intimacy, they addressed each other.

Herman, the host, was pillowed in a large easy chair. He was very pale. In the now dim light of the exhausted fire, his countenance appeared almost luminous. The skin, over his forehead and temples, was tight and glistening; and here and there could be seen a bluish vein, that

"Ran like a tendril,"—

or invited comparison to a twig of ivy peering out from the ruins of his constitution. His cough was hollow, and cost him no effort,—nor did he seem to notice it, except by a rueful frown, or an occasional groan, as a sidelong glance detected a streak of blood upon his handkerchief. His black glossy hair, from the constant habit of passing his pale fingers through it, lay languidly back upon his head. His whole air and figure declared the repose, which a Christian resignation had secured;—all was rest, except the ever watchful, flashing eyes, that were reserved and lighted up, as the portals, through which the soul was to make its exit;—and then death was to shut them upon himself, and reign—alone. Notwithstanding this general languor, there were moments, when Herman was aroused by strange excitements. He craved subjects, upon which to exercise a sympathy, which, in his days of health and activity, had been an aimless generosity. From his friends he received many little narratives, to which he listened with eagerness; and, in the solitude of his chamber, his imagination furnished him with cases of distress, over which he would weep like a girl. And then, when these paroxysms calmed down, he would sometimes give utterance to reflections, which affected his hearers with astonishment.

On his left sat a young man, whom thirty years had met and passed with friendly greeting.—They called him Frederic. His health was so robust, and his humor so exhilirating, that he was acknowledged everywhere to be a perfect Mercutio. When Herman was married, the sallies of Frederic lighted up the joy of his household. When,—five years afterwards,—consumption seized upon his wife, Frederic knew how to shield his friend from sorrow. Still again, when the child was needed for an angel,—this merry bachelor sustained the grief stricken father. And now, once more, when consumption was dispatched to execute the decree, that "a family should be entire in heaven," his mirthfulness often made the sick man pause in his hurry towards the grave, and acknowledge, by a smile, that with such a friend, in the midst of death we are in life:—alas! that the

iddy cheek, the engaging eye—
ie elastic step—should but serve
illustrate the awful rule, that in
ie midst of life we are in death;—
r I think, Herman, thy latest tears
this world were poured out upon
ie grave of Frederic.

The last personage, in this trio
f friends, requires but little notice.
.e was a young physician, whose
ame was Ernest. He had lately
turned from Europe, where he
ad been prosecuting his studies, at
ie School of Medicine, in Paris.
ager to hear an account of his
avels, Herman had written to
im as soon as his arrival was
scertained, and claimed the privi-
ge of being the first to welcome
im. Poor Herman!—Thinking
is own wretched appearance would
ock his long absent friend, he
ad caused Frederic to be present;
or was he aware of the cruel con-
ast he had thus effected, until
arnest, after receiving the feeble
rasp, let fall the emaciated hand,
nd exclaimed with much feeling
My dear Herman, is it possible!"

* * * * * * * *

It was late in the night. Her-
an, with his forehead resting in the
alm of his right hand, was in deep
editation. Frederic was reclin-
g with his elbow upon one chair,
hile his feet were extended upon
nother; and he seemed to be
musing himself with the grotesque
gures, into which the smoke of
is cigar was continually changing.
arnest was leaning against the
all. He had discoursed of his
avels, and answered every ques-
on permitted by a close intimacy,
varied by the opposite tempera-
ents of his friends. Affected by
.e silence that pervaded the room,
, perhaps, saddened by the re-
ospection he had just given, in
hich there were passages of dis-
pointment, that could not be
unterbalanced by visions of pros-
perity dimly defined in the future,
he had listlessly thrown back his
head, and, now and then, mechani-
cally struck the chords of a guitar,
which was lying across his lap.
Gradually his improvisations as-
sumed the form of an accompani-
ment, until, after trying his voice,
he at length hummed an air, the
first strain of which was so stirring,
and the second so plaintive that the
attention of his companions was
instantly attracted.

"Why Ernest"——exclaimed
Frederic,—"where did you get
that—is it your composition?"

"Oh no!" returned Ernest, "it
is not mine."

"Who then is the composer?"—
asked Herman.

"I do not know—I give it mere-
ly from recollection as I heard it."

"Well then," continued Her-
man, "whoever was the composer,
and whatever might have been his
emotions when he composed that
melody, the expression you give it
proves that you received it from
some one in distress. The first
strain represents an effort to arrest
attention. The very first note of
the second part is an appeal for
help, and the supplication is con-
tinued, by a refrain descending
through several bars, until at the
end the tone leaps up expressive of
thanks. The story connected with
it must be a melancholy one. I
tell you Frederic, if Ernest will
relate it to us, it will certainly
prove a sad history. Yes, those
sounds are an appeal, which is
recorded in Heaven, and will ring
in fearful evidence against uncharit-
ableness, if for nothing else, because
it was made in the language of
music—a language, which no Babel
has ever shattered—which has only
to be uttered by the Heathen to be
understood by the Christian. I
must hear this story, Ernest, or I
cannot sleep to-night."

Ernest put away the guitar from him, and drawing his chair nearer to his friend, looked at him with astonishment.

"Herman"—said he "tell me is it so—is it really so!—do you possess a power of penetration which does not belong to mortals? I ask, because I have read, or dreamt, or theorized, that, in certain advanced conditions of disease, this mortal blends with immortality, and the mind, half freed from matter, becomes imbued with divination.—You have, several times, this night given expression to ideas, which filled me with awe, and what you have just said, is really the commencement of the story I would tell you! It is so! Herman—do you know what I have to relate—do you know aught of the Music Girl of the Rue de la Harpe?"

"Aha! Ernest!"—interrupted Frederic, as he tossed up the stump of his cigar, and kicked it, while descending, with his foot, "there is a girl in the case is there? You rascal, out with the facts,—I am all attention."

But the young physician heeded him not. He continued his gaze, and urged his inquiry upon Herman, with a superstitious intentness, that called forth the derision of Frederic.

"I do not know how to answer your question Ernest"—said Herman "I cannot say whether there is really a separation of my mind from my body; or whether it is only goaded to an effort at separation, by mortal suffering. But this I do know—I am conscious of a mental elevation, which I did not possess in my days of health. This has enabled me (and, no doubt, it is a gift from a merciful Creator to all in my extreme situation, for this very purpose) to secure that resignation, which is but a compact of amity between the invalid and death. A calm submission to the inevitable, is a sure indication of the change which you, in your theory, consider an attainment of divination; while the desperation, to which remorse clings, is the mark of a mental debasement, that does not even excite pity. Ah gentlemen, when I contrast my situation with yours, and think how many, who are now radiant in health, will be in their graves, while I am yet loitering about mine, it is this same intellectual exaltation, resulting, you may say, from prolonged bodily suffering, that enables the consumptive to acknowledge the propriety of the prayer, which begs for preservation from sudden death."

The solemnity with which these last words were pronounced, imposed a silence upon the friends. Herman, at length, repeated his request for a history of the melody that interested him so much, and Ernest began as follows:

"My story is a short and a simple one. You remember, I told you to-night that while residing in Paris, I lodged in the Rue de la Harpe. Yes—Rue de la Harpe, No. 101, in a strip of rooms that ran up to six stories, and bore the name of the Hotel de Provence. It was a dismal abode in a dismal street. After entering by an arched door, I had to pass along a dark dank tunnel to reach the place, where the stairs commenced, and ran up by twelve zigzags to the top. The light came down this stair-way, not in rays, but it settled heavily like a vapor, and revealed a glistening little stream of filth, that resembled a bruised snake, as it 'dragged its slow length along' the slippery gutter, leading out to the street. My room was in the fifth story. The windows were

ıarded by iron bars, to prevent ɔrsons from falling. Here would often sit, and bend over to conmplate the Rue de la Harpe. he tall houses, grim with age, one place leaning over from ther side, until, high up, they most met, and, at another, stagɔring back, presented in perspecɔe the appearance of a craggy eft through a range of granite, ft by an earthquake.

At night I sometimes looked ɔng this chasm, and fixed my tention upon the lamps. They ere old-fashioned oil lamps, susɔnded over the middle of the reet, by ropes passing across ɔm one house to another. They oked like huge venomous spiders they shone red through the ggy darkness, affording just light ıough for the assassin to make ually sure of his blow, and his treat. Ah, the Rue de la Harpe ıs terrible by night!—There was ɔ silence—no repose. Thousands ingled themselves with the ever oving host, to act in obedience to e muttered precept, *work while it yet dark!—for the day-light meth when ye cannot work.*— ıere was no silence in Rue de la arpe—no sound of order, save e periodical tramp of the Munipal Guard.

Sometimes I looked down, and used upon the human tide, that ɔwed along this rugged street.— 'hat a busy scene, when viewed a crowd—what solitude, when I lected any one individual, and ıtched his movements! There ıs no more sympathy, than ɔong the drops of water constituıg a torrent. Once I noticed an struction, far down towards the ine. It was occasioned by the ıability of two large wagons to ss each other. Then I was amad to see how this rushing multitude dammed up against these wagons, like a stream against a raft.— And when the obstacle gave way what a rush!"

"Come, Ernest," said Frederic, "this will do very well in blank verse, but never in prose."

"Well, well," continued Ernest, somewhat embarrassed by the interruption, "I was going to ——"

"Tell your story in your own way, and pay no attention to Frederic's insensibility," exclaimed Herman.

"I was going to say," resumed Ernest, "that among the various sounds which reached me from the street, some were pleasing.— There were, for instance, the street musicians. One, a venerable sexagenarian, played upon the bassoon. He displayed no great skill in his performance, and his airs were the simplest;—but he attracted notice by his suavity and evenness of temper. Many a coin was thrown to him, merely for the pleasure of witnessing the grace with which he received it. There was another—a hunchback—who astonished everybody by the brilliancy of his execution upon the violin. He was not only deformed, but he was a cripple. As he crawled along the gutters, with his violin looped around his hump, his appearance alone would have enlisted charity, had his features been less forbidding, and his demeanor more thankful; but he received each donation with a scowl, and every jerk of his elbow was expressive of petulance and discontent. There was yet another—a girl; and it is of her I wish to speak. She also played upon the violin, and, if not with the skill of the hunchback, she gave to her style an expression of plaintiveness, that won the regard of all who heard her. She was tall, with a firm attitude, and

possessed a figure, that rebelled triumphantly against the disguise, which poverty would have thrown around it. Her eyes were black, and so was her hair, which, together with her dark complexion, told that she came from the South."

"Pshaw! Ernest," exclaimed Frederic, "her tongue—you mean that her tongue told you where she came from?"

"I never exchanged a word with her," answered Ernest.

"Come, Ernest," repeated Frederic, "none of your false modesty—Confess that—"

"How, Fritz, am I to gratify Herman with accurate descriptions, if you interrupt me thus?"

"Frederic," said Herman, with some severity, "there are segars upon the mantle-piece, and in that draw you will find a bottle of excellent sherry—"

"Thank you, that will do very well after Ernest has finished his story. Proceed."—

"Well, then," continued Ernest, "she was beautiful. But what most excited my admiration, and has fixed the poor girl steadfastly in my memory, was the smile she bestowed upon all who took notice of her. It was a smile that caused one to look confidently from the lips to the eyes for assurance of sincerity. Sometimes, when she pressed her cheek down upon the violin, to keep it firm, while her left hand glided through the positions on the finger-board, there was an archness given to the expression, that was positively enchanting.

It was a sultry afternoon in July. I had been watching the sun go down over the Luxemburg garden, and wished as he approached the western horizon, that I could make him a messenger to my friends at home. Suddenly I heard performed, in a masterly manner, the air I have just repeated to you. I stepped to the window, and saw this girl on the opposite side of the street.—There was with her an old woman, bent with age, whose business it was to turn the handle of one of those portable organs, so common in every large city. The girl played upon her violin the same pieces the old woman turned off from her organ, and must have spent years of nightly practice, before she learned them. The old woman seldom looked up; but the girl's restless eyes were busy searching along the different stories, for some friendly face. Several times she fixed them upon me, but, seeing that I occupied the fifth window from the ground, she, no doubt, concluded there was nothing to be obtained from me. They played through their programme, and were moving off, when I drew from my pocket all the copper coins I had, and, wrapping them in a piece of paper, threw them into the street. I recollect well there were six sous—more, no doubt, than she had received from a dozen streets put together. I saw her tap the old woman upon the shoulder with the bow of her violin, and point to the window, where I was yet standing. In another moment, they were carried from my view by the crowd. The next evening, they came again. When I made my appearance at the window, the girl greeted me with a smile, which remained upon her features throughout her performance, and her eyes were rivetted upon me. I never saw her afterwards, that she did not intently regard me, with that same smile playing about her lips. When she commenced my favorite air, I made known my satisfaction, by nodding my head. It made no change in her posture. There was the same fixed look—the same permanent smile; but she showed that she understood my preference,

by playing the air twice as long as she played the others, and repeating it before she left.

Every afternoon, they made their appearance, and I felt a lively interest in them. I had been in the habit of disburdening myself of the sous, accumulated in my restaurant transactions, by tossing them to the first beggar I encountered, without regard to merit, or imposition. But now I would hoard them like a miser, and place them in the corner of my window, ready for the pretty music girl. Sometimes I would remain in my chair, and refuse to show myself until she had nearly finished playing. I could perceive her anxiety, by the length of time she devoted to my favorite piece, and the perseverance with which she repeated it. Then, I would step slowly forward, and mischievously peep over the bars of the grating; but I repent me now of such playfulness, when I recollect the melancholy that dimmed her smile, as if she would have said, "be it so, if it please you, but it is cruel."

"Ah, Ernest," exclaimed Herman, "you did not act well. You should have sought this poor girl, and relieved her."

"How!" answered Ernest, "Was not the little I did for her, injustice to thousands of others in the same situation?—Or shall man presume to have his elect, upon whom to exercise mercy? But listen:—Winter came; snow whitened the pavement of the Rue de la Harpe, and muffled the tread of the multitude. It was the season, when the blessings of wealth, and the miseries of poverty, are increased;—when ease urges mirth to banter the howling of the storm, and want thinks starvation and freezing are too slow, for men seek death in the waters of the Seine. Still my music girl came with her steadfast gaze and smile. One day, the old woman was absent. There came a man with the girl to turn the handle of the organ. I saw, at once, what was the matter, and took from my pocket a two franc piece. Long before it fell at her feet, she perceived that it was a silver coin; for she instantly stopped playing,—and watched its descent. She marked where it disappeared in the snow, and when she found it, and knew how much it was, she threw the violin to her companion, and started off at a rapid pace. But she suddenly stopped, turned round, and, placing the tips of her fingers to her mouth, pressed them to her lips, and waved her hand to me. It was five days before I saw her again, and then the old woman came also. She looked feeble. As soon as I made my appearance at the window, the girl tapped her with the violin bow. She looked up, and, simply bowing her head, resumed her monotonous task; while the maiden watched and smiled upon me as earnestly as ever."

"It was a pittance well bestowed," remarked Herman.

"Do you think so," asked Ernest. "Was blame, however, to be attached to any one, for withholding a similar alms from the hunchback and the bassoon player?—for the former suddenly disappeared from the Rue de la Harpe, and I saw the body of the latter, one morning, exposed in the Morgue for recognition, with his white locks stiffened in ice."

"Most surely," answered Herman. "Mark my words. Occupation was the first right granted to man; and, to secure it to him, it was bestowed in the form of a curse. Let no man, then, strive to be rich, if he thereby deprive any one of the right to "earn his bread by the sweat of his brow." Wealth must carry with it a heavy responsibility. It is a concentration of

means for the distribution of labor to the needy; and every man, who starves, as did your hunchback violinist, in his cellar, or is forced, by hunger, to commit suicide, like the venerable bassoon player, drowned in the Seine, helps to diminish the eye of the needle, through which the camel has to pass. Well, Ernest, go on."

"The first of February was the day I had fixed upon to leave Paris. On the afternoon of the day preceding, I was sitting in my room, thinking of the contemplated journey. The regret I felt at abandoning the gaieties of Paris, was lost in my romantic expectations of Germany. Suddenly, I heard the music girl playing in the street. I rose up with a start; for I had not linked her in the chain of my regrets—chiefly confined before to the Garden of Plants, the Gallery of the Louvre, and the Elysian Fields. But, as I stood at my window, and looked down upon her for the last time, it was more than a regret—it was a pang that I felt; for I had encouraged in her a dependence—a reliance upon me for assistance—which, perhaps, she thought would never be withdrawn. In her ignorance of my intention, she regarded me with her usual earnestness, and dwelt long upon my favorite air. I threw her a five franc piece. She looked at it, and seemed puzzled; but, before she disappeared from me forever, she signified her gratitude, by frequently bowing her head, and kissing her hand. The next day I was in the *rotonde* of a Diligence, on my way to Strasbourg. For miles, I watched the city of Paris receding from view, until a mountain, around the base of which the road suddenly turned, shut out the enchanting sight—the domes of the Pantheon, the Invalides, and the Val de Grace, the columns and the monuments of Pere la Chaise."

"Well done, Ernest!" exclaimed Frederic, "to get rid of your heroine, you destroy the magnificent city of Paris! Mon Dieu! Robespierre, in his bloodiest temper, could not have wished for more. And so noiseless, too!—why an earthquake couldn't have done it without a crash. Ah, Ernest, you have brought your story to a fine conclusion!"

"Stop!" said Herman, "holding up his pale hand, "Ernest has not yet finished. Go on. I know you have more to relate."

"Yes," replied Ernest, "I have more to tell; but the sequel is entirely inferential. However, from the pictures of Parisian life which I have sketched for you to-night, I think you will both agree, that my continuation, although not based upon actual observation, is entirely reliable. In the evening of the day of my departure, my thoughts returned to the Music Girl and her mother; for I suppose such a relationship must have existed between her and the old woman. I fancied they were standing, at that very moment, before the house in which I had lodged. The girl looks up to the window, where she had so often seen me. She plays through her list of airs, and dwells long upon my favorite; but I do not appear. 'Let us play them over again,' she says, 'he seems in a mood to tease us.' But still I am not to be seen, and they move off slowly, and frequently look back. A week—perhaps a month, rolls by, and every day they take their stand at the usual place. A strange face—perhaps an unkind one—is seen at the window. The Music Girl taps her mother with the violin bow, and, drooping her head, murmurs 'he is gone!' The mystery of the five franc piece is ex-

plained. Well, my story has been a sad one,—it is now to become horrible. You can easily suppose that the old woman soon died—no matter how. Say she tottered like the bassoon player from the Petit Pont into the Seine. The girl was then left alone. Her violin has procured her the last loaf in the last way that it can; and she is drawn into the wide vortex of dishonor and misery, which, after whirling its victims to the centre of its black maelstrom, disgorges them upon the great thoroughfare, that leads to the hospital or the guillotine. I will suppose the poor girl has done no crime; but sick—heart-broken—feeble—she turns for relief to the hospital. She stands at the Central Bureau, begging for a card of admission. The Secretary's experienced eye is satisfied at one glance;—the humility of sickness is easy to distinguish from the impudence of drunkenness—and the card of admission is given her. She staggers across the open space in front of Notre Dame, and is about to enter the Hotel Dieu. But the spirit of music holds her back for awhile; a voluntary swells forth from the organ at the near extremity of the grand aisle in the Cathedral. She holds her breath, and the flush upon her cheek is deepened. Her eye-brows, contracted into a frown from pain, arch up once more, and the world—Paris—gives her a parting return of joy. But the organ is silent. It is answered by another at the farther extremity of the aisle, of equal tone, though mellowed into soothing softness by the distance. Then there is a chant of children's voices, high up in the Cathedral. The Music Girl regards it as a representation of an angelic response, and, in conformity with her faith, she signs the cross upon her throbbing bosom, and enters the hospital. The nurses gather about her, remove her rags, and put on the habiliments of the patient. She is placed in her bed, and the curtains are closed. Tears of gratitude for such unexpected kindness stream over her cheeks, and she is gradually lulled into a feverish sleep by the busy but softly falling steps of the sisters of charity. The physician makes his round. His questions are few—the case is too plain—and she is labelled *Typhoid Fever*. Why dwell upon details?—It might have been six days, or six weeks; her constitution might have been too much shattered, or the physician, it may be, chose to make an heroic experiment. Delirium comes on—the patient clutches at imaginary objects. In her phrensy, she sees the face of one perhaps who should have been repentingly near, and an expression of ferocity overspreads her features. A sister of charity approaches, and holds a cup of wine to her lips. The smile comes back once more, and the look of gratitude. It is the last time. Death presses with his signet, and the smile is petrified into the hideous Sardonic grin, and the gaze—oh tell me, Herman, if you can, what is it that the dead gaze at?"

"You would know"—replied Herman musingly—"you would know what the dead gaze at? I will tell you, though you may not believe me. I know that what I am going to disclose to you is true;—and I know it through that same intellectual refinement, which has already excited your astonishment. Listen. There is a fact, not yet perceived, but which will, some day, give rise to strange speculations. It is this. The last image, defined upon the retina of the dying, remains impressed there for

some time after death. Not only objects in nature, but the creations of dreams and phrenzies are left upon this membrane. I do not allude to the possibility of detecting murderers;—for the fact I have just mentioned will,—no doubt,—be applied to this purpose;—but my mind is impressed with the belief that the gaze of the dead can reveal to us some secrets of the future world. Cannot a dying man—just before reason and consciousness part company—cannot a dying man, at the "*whispered word Lenore?*" receive for his watching friend an impression from the "distant Aidenn" of one "*nameless here forever more?*" or cannot the last effort of the imagination leave recorded the monosyllable 'yes,' or 'no,' in answer to some well-timed momentous question? Be it so or not, I make this prophecy: Many an enthusiast will linger long, in ecstacy, over a view of Heaven fading from an infant's eye; or start back—appalled—at the terrifying spectacle of Hell, still blazing upon the retina of the unrighteous dead. You would know what it is the dead gaze upon? I have answered you. But, Ernest, you have yet something more to tell."

The young physician, after a pause, during which he regarded the clairvoyant with astonishment, proceeded with his narration.

"You must know that these hospitals are institutions for the living. They do not bury the dead. Notice is, therefore, given that the occupant of No. 80 is dead, and her body is at the disposal of her friends. But she has no friends. The hospital garment is stripped from her, and, shroudless, she is placed in a covered cart. The driver rattles along the streets. He enters a court yard in front of the School of Medicine, and the Music Girl is dragged forth by the hair, and tossed headlong upon the floor of the dissecting room. Ah gentlemen, the scenes in a French dissecting room! where the student searches in death for the explanation of life. Does he become unfeeling, as, day after day, he looks upon that accumulating heap—that horrible Tower of Babel, composed of the fragments of human bodies of all languages and nations!"

"Stop! Ernest,"——exclaimed Frederic, "that is too revolting. No more of that I beg of you."

"I have but a few more words to say," continued Ernest. "Science is insatiate. There is yet another cart and driver."

"For what?"

"To carry off this heap."

"Where—to the cemetery?"

"No."

"In Heaven's name,—where then?"

"To Montfauçon. There to be mingled with the carcasses of horses, for the manufacture of the muriate of ammonia."

"What!" cried Frederic; relapsing into levity, "Sal ammoniac!—for shame, Ernest, to degenerate, after all, into such a conclusion."

"Nay," said Herman, "let me convince you of the contrary. The burial of the dead results from cowardice. In the dread of death, we have created an object quite as terrible—the grave. Is it to conceal the horrors of decomposition? It cannot be done. We are endowed with a faculty, which forces us to look deep—down—down—at the mass, that was once a human being. Why not permit the dead to instruct the living? They can reveal to us secrets, which can be applied to the relief of suffering. Behold the wisdom and goodness of God, displayed by the hand of a dexterous anatomist,

and then contemplate the unskilled butchery of the worm. And which is the more beautiful illustration of the resurrection unto purification, the corpse-light which hovers over a grave, or the crystalline substance produced in the laboratories of Montfauçon?"

There was a pause in the conversation. Frederic was the first to re-commence it.

"Ernest, I can propose a better use for the imagination than Herman has done. The chances are only a quadrillion to one, that a given piece of sal ammoniac has not been elaborated from the muscles of your Music Girl, why not select a lump and conjure up her image?"

"I thank you, Frederic, for the hint," exclaimed the young physician, imbued with a sort of spirituality by the unearthly notions of Herman—"I thank you, Frederic, for the hint. I will do it. She *shall* appear to me, and I will look up to her, as she once looked up to me, and rejoice in the possession of a power, be it reason or imagination, that can win for me one more smile from the Music Girl of the Rue de la Harpe!"

A CHARACTER.

A vain old man, grasping at worldly gauds,
On the dim verge of three score years and ten,
Still mingling in the turbid strife of men,
Still struggling for its false and mean rewards;
Mammon and Custom, his soul's sovereign Lords,
He worships on the grave of health and youth,
His dull ears closed against the voice of truth,
And warning wisdom's sweet and mild accords;
Gracious in bearing, generous in great words,
By dwarfish deeds most impotently crowned,
High in the Paradise of Fools, he reigns
'Mid insufficient joys, and sordid pains,
But self-assured within that narrow round,
The exalted Spirit's nobler faith disdains.

SONNET.

TO MY WIFE.

As some lone wanderer, in a darksome vale
Where towering mountains all in gloom enclose,
Stands through the night, and sees the chill stars pale
In outer darkness, all their mellow glows;
At once beholds a flood of light that flows
Through some high portal in the mountain's side,
Bathing in brightness all the valley wide,
And thro' that gate celestial, far unfold
The vista, radient in molten gold,
The trees and flowers, gay-decked in pearly dews
The crystal streams thro' grassy meadows rolled,
And nature, glorious in her myriad hues:
—So, in life's vale, I lift mine eyes to thee
Whose love brought light when all was gloom to me!

February, 1857.

BERANGER.

"Give me the making of a people's *songs*, and I care not who makes their laws," is a trite and current saying, which, unlike very many proverbial phrases, is philosophically true. From the time when the Homeric poems were sung through Greece, moulding the plastic language and awakening the nation to its noble individuality, to the days when the "Marseillaise" urged an infuriate mob to the most deplorable excesses, the great minds of the world have recognized the power and danger of national songs. If the Epic poetry of Homer achieved such wonderful results in knitting all Greece together, need we wonder at the effects produced by lyrical poetry in modern times? For, according to SCHELLING, Epic poetry requires no regular beginning nor end; the poem may be taken up or laid down at any point of the story;—it is for this reason, that the earliest of all forms of poetry is the Epic, because it is, of necessity, the most *objective* form. This rule obtains in all nations; in the first periods, the Epic exclusively prevails;—as the people advance in civilization, the Elegy appears,—which is the first step towards subjective poetry; the next progress is to the Iambic—the "raging iambi," αυσσωντες ιαμβοι of Hadrian,—in which the personal feelings are first to be distinctly seen, inasmuch as all satire is necessarily subjective. But the full glories of subjectivity appear, when in the nation's mental growth, the national poetry attains its maturity in the lyric; which glows with the fire of sudden and complete inspiration,——objects rise rapidly before the mind of the poet,—images, brilliant and fleeting, pass through his brain in rapid succession; he speaks with the hurried utterance of the Sybil, and all the impressiveness of the true Prophet; irregular,——yet strangely musical, wild as a vision, yet grappling with the sternest realities of life, lyrical poetry in its highest flights is a mystery, to the unravelling of which no human mind can aspire. For we are to believe that the power of Pindar, Anacreon, Sappho and Horace was not less in the days which followed their compositions, than that which we know has belonged in modern times to the songs of Burns and Béranger,—to the Marseillaise, the *Ranz des Vaches*, the ballad of Chevy Chase, (which Sir Philip Sidney said always moved his heart like the sound of a trumpet,) or the interdicted song, "What is the German Fatherland." The lyric poetry of the Bible is known perhaps by three times the number of those who have wondered at its epic portions; for wherever the Christian religion is, there the Psalms of David are found, the sweetest music in the world;—breathing the anguish of the pious heart, its aspirations, its joys, its trials, and its trust. In the same way, Burns is sung in many a place where Milton is unknown, and the "*Chant du depart*" is felt and appreciated by thousands who could not endure the stately movements of the "*Henriade*." The reason is obvious; lyrical poetry appeals to all men, high and low, erudite or ignorant, and by a *completeness* in the expression of an idea which is absolutely essential, it is entirely comprehensible at once. (It may be well to suggest here, that the Homeric poems, beyond

doubt, owed their wide circulation to the fact that they partake, in a great measure, of this lyric completeness, and consequently may be divided into separate ballads. This plan has been successfully tried by the late Dr. Magin.) It was in keeping with the profound wisdom of Solon and Lycurgus, that they should carry the Homeric poems to Athens and Sparta; for the result justified their judgment in ennobling and individualizing the people. From all accounts concerning the collection of the Homeric poems by the two law-givers, and by Pisistratus, we would suppose that the ballads were sung through Greece much in the same manner, as the ballads of modern times which are thus preserved from generation to generation. It was, then, to a lyric element that Homer's songs owe their preservation. Why the lyric proper does not make its appearance sooner in the literary history of nations will be best understood when one reflects that the first poem is necessarily objective; and as *narrative* is the object of the earliest poetry, the epic, whose character is totally descriptive and historical, must of necessity be the form; for narrative is the object of the epic; action, of the dramatic; emotion, of the lyric. As the natural consequence of having *all* emotions as objects, lyric poetry has, of course, an almost unlimited scope; love, politics, religion, satire, patriotism, in a word, everything which can produce any *feeling* whatever, all these fall to her province;

"χρυσέα φόρμιξ Ἀπόλλωνος καὶ ἰοπλοκάμων.
σύνοικον Μουσᾶν κτέανον"

or, as Akenside says in his noble twelfth ode, on lyrical poetry:

"Queen of the lyre! in thy retreat
The fairest flowers of Pindus glow;
The vine aspires to crown thy seat,
And myrtles 'round thy laurel grow!"

Once, the province of the lyric was the hymn, or a dirge over some brave warrior, or the celebration of a triumph; but after awhile, the lyre was crowned with the rose and the vine-leaf of the feast, the hair of a beloved mistress was twined around it, and the badges of parties and factions were wreathed among its chords. Whatever the special subject of the lyric might be, it is always found to be the expression of universal and necessary emotions, the individual and accidental being totally excluded, to give room to the Catholic feeling. Thus, the lyric poet sings those quick, salient, and omniprevalent ideas, which force themselves equally upon all minds. It is the appeal to man *as man*, which secures for the lyric its universal reception, in the boudoir and the cottage, by the fireside and in the busy scenes of active life. Although the poet be utterly unlearned in the classics,—for neither Béranger nor Burns knew a word of Latin or Greek, the lyric which he writes appeals broadly and effectually to a common tie of humanity, and whether the reader be scholar or boor, Czar or serf, man as man has written the poem, and man as such receives it. It is this law which accounts for the popularity of the lyric poet with all classes.

While Béranger is read and admired by the first scholars of the world, we see on the other hand that he is the idol of the lowest classes. Chateaubriand says that he heard two common sailors sing "*Le vieux Caporal*" with the greatest feeling and expression; he goes on to ask, "What taught them this Ballad? Assuredly not Literature and Criticism, not the second handed opinions of others." In

the same way, while Burns is the theme of many of the most profound essays, and a continual and delightful study to the greatest mind, Lockhart tells us that there is hardly a family in Scotland so poor as not to have a copy of the rustic poets' songs. In a word, the genuine melody of the soul finds its fittest expression in the lyric, which needs but little art to utter itself, since nature has breathed upon it her choicest inspirations. It may be answered here, that the extremely artificial structure of much of the lyric poetry of the world, is opposed to this idea; but we venture the assertion to its fullest limits, that, upon a *genial* and candid examination, any and every true lyric, however artificial its structure may seem, will be found to be following the *caprices of music*, rather than the rules of art. For, what man, who has a soul in him, has not felt the vague, and unexpected guidance in the surprises of Paisiello, Beethoven, and Rossini? It is precisely to this view, that La Harpe says "*Les vers, parmi, nous, sont jugés surtout par l'esprit par la raison; chez les Grecs, ils etaient jugés davantage par les sens, par l'imagination;*" and his whole argument shows that the criterion of the Greeks was the proper one. The only men who see no beauty in Hogg, Burns, Moore, and the humbler song-writers, are those cold, calculating, mechanical persons who are amazed at any manifestation of feeling, and wonder at the enthusiasm of their neighbors; men, whose ideas of propriety will never suffer them to show any emotion; to whom the frigidity of fashionable society is especially pleasant; to whom the cordial grasp of friendship, the warm embrace of affection are utterly unknown; in short, the ungenial, unsympathetic, and soulless portion of our race. To this class, the enthusiasm of the poet, "*laurea donandus Apollinari,*" is a sort of undignified extravagance, imagination, a kind of lunacy, fancy appears a species of levity, taste, a connoisseurship of trifles, and criticism the merest *caput mortuum* of the most inconsiderable of things which could be put into an intellectual crucible. This class is usually made up of men whose God is either Mammon or their own stupid selves, and women whose only idea is society; in all of them, there is no sense of honor outside of a "code," no cultivation beyond the indispensibles, and no religion beyond renting a pew at a fashionable church. There is another class of persons who do immense damage in the world of letters, by setting themselves up for critics when nature has not at all qualified them for the task. These individuals learn the nomenclature of criticism, and although totally devoid of that *geniality* of temperament which requires one almost to be a poet in order to appreciate a poet; although utterly incapable of understanding the nicer shades of feeling, and equally unable to comprehend the inner sense of poetry, they proceed to censure and cavil at a poet in the most dogmatic style, simply because *they* happen not to admire him. To this class, whose brethren in other times wrote the strictures on Byron, Keats, Shelley, and Wordsworth; this large and respectable class,—(for many well-meaning people who imagine that they are the very props and pillars of taste, have no sort of qualification for the office of critic, since nature has denied them the indispensable genial element in their mental character,) we have nothing to promise in our notice of Béranger; for of all kinds of poetry, the lyric appeals most to

the warm, gushing, sympathetic nature, and is utterly inappreciable by any other. To those who *feel* as well as *reason*, to those who have *hearts* as well as *heads*, we hope to be able to suggest some agreeable reflections in our random sketch of the greatest of lyric poets.

Pierre Jean de Beranger was born on the 19th of August, 1780, at the house of his maternal grandfather, a tailor in Paris.

In "*Le tailleur et la fée*," Béranger speaks very forcibly of his humble origin; and in "*Le Vilain*," he mentions the aristocratic *de*, before the family name, in the following terms:

"Hé quoi! j'apprends que l'on critique
Le *de* qui précède mon nom,
Etes-vous de noblesse antique?
Moi, noble? oh! vraiment, messieurs, nom; &c.
Je suis vilain,
Vilain, vilain."

The father of our poet is described as a dreamer, "*vif, spirituel, d'une imagination entreprenanti et active*;" he took special pride in the prefix *de* to the family name,—was a wanderer, restless and flighty, and of him, the poet knew but little. At nine years of age, he was confided to an aunt at Peronne, a pious, octogenarian lady; in her house he first learned the charms of Telemaque and the writings of Voltaire and Racine. At fourteen, he was apprenticed in the printing office of M. Laisné; which fact he celebrates in "*Le Bonsoir.*" While in this printing office, he was also receiving instruction at the school which had been founded at Peronne by M. Ballue de Bellanglise, a disciple of Rousseau; the founder of this school established it with reference to the maxims of the "citizen philosopher," so that boys might be made at once soldiers and citizens. On the occurrence of any political event of interest or importance, the boys of the school voted "addresses," appointed deputations and delivered discourses, concerning the acts of citizen Robespierre and his cotemporaries. In these exercises Béranger was the leading spirit; and thus he early acquired a style, became habituated to observing public affairs and cultivated the talents which afterwards rendered signal service to his country. The classics were not taught at Peronne, and upon Béranger's adopting Literature for a profession, his friends were fearful lest this defect might very seriously mar his otherwise, certain triumph. Indeed many of of his friends thought that he *must* have studied closely the classic models, since he succeeded so well in following them; considering his constant assertion to the contrary as merely the result of extreme modesty. On this score, M. Tissot says, that although such a man as Béranger must be believed in anything that he says, still, one is likely to be a little incredulous "after reading certain of his beautiful songs, which breathe the perfume of ancient poetry;"—and he goes on to say, that if the poet had not made Homer, Virgil and Horace studies in the original, he must have learned their spirit through others.*

At eighteen, the idea of poetical

*A poet who was also an Academician was speaking with Béranger, and when the young poet said that he took care to call everything by its name, without recourse to fable, the Academician in the utmost surprise asked him, "But the *sea*, for example, what do you call that?" "I call it simply the sea." "What! Neptune, Tethys, Amphitrite, Nereus,—do you cut off all these thus wontonly?" "Indeed," replied Béranger, "I cut them off." The Academician was utterly amazed, and insisted that it was impossible to write a modern poem without the aid of the Gods of antiquity.

composition first took hold of him, after seeing some theatrical performances. Comedy was the field which he first entered, but a comparison between his own writings and those of Moliére, deterred him from all future attempts. Epic poetry next engaged his attention, and he began a poem, of which Clovis was to be the hero. Like all other poets Béranger loves to recur to the scenes of his youth; and his poetry is full of touching allusions to these days;—his dreams of Egypt—his disenchantment—his poverty—his hopes and failures.—Writing to a friend years afterwards, he speaks of his devotion to "*la pauvre Lisette,*" and his extreme poverty: "But I was so poor! the least pleasure party forced me to live on soup for eight days, which I cooked myself, all the while heaping rhyme upon rhyme, and full of hope of a future glory." In the midst of these trials, unexpected aid came to him. He enclosed several of his poems in an envelope and sent them by the post to Lucien Bonaparte; from whom the young bard received the kindest counsel and assistance.

From the year 1805, he filled an engagement for two years, with Landon, Editor of the "*Annales du Musée.*" The duties of this office were to write descriptions of the paintings in the national gallery and biographical sketches of the painters. Although the articles are not signed, it is said that Béranger's contributions can be easily recognized by a certain picturesque precision in his descriptions, by a lively coloring and sort of naive appreciation of genuine beauty; and above all, by a peculiar carefulness to bring to view the moral import of the paintings, and the depth of thought and feeling in the painter. In 1809, by the influence of M. Arnault, he was appointed to a clerkship in the University of Paris, with a salary of two thousand francs. Here he remained until the publication of his second volume in 1821. He was, during this period, constantly thrown with the choicest spirits of Paris, and a the *Caveau*, he had his fine to pay in verse, like the others; his brilliant imagination, his rich and flowing style, and his easy and beautiful versification, soon enabled him to bear off the palm, even from the great Désangiers himself. In his studies of the sentiments which awaken the inner harmonies of the human soul, Béranger had discovered the tendency to melancholy, in all large collected bodies of men. From this he conceived the idea of writing songs, "sweetly serious," to cheer the afflicted—the poor—in a word, the people. While doubting, as to the correctness of his idea, he was dining one day with the clever writer, Etienne, and at dessert, was pressed to sing. In a trembling voice he began one of his soft, tender songs;—the applause was immense, and henceforth, the poet knew his destiny. He has steadily refused to be anything but "*Chansonnier*;" for when Napoleon, during the hundred days, offered him the Censorship he declined, "naturally, and without believing himself to be a Brutus." Since then, he has never been influenced by any wish to be an Academician,—to go to court, or to get into the ministry; and when in 1848 he was elected to the National Assembly, he steadily refused to accept the position, although pressed to do so, by the Assembly itself.

"The *chanson*," or song, says Béranger, "lives of the inspiration of the moment; our epoch is serious—in fact, it is sad; I have taken the tone which it gave me, although it is probable that I would not, oth-

erwise, have chosen it." Song-writing attains its perfection in the hands of this poet. The refrain, which is the very soul of the songs of Panard, Collé, and even Desangiers, is a secondary power in Béranger's poetry, or, as his biographer says, "it is but a bright and dazzling spark, while the thought, the inspiring sentiment is the dominant force." We know of no better answer to those persons who object to the song as trivial, than that which Béranger puts into the mouth of Collé, in his "Conversation with the Censor;" when the latter says, that the song-writer occupies in Literature the same place that the fiddler does in Music, Collé answers, that in the same way that the great Condé employed the music of violins at the opening of the trenches at Lerida, the song-writers perform an important part in the great events of the world. In spite of Béranger's humble defence of his *songs*, as he insists on calling them, we may quote here Benjamin Constant, who says, "Béranger fait des *odes sublimes*, quand il ne croit faire que des *simples chansons*." Above all things, to attain a great distinction in poetry, is especially difficult in France, for the French are a nation of poets. From the Troubadours to Jasmin, the barber-poet; from Thibaut, king of Navarre, and the Chatelain de Courcy, to Reboul, the baker-poet, of Nismes, the name of the verse-writers of France has been legion. Tied down in the fetters of the "classical school," and bound by the "unities" which often mar the grandest triumphs of Corneille and Racine, it is no wonder that inferior poetry has been the destiny of the vast majority of French writers; for, with the exception of a very few names, the literature of this country has but little to offer, until Béranger began the intellectual deliverance of his nation, by knocking down the absurdities of the "schools." Delavigne, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and many *minora sidera*, have joined in this reformation, and their works prove the entire desirableness, feasibility, and propriety of this movement.

None of these poets, however, have gone to the full extent of Béranger, who, though less correct, less refined, less elegant than the classical school, is infinitely more natural, more impressive, and more poetical than they. This poet has devoted himself strictly to what he conceived to be his duty to his country; for he loves France, and values men precisely as they do or do not advance *her* glory. Thus, he fearlessly satirized Napoleon, while the great emperor was in power; but he bewailed his downfall, in the most exquisite poetry, and poured upon the degenerate Bourbons the fiercest invective, and the bitterest gall of his satire. When Béranger's first volume was published, in 1815, it met with the most enthusiastic reception; a stupid Bourbon was on the throne; the allied armies on the soil of the country, and Napoleon far away, a prisoner on a solitary, desert island. Of course, the poet who sang of these things, was the poet for the people; as "*bras, tête, coeur, tout etait peuple en lui*," and his popularity rose to the highest pitch. The first edition having been exhausted, in 1821 a subscription list of ten thousand names demanded the re-publication of the first volume, with an additional volume, containing the pieces which had been written after 1815. His boldness knew no limits in this new volume, and he was forthwith deprived of his place at the University, and brought to trial on the following charges:

1st. Offences against good manners;

2d. Offences against religion and morality;
3d. Insults to the person of the king; and
4th. Sedition against the government.

The three trials of Béranger are well worth the perusal of every man who can lay his hand upon them. In the later editions of his works, they are fully reported; and from these reports, we gather the following *resumé*. (Here we may digress, a moment, to call the reader's attention to the fact, that the account of these trials, as given in "Vericour's Modern French Literature," is utterly incorrect, inasmuch as it is entirely different from the Reports of the "Process," appended to the third volume of Béranger's works.)

The result of the first trial was a fine of five hundred francs, and three months' imprisonment. The speech of Marchangy, against Béranger, was published, *in extenso*, in the ministerial organs, while the whole argument in defence was withheld. M. Baudoin published, for the poet, the whole trial, reported in full, with the songs upon which it was founded.—For this, Béranger and his publisher were brought to trial, but were acquitted. In 1828, Béranger published a third volume, in which he surpassed all his former efforts, in the most bitter satire and ridicule, for he is a "good hater."

He was again brought to trial, and condemned to nine months' imprisonment, and a fine of ten thousands francs. The prosecutors, it is hardly necessary to say, in these trials, were more induced by personal feeling than any desire for the purity of Literature. In the word "*Ego*," they found a compendious expression for God, religion, morality and loyalty. The offences were against the Jesuits and the ministry of a drivelling old king, not the noble virtues which they pretended that the poet had insulted. The acumen and learning of Campanhet, and the greater powers of Marchangy—who conducted the prosecution—were brilliantly displayed, even though they pleaded on the wrong side; while the three lawyers who defended Béranger, each exhibiting his own peculiar powers, made the most admirable arguments for the justification of the poet and his *chansons*. In these trials, M. Berville is the elegant scholar, the sympathetic friend, pleading for *Béranger himself;* Dupin pleads as a lawyer; while Barthe found it too good an opportunity to express political doctrines. All of these lawyers have attained high positions in France.

These trials made Béranger a martyr, in the eyes of the people, and had the effect, of course, of rendering his songs universally known. It has been so, from the first attempt to bridle the liberty of authors, in the expression of their feelings; as Tacitus writes: "Persecute the author, and you enhance the value of his works. Foreign tyrants, and all who have adopted this barbarous policy, have experienced this truth; by proscribing talents, they recorded their own disgrace, and gave the writer a passport to immortality," (Annals xxxv,) and Laurajuais wrote to the Parliament of Paris, "*Honor to burnt books!*" This has been peculiarly the case in reference to Béranger, for, in addition to the general rule in these matters—just quoted from Tacitus—in France, there is a peculiar freedom in respect to song-writing. As Marchangy said, in his speech against Béranger, "The song is a sort of privilege in France. It is, of all kinds of poetry, the one in which all liberties are most rea-

dily excused. Companions of joy, and as fugitive, it seems that these gay rhymes could not be the vehicle for the sombre humor of the malignant, and from Julius Cæsar to Cardinal Richelieu, statesmen have feared but little those who sang." After this frank admission, he goes on to the discrimination between the song proper and the "*enfant gaté du Parnasse*," the muse of popular songs becomes one of the furies of civil discord," says he, when it is perverted. M. Dupin, in his defence of the poet, observes: "A man of great powers has said of the old government of France, that it was *an absolute monarchy, limited by songs.* Entire freedom was allowed in this respect. This national disposition has not escaped the observation of some of our wisest ministers. Mazarin asked: "Well! what say the people about the new edicts?" "My lord, the people sing songs about them." "*The people sing songs*," replied the Italian, "*well, they will pay*," and satisfied with obtaining his budget, Mazarin let them sing on. This habit of making songs upon all subjects, all events, however serious, was so strong, and is so well kept up, that it has passed into a proverb, "*In France, every thing ends with a few songs.*"

The people asked not if he belonged to classic, romantic, or any school at all, but they knew that he sang the vanished glories of France, denouncing those who involved their country in ruin, and breathing lofty, prayerful strains of hope for the future. They knew that when he spoke, he spoke with deep feeling and earnestness, and they sympathized with all his troubles, and from his prison, he came out a hero and the laureate of liberty!

In his own words, "my songs—they are myself! The welfare of humanity has been the dream of my life. The people are my muse!" To tell the whole truth, there can be no commentary upon Béranger like his own Preface to the Edition of 1833. It elevates him to the first rank of the world's prose writers, vindicates the morality of his songs, and proves the poet a *man* as well as a *genius*, and to this, we will refer our readers for a statement as to *what* he is, which can never be equalled by any other writer whatever. It is the muse fighting without her ornaments.

The objections to Béranger, on the score of offences against morality and religion, are, we apprehend, rather to be referred to the faults of his age and nation, than to the poet himself; for we are sure that, upon a closer examination of his writings, it will be seen that the offensive passages are incidentally so; especially since Béranger himself asserts this to be the fact. The vindications of Dupin and Berville will show very many poems, which seem objectionable to a foreigner, to have a very different meaning from that which we might at first suppose. Above all, the best, and in fact, the *only* sure method, of qualifying one's self to understand this poet, is to study carefully the literary and political history of France, for the forty years during which he wrote. But when his poems are put in comparison with the writings of Madame George Sand, Eugene Sue and Paul de Kock, the occasional blemishes of Béranger will vanish into the merest insignificance before the constantly and wilfully immoral writing of these authors. The great sceptical influence of the Encyclopædists—the tendency towards "Romanticism" in Rousseau's writings, and the immediate direction to sentimentalism in the Sorrows of Werter, Young, Byron and the earlier novels of Chateaubriand—

all of which were immensely popular in France—ought to account for much of the sickly tone of the national literature; while the mere mention of the name of Voltaire is amply sufficient to explain all the irreligion, and, by a natural enough process, the bad morality—as "libertines in *opinion* will soon be libertines in *morals*."

In the words of a vigorous author—"Numerous obscure writers, to prove that they are children of Young France—men without prejudice—men who know everything, and for whom no error or deception exists—parade scepticism and licentiousness on the one hand, despair and defiance on the other." All Europe has loudly protested against the immoral tone of most of the French dramas and romances, which Goethe justly called "the literature of despair." In comparison with these authors, Béranger is an angel of purity; although, when judged by our own standards, there are many things which we would "wish to blot."

But Young—the admirable translator of a large number of Béranger's songs—remarks, let us remember that "the ultra squeamish censors, who pounce upon every objectionable thought or phrase in pages of surpassing merit, remind us of those poor-hearted travellers, who spend days amidst the sublimest or most beautiful scenery, and yet can but concentrate their attention on the mud that has gathered on their boots."

The first characteristic of the genius of Béranger, and one which must strike all readers, is his amazing versatility. In the beginning of this article, we said, that the whole range of feeling was the province of lyric poetry, and this will, in some measure, account for the wonderful versatility of the chief lyric poets. As La Harpe has said of Horace, we may say of Béranger, "Let him take his lyre in hand, and rapt in poetic fire, he will be transported to the council of the Gods, to the ruins of Troy, to the top of the Alps, or to the side of Glycera; his voice always rises to the theme which inspires him. He is majestic on Olympus, and charming near his mistress." His glorious imagination, his sparkling fancy, his pungent wit, his droll and boisterous humor, combined with a wonderful power over language, aptness of illustration, and fitness of imagery—delicacy, pathos, satire—make Béranger the first of all lyric poets. The depths of the pathetic, the tender, the sad—the height of the sublime, the acme of the witty, the playful, the sarcastic—every mood, every oscillation of feeling, every phase and form of thought—alike are the obedient ministers of his genius.

In whatever mood he may write, still his meaning is transparent, and the dullest intellect must catch the winged idea, which truly comes in "words that burn." In this respect, he is very different from many of the greatest writers of France, but he is more *French* than they—for as Voltaire says, "Whatever is not clear is not French."

THE ARCTIC VOYAGER.

Shall I desist, twice baffled? Once by land,
And once by sea, I fought and strove with storms,
All shades of danger, tides and weary calms,
Head-currents, cold and famine, savage beasts,
And men more savage; all the while my face
Looked northward tow'rd the Pole: if mortal strength
Could have sustained me, I had never turned
Back till I saw the star which never sets
Freeze in the Arctic Zenith. That I failed
To solve the mysteries of the ice-bound world,
Was not because I faltered in the quest.
Witness those pathless forests which conceal
The bones of perished comrades, that long march,
Blood-tracked o'er flint and snow, and one dread night,
By Athabasca, when a cherished life
Flowed, to give life to others. This, and worse,
I suffered—let it pass—it has not tamed
My spirit, nor the faith which was my strength.
Despite of waning years, despite the world
Which doubts, the few who dare, I purpose now—
A purpose long and thoughtfully revolved,
Through all its grounds of reasonable hope—
To seek beyond the ice which guards the Pole,
A sea of open water; for I hold,
Not without proofs, that such a sea exists,
And may be reached, though since this earth was made,
No keel hath ploughed it, and to mortal ear,
No wind hath told its secrets . . . With this tide,
I sail; if all be well, this very moon
Shall see my ship beyond the Southern Cape
Of Greenland, and far up the bay through which,
With diamond spire and gorgeous pinnacle,
The fleets of winter pass to warmer seas.
Whether, my hardy shipmates! we shall reach
Our bourne, and come with tales of wonder back,
Or whether we shall lose the precious time,
Locked in thick ice, or whether some strange fate
Shall end us all, I know not; but I know
A lofty hope, if earnestly pursued,
Is its own crown, and never in this life
Is labor fruitless. What must be, must be:
I shall not count the chances—sure that all
A prudent foresight asks, we shall not want,
And all that bold and patient hearts can do,
Ye will not leave undone. The rest is God's!

IONE.—A SONG.

I've school'd my lips to speak thy name; the sound is uttered now
Without a start—in dreamy haste—I scarce remember how;
My features yield to sovereign WILL, and echo no reply
That speaks thy truth, too conscious heart, though pulsing wild and high.

I know they cannot now believe, hid by these features, lie,—
Like lava-founts beneath the snow—fierce fires that cannot die;
They can but think that I have crushed, if e'er it lived, the flame
That used to light my tell-tale cheek whene'er I heard thy name.

And I have learned to meet thee now, though 'mid the many's gaze,
As I would meet—as I have met—a *friend* of other days;
The soul that's mirror'd in this face (a mirthful mask) is fair,
My heart seems calm, my cheek's unlit—they read no passion there.

And I have learned to meet thee now as calmly as before,
Though none are near to stay the stream affection sighs to pour;
And I can sit in seeming calm, nor own the chastening rod
That tries me when alone with thee—my Passion and my God!

SABBATH MORNING, APRIL, 1854.

SONNET.

Hark, from afar, the sound of Sabbath bells!
In solemn music pealing through the air!
Again the day of rest these notes declare;
And as their harmony uprising swells,
A voice from universal Nature tells
How sweetly in the anthem she doth share.
Soft breezes whisper to the heavens fair,
A peaceful murmur by the sea-side dwells,
The melody of birds, the hum of bees,
The dew-drop falling from the buds of Spring,
Each rustling leaf upon the forest trees,
Join in the strain. Now myriad angels sing,
"Prepare, ye mortals, all your jubilees,
And swell hosannahs to the Eternal King."

ARTHUR GORDON PYM, AND OTHER STORIES, BY EDGAR A. POE.*

A REVIEW.

The publication of the *fourth* volume of Poe's works, is an event of no slight importance in the literary world. The unique and original genius of this remarkable man is now everywhere acknowledged. His reputation is great, and is likely to be lasting and accumulative. Fragmentary, as most of his compositions are, both in prose and verse, the slightest of them diplays a finished elaboration, a sustained unity, a perfection almost of style and treatment, often united to an ingenious audacity of speculation, and a purity and force of imaginative insight, which cause them to stand alone as works of art.—In the analysis of Poe's mind, we are first struck by the union of powers, which it has been usual to consider as antagonistic. His imagination was truly noble and comprehensive. Whatever fell within the scope of its moulding influence, became vital and instinct with a present and startling reality. It would seem as if some preternatural gloom of morbid association pervaded his intellect, and irresistibly led him to penetrate [or *attempt* to penetrate] the regions of the mysterious, the terrible, the unknown—to grasp, and strive to rend the veil that guards the profoundest secrets of human consciousness, or of divine government. It was not simply in his own "misty 'mid region of Weir," that he delighted to dream and speculate. In the chaos of worlds forming, or destroyed—amongst the systems of remote stars, on the border of the "heaven of heavens," his thought, "winged and luminous," soared with even and calm sweep, or in more earthly and sombre moods, circled itself with the horrors of Polar solitudes, the vastness of untravelled oceans, and the darkness of "deeds without a name." But in his wildest flights, his most erratic investigations, we discover a coherency of logic, an absolute mathematical propriety, a keen activity of the analytical judgment, which gave to his least probable narratives, his most untenable theories, an air of literal exactitude and truth, for which we search in vain among the productions of any other writer under the sun. When, for example, the philosophy of Mesmerism was less understood than it is now, Poe wrote the article, entitled "Facts in the case of M. Valdemar," in which a physician is represented as experimenting upon one of his patients *in articulo mortis*. The experiment is successful. Death seems to be arrested, and for six or seven months, the patient remains in a Mesmeric trance. But when the doctor attempts to reverse his passes, the patient exclaims that he is dead, and, finally, at the last motion of the awakening process, sinks into a mass of "the most loathsome putrefaction." This is the skeleton of the narrative. It is sufficiently absurd; but filled up with such details as Poe was able to furnish, it deceived hundreds, and was actually quoted by an in-

*The works of the late Edgar A. Poe. With a Memoir, by Rufus Wilmot Griswold, and Notices of his Life and Genius, by N. P. Willis and J. Russel Lowell, in 4 vols. Vol. IV. Redfield: New York.

telligent English journal, as an example of the wonderful efficacy of Magnetism.

Poe's genius for analysis, was no less remarkable than his microscopical accuracy of perception.—Before the last numbers of "Barnaby Rudge" were given to the public, he dissected the plot of that elaborate story, unravelled its various intricate clews, and foretold the inevitable *denouement*.

In the "Mystery of Marie Roget," and the "Murder in the Rue Morgue," we have a still more complete exemplification of the results attainable by a concentrated exercise of this amazing faculty. Griswold, in his shallow and vindictive biography of Poe, says, that in the class of stories to which the tale last mentioned belongs, we should not wonder at the author's ingenuity, because he is merely unriddling his own enigma; but in the construction of the *enigma itself* lies the power. The mind able to conceive such a continuity of cause and effect as that developed in "The Murder in the Rue Morgue," could not, it is evident, fail to decypher any soluble mystery presented by the invention of another, or rising out of the accidents of social experience. As a poet, we think that Poe [notwithstanding the fact that his poems worthy of perusal may be collected into some half dozen pages] has achieved a peculiar success.—He wrote in accordance with certain laws of his own. The poetic principle he subjected to the same rigid scrutiny, which it was his custom—his *instinct* rather—to exercise upon *all* topics that claimed his attention. His conclusion is, that "this principle is strictly and simply the human aspiration for supernal *beauty*—that its manifestation is always found in *an elevating excitement of the soul*—quite independent of that passion, which is the intoxication of the *heart*, or of that truth, which is the satisfaction of the reason."

"For," as the author goes on to observe, "the tendency of passion is rather to degrade, than to elevate, the soul. *Love*, on the contrary—the divine Eros, the Uranian, as distinguished from the Dionæan Venus—is unquestionably the purest and truest of all poetical themes.—And in regard to truth—if to be sure, through the attainment of a truth, we are led to perceive a harmony where none was apparent before—we experience at once the true poetical effect; but this effect is referable to *the harmony alone*, and not in the *least* degree to the *truth*, which merely served to render the harmony manifest." Poe illustrates this rule in all the poems that may be considered as fairly representing his genius.

Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Archbishop Whately, and hundreds of other writers, more or less distinguished, have labored to define the "Poetical Principle." It is generally acknowledged that they have all failed. Either they have said too much, or they have said too little. But of Poe's definition, it may be fairly said, that if not perfect, it is at least philosophical.

The claims of the didactic versifiers crumble before it. The cry of "where is the moral, we see no moral in these stanzas," is rendered deservedly ridiculous. So long as a poem opens to us glimpses of *that* beauty, which we feel to be the shadow of the eternal love, it is worse than folly to prate about "the moral." The poem thus constituted is a complete moral *in itself*; it speaks to the immortal part of our nature; it refines, exalts, dignifies; it appeals wholly and immediately to that divine *instinct*, superior to all reason and craft of schoolmen, which pants for higher enjoyments, wiser com-

panionship, worthier aims, a more expansive intelligence, a wider range of consciousness and affection, subtler capabilities of attainment, a closer approximation to, and a juster knowledge of, the ineffable God himself.

But besides the correction of popular fallacies as to the legitimate *aim* of poetry, Poe has done much to develope the significant capability and harmony of *words*.

Some of his pieces, as "Ulalume" and the "Bells," were written for this express purpose. He has contributed something absolute and essential to the poetical vocabulary. He has again brought into notice the almost forgotten *Refrain*, with its manifold appeals to the sensibilities, through the reiteration of a single note, and has proved "that *music*, in its various modes of metre, rythm and rhyme, is of so vast a moment in poetry as never to be wisely rejected—is so vitally important an adjunct, that he is theory-mad beyond redemption who declines its assistance."—If it be true that he has accomplished this—and his works are here in proof of it—nothing can be more certain than that his reputation is founded upon a rock, that to him properly belong the trophies due to sterling originality of thought—a daily increasing appreciation in his own age, and a permanent place in the regards of the future time.

From this preface, which has insensibly grown to a length we did not contemplate—and which yet does not express a tithe of what might be said upon the subject—we pass to the review of the volume before us. This opens with an account of the adventures of *Arthur Gordon Pym*, the only exhibition we have of Poe's abilities in a protracted narrative. Since the days we were accustomed to devour the engrossing history of Robinson Crusoe, religiously believing in the truth of every word we read, it has not been our fortune to meet with so enticing a story as that detailed by Mr. Pym. It is an eminently characteristic production. An aspect of the soberest *vraisemblance* is thrown over the relation of events the most utterly extravagant and *bizarre*, that it has entered into the imagination of man to conceive.—The outlines of the tale are as follows: A youth born at Nantucket, where his father traded in ship stores, is possessed, in the natural impetuosity of young blood, with a violent passion for the sea. His fancy dwells with peculiar fervency upon the unexplored regions of the South Pacific. While in this frame of mind, *Pym* (for of course it is of him we speak) makes the acquaintance of a Mr. Augustus Barnard, son of a sea-captain in the employ of Messrs. Lloyd & Vredenburgh, merchants at Nantucket.—Augustus, who is two years older than Arthur, has already been upon a whaling voyage, and is continually boasting of his adventures. "He had a manner," the latter informs us, "of relating his stories of the ocean, well adapted to have weight with one of my enthusiastic temperament, and somewhat gloomy, although glowing imagination. It is strange, too, that he most strongly enlisted my feelings in behalf of the life of a seaman, when he depicted his most terrible moments of suffering and despair. For the bright side of the painting, I had a limited sympathy." It happens in the course of time, that Captain Barnard is appointed by his employers to the command of the brig "Grampus," destined for a whaling expedition to the usual southern latitudes. His son, who is, of course, to accompany him, spares no opportunity of urging upon Pym the ex-

cellency of the opportunity now offered for indulging his desire for travel. "He found me," Mr. Pym goes on to say, "by no means an unwilling listener—yet the matter could not be so easily arranged. My father made no direct opposition, but my mother went into hysterics at the bare mention of my design; and more than all, my grandfather, from whom I expected much, vowed to cut me off with a shilling, if I ever broached the subject to him again. * * * I determined, however, to go at all hazards; and having made known my intention to Augustus, we set about arranging a plan." This plan was sufficiently simple, being confined to an ordinary *ruse*. Mr. Pym is suddenly seized with a violent affection for certain of his relations who live at New Bedford, and whom it had been his custom occasionally to visit. A note is received (forged of course) from a member of this family, requesting the pleasure of Mr. Pym's company for a couple of weeks. The invitation opportunely arrives but a day or two before the sailing of the brig. Consequently, the youth is enabled to leave his home without exciting suspicion, and is secreted by Augustus in the vessel's hold. The place of durance is not particularly comfortable. It is thus described:

"Augustus brought me at length, after creeping and winding through innumerable narrow passages, to an iron bound box, such as is used sometimes for packing fine earthen ware. It was nearly four feet high, and full six long, but very narrow. * * In every direction around it, was wedged as closely as possible, a complete chaos of almost every species of ship furniture. * * * I afterwards found that Augustus had purposely arranged the stowage in this hold, with a view to affording me a thorough concealment. * * My companion now showed me that one of the ends of the box could be removed at pleasure. He slipped it aside, and displayed the interior, at which I was excessively amused. A mattress from one of the cabin berths covered the whole of the bottom, and it contained almost every article of mere necessity which could be crowded into so small a space, allowing me at the same time sufficient room for my accommodation, either in a sitting position, or lying at full length.

"Among other things, there were some books, pen, ink and paper, three blankets, a large jug full of water, a keg of sea biscuit, three or four immense Bologna sausages, an enormous ham, a cold leg of roast mutton, and half a dozen bottles of cordials and liquors."

Thus provided for, he is left by Augustus to his reflections. Three days after this, he feels the ship in motion, and begins to look forward to the period when his comrade shall come to release him—a period, (as previously arranged,) to be postponed until there is little chance of meeting a homeward bound vessel, in which Captain Barnard might feel it his duty to send Mr. Pym back to his parents. Meanwhile, overcome by the close atmosphere of the hold, our hero falls into an unnatural sleep. Upon awaking, he finds his limbs greatly cramped, and he is besides unaccountably hungry. He searches for his mutton, but is amazed to discover it in a state of "absolute putrefaction." He revenges himself, however, upon the Bologna sausages and the cordial; and prepares patiently, though somewhat startled, to abide the result. His hardihood is taxed to a degree he had not anticipated. Days elapse; the brig proceeds on her course; the provisions are exhausted, and so is the

water; and now Arthur, stupefied by the pestilential air of the hold, half famished and oppressed by the awful mystery of his situation, yields to despair; escape seems impossible. He endeavors in vain to find some mode of egress; the floor of the cabin, through which, in the first instance, he had entered, is nailed down, and of Augustus he can hear nothing.

Just now, to his surprise, a favorite Newfoundland dog, whom he supposed to have been left at Nantucket, makes his appearance, with a note from Augustus tied under his left shoulder. By the aid of a little phosphorus, (the hold being as dark as Erebus,) he manages to decypher a portion—*only* a portion—of the contents, comprised in these seven encouraging words—"*blood—your life depends upon lying close.*" Another interval of insensibility, and at last his friend comes to the rescue. He relieves his immediate wants, and then communicates the horrible intelligence, that a mutiny has taken place—that Captain Barnard has been set adrift, and that the ship is now in the hands of the mutineers. They make their way together to the forecastle, which the sailors have deserted, for the more luxurious accommodations of the cabin. There Arthur remains concealed, whilst Augustus—whose life the insurgent seamen have consented to spare—shares with him his own meals. Gradually, one of the crew, named Peters—a man of gigantic strength, but supposed to be half-witted—owing to some dissatisfaction with the measures of his comrades, joins the councils of Arthur and Augustus, and encourages a plot for the recovery of the brig, and the consequent destruction of those now in power. Fortune favors their design. One of the mutineers dies of poison, administered by the first mate, and the conspirators are accidentally put in possession of his clothes. Upon a stormy night, and at the moment when Peters has succeeded, by a succession of ghost stories, in arousing the superstitious fears of his associates, Augustus, habited in the dead man's garments, and otherwise disguised, suddenly appears among them. The effect is terrific. "The mate sprung from the mattress on which he was lying, and without uttering a single word, fell back stone dead upon the cabin floor.—Of the remaining seven, there were but three who had at first any degree of presence of mind. Two of these were shot instantly by Peters, and Arthur felled the third with a blow on the head from a pump handle." The others were readily disposed of, and this uncommonly bold stratagem was crowned with complete success.

But other troubles are at hand. A tremendous gale overtakes them, and the "Grampus," not to be managed by only *three* men, is wrecked, and rolls a useless hulk upon the waters. It is at this point, that the interest of the narrative becomes most absorbing.—The details which follow, are related with a harrowing minuteness. The cabin is flooded, and it is with the greatest difficulty that they can procure provisions or water. Several ships pass in the distance, and drop slowly below the horizon. One day, a large hermaphrodite brig of Dutch build, and painted black, heaves in sight, and sails directly across the counter of the "Grampus." "The brig" (says the story) "came on slowly, and now more steadily than before, and our hearts leaped wildly within us, and we poured out our whole souls in shouts and thanksgiving. * * * Of a sudden, and all at once, there came wafted over the ocean from the

strange vessel a smell, a stench, such as the world has no name for—no conception of—hellish—utterly suffocating—insufferable — inconceivable. I gasped for breath, and turning to my companions, saw that they were paler than marble. But we had now no time left for question, or surmise, the brig was within fifty feet of us, and it seemed to be her intention to run under our counter, that we might board her without her putting out a boat.—We rushed aft, when suddenly a wide yaw threw her off full five or six points from the course she had been running, and as she passed under our stern, at the distance of about twenty feet, we had a full view of her decks. Shall I ever forget the triple horror of that spectacle? Twenty-five or thirty human bodies, among which were several females, lay scattered about between the counter and the galley in the last, and most loathsome state of decomposition. We plainly saw that not a soul lived in the fated vessel; yet we could not help shouting to the dead for help. Yes! long and loudly did we beg in the agony of the moment, that those silent and disgusting images would stay for us—would not abandon us to become like them—would receive us among their goodly company. We were raving with horror and despair — thoroughly mad, through the anguish of our grievous disappointment."

Finally, through starvation, the animal nature gains the ascendancy, and the four wretched outcasts—we say *four*, because the original company had been increased, by the addition of one man from among the mutineers, named Parker—agree to draw lots, in order to determine which of them should be sacrificed, to appease their hunger. The lot falls upon Parker. He is killed, and eaten. (We must say here, *par parenthèse*, that this part of the story is utterly revolting, and that persons of weak nerves had better not attempt to read it.) The strength derived from this horrible repast, sustains them a few days longer.—At the end of that time, they begin again to despair. Augustus fairly exhausted, dies, and is thrown to the sharks, "the clashing of whose teeth, as their prey was torn to pieces among them, *might have been heard at the distance of a mile.*"

At last, a "long, low, rakish looking topsail schooner" comes in view. She bears down upon the wreck, and in a few moments, Pym and Peters find themselves in her cabin. She proves to be the Jane Guy, of Liverpool, Captain Guy, bound on a sealing and trading voyage, to the South Seas and the Pacific. We have not room to follow the adventurers further, at least with any minuteness. They sail to a lower latitude south than any voyagers had ever attained before them. They stop at an unkown island, whose inhabitants—a deceitful and blood thirsty race—succeed, by an ingenious piece of treachery, in destroying the whole ship's crew, *except* the inseparable Pym and Peters.—These heroes—doubly, trebly heroes—escape in a canoe, and put boldly forth (forcing one of the natives to accompany them) upon the wide and desolate Antarctic Ocean, in a latitude exceeding *eighty-four degrees*, and with no provision but three turtles." They continue on their course for a week, forever sailing southward, until on the 22d of March, a singular *dénoûment* takes place. It is thus described in Mr. Pym's journal: "The darkness had materially increased, relieved only by the glare of the water, thrown back from the white curtain before us. Many gigantic and pallidly white birds flew continuously

now from beyond the veil, and their scream was the eternal *Tekeli-li*, as they retreated from our vision. * * * And now we rushed into the embraces of the cataract, where a chasm threw itself open to receive us. But there arose in our pathway a shrouded human figure, very far larger in its proportions than any dweller among men; and the hue of the skin of the figure was of the perfect whiteness of the snow."

Here the narrative concludes.—How Mr. Pym succeeded in retracing his way from among the mysteries of the extreme southern hemisphere, we are not informed. Why —some one inquires—should every thing—the waters—the vaporous sky—the birds—be represented emphatically as *white*, and still *more* white, as the voyagers approximate the Pole; and what is meant by the gigantic human figure of *snow white* skin that looms across the pathway? We hold the shrouded figure to be typical of the genius that guards the extreme secrets of the Polar realm; but of the *white* birds, &c., we can make nothing. As there is no ice, according to Mr. Pym, below the fifth parallel of southern latitude, the whiteness of all the objects he encountered, cannot be considered as metaphorically shadowing forth the sterile, ghastly and boundless fields of ice, ordinarily associated with our imaginations of that mysterious region. * * * The rest of the volume under review, consists chiefly of a series of brief tales and sketches, remarkable rather for extravagance and *grotesquerie*, than for any high order of humor. One or two of these, however, as, for example, the "Scene in a Madhouse," and "The Predicament, or how to write a Blackwood article," are exceedingly ludicrous. "The Analysis of *Maelzel's Chess Player*," displays the unerring logical sagacity of the author in a very striking light; and the review of the "Quacks of Helicon," contains one of the most indignant, eloquent and scathing protests against the corruption of the Press in this country, that we have ever read.

The present volume finishes the collection of Poe's works originally contemplated, and in connection with the *three* volumes preceding it, embraces, the publisher assures us, everything which it is probable that Poe himself would have wished to preserve. We conclude, as we begun, by expressing our conviction of the extraordinary genius manifested in these productions, and the firm belief that their author's claims to immortality are at least equal to the claims of any other American writer whatsoever.

THE SKAPTAR YOKUL.*

A TALE OF ICELAND.

I passed the winter of 1842 at Naples. Dining one day with the American Consul, I became acquainted with a Monsieur De La Roche, a Frenchman of middle age, whose precarious health obliged him to reside altogether in the south of Italy. From the first we were attracted towards each other. To what this was owing I could never precisely divine, for our difference of temperament was remarkable. De La Roche, notwithstanding his delicate constitution, was blessed with a constant flow of animal spirits, which no bodily infirmity could depress; whereas I was a staid, melancholy individual, given to solitude and philosophy.

Nevertheless, our accidental acacquaintance ripened into intimacy——intimacy into disinterested friendship.

M. De La Roche had been, during his youth, an extensive traveller. Indeed, until the failure of his health, nothing could quench his thirst for novelty. Having always possessed an independent fortune, these tastes were readily gratified, and at the age of twenty-six he had probably seen as much of the world as Alexander Von Humboldt, or the Wandering Jew. He was a man, too, upon whom travel wrought manifold improvements. An inquiring mind, and an address which early knowledge of good society had polished to the extreme of suavity and grace, were, as regards the first, rendered more sound and deep, and, in relation to the second, deprived of that Parisian *politesse* which carries with it, I know not what of hollowness and insincerity. My friend owned a villa in the vicinity of Naples, and not being cumbered with a family, was generally very much at his ease. Here we passed many weeks of delightful converse together. In the mellow winter evenings of the South we repaired to the well-stocked library, and while M. De La Roche reclined upon a couch before the fire, I would read to him from some favorite book, until a happy idea, or vivid description, caused the face of the invalid to glow, and his own notions and experiences were substituted for those of the author. It was at these times that I was favored with a number of interesting details, recounted in a lively and striking manner, several of which I well remember, and have arranged in the following narrative.

"I was in London," said M. De La Roche, "during the January of 18—, where I was happy to encounter an old travelling companion, whom I had known in Persia, an eccentric gentleman, by the name of Merton.

"We met, unexpectedly, at a soiree, and immediately renewed our acquaintance. Merton was an impulsive, fanciful, extravagant, dashing fellow, who, like myself, never tarried long in one place, and

*The Skaptar Yokul is an Icelandic volcano, situated near the boundary of the district called Skaftafell Syssell, near the sources of several rivers. It is supposed to have a subterraneous communication with Oraefa, Sida, and other volcanoes, though at a distance of many miles. To all Ice *mountains* the word "Yokul" (which signifies masses of ice) is applied by the natives of Iceland.—*Snelling's Polar Regions.*

lived upon the excitement of continual change and motion. We had not been three hours with each other, before planning a new expedition, which was sufficiently original and romantic. Among our many perigrinations, we had, hitherto, avoided northern latitudes, not even having ventured to St. Petersburg; but now we conceived the idea of visiting Iceland, and joining (should opportunity offer) in a search for the North-west passage. Accordingly, about a month after, we took berths aboard an American brig, at Yarmouth, bound for the coast of Greenland, but intending to touch at Iceland on the way. Our voyage was prosperous, and some time in March we landed at Reykiavik, on the Fare Fiord. Before leaving England, we had procured letters of introduction to the Prefector of the District in which the capital was situated, who received us with great hospitality, and begged us to remain with him during our sojourn in the country. This invitation was accepted, and we soon became domesticated in the household of our host, who was a character but rarely found, save in those remote regions, where the rigors of the climate foster the home-bred virtues, and strengthen the ties of association.

"The Prefector's name was Jorgenson. His family consisted of a son—an uncouth lad—and a most lovely niece, Christina. To the latter belonged the fair complexion of the women of the North, but her eyes were full, dark, and lustrous as those which bewilder the stranger on the *Murallas* of Cadiz or Barcelona. As my tale, however, is not one of love, I would only observe, incidentally, that to the charms of this beautiful creature my friend seemed disposed to succomb, so that when, after six weeks' residence in Reykiavik, Jorgenson proposed that we should abandon our sports of seal-spearing and bear-stalking, for a visit to the interior of the Island, Merton received the proposition with anything but favor.

"It was not until Christina could be persuaded to grace the expedition with her presence, that he displayed the slightest desire to examine the curiosities of the mid-land Provinces. The incidents of our journey were not remarkable.—Rocky plains and stunted plants, precipitous hills, and wild, impetuous rivulets, that gushed from their summits with the velocity of dreams, formed the general characteristics of the country through which we passed. On the evening of the tenth day after our departure from the sea-board, we spread our tents upon the borders of one of the noblest streams that ever rolled from the mountains to the ocean. The name of this river was the Skaptar Yokul. It glided through wide meadows, fringed with a scanty turf. Here we established our temporary home. Fishing and hunting consumed our time—or rather, I should say, *my* time, and that of the majority of our comrades—for Merton never joined us.

* * * * *

"We had now been many days on the banks of the Skaptar Yokul. Our Stewart, the eldest of the party, declared that he had never known a season in Iceland so advanced and favorable for vegetation. The blades of "melur," or wild oats, were springing rapidly from the earth; the low shrubbery was again budding forth into greenness; and from quiet nooks, where the snow, like remnants of a tattered robe, still lingered, berries of red, and blue, and purple, just rounding into ripeness, peered forth in the genial sunshine of spring.

"The river, freed from its last

burden of ice, was rolling rapidly and melodiously through the fields. The song of birds stirred the air; and far off, over the sloping banks, cropping the herbage, 'and tossing their beamed frontlets to the sky,' large herds of reindeer roamed leisurely to and fro, now pausing at some elevated spot, to contemplate our encampment, and now browsing onward, quietly as before. Occasionally, one of these magnificent animals, prompted by special curiosity, left the main company, and approaching the river side, reconnoitered our position with mathematical accuracy, and then withdrew. It was a picturesque scene, and to me, at least, novel in the extreme. But one dark feature loomed up from the landscape, and that impressed me with a strange sense of dread. There was something of horrible presentiment connected with this feeling; I could not explain it, for what human imagination could have conceived the terrors that the elements, even then, were laboring to engender. The object of which I speak was a volcano, called like the river, the Skaptar Yokul. It consisted of twenty conical peaks, of no great height, red in color, and forming a circle around a central elevation, crowned with snow. While the atmosphere elsewhere was remarkably lucid and serene, a dense, unnatural mist wavered over the desolation of the mountain, shifting with the wind, and growing, as I thought, more gloomy and portentous every hour. I endeavored to turn my attention from what the natives declared to be a very common phenomenon; but an oppressive anxiety, a boding awe, impelled my eyes again and again to those awful peaks, and that shadowy, mysterious, thickening cloud. 'My friend,' said I, to the Stewart, who was near at hand, 'what means that veil over the Yokul? I have watched it each day during the week, and each day it has spread and darkened, until now, at evening, when the sun sets behind it, you can hardly recognize his disk, it appears so lurid and bloody.'

"The man laughed aloud. 'Why, you strangers,' he replied, 'are timid as children; I have been fifty years on this Island, and many and many a time have I seen our mountains circled with fire and smoke, until the light of day was dim; and I have known the ground rock under me like a sea, and the air grow stifling, and the wind pass away, and thunder bellow beneath the earth louder and wilder than ever boomed from the heavens. *This* was terrible—but vapor on the top of a mountain! pshaw! It has been there, sir, from the beginning of the world.'

"Without venturing to offend the speaker's national pride, by the suggestion that his Island was probably created at a much later date than the rest of the globe, I merely demurred to his conclusion concerning my want of nerve, and pursued my walk along the borders of the stream alone. Rambling along, I met Merton and Christina. Never had I beheld the latter so lovely. The glow of health on her cheek; the soft meaning in her eye; the disordered locks that caught and retained the sunbeams; the elastic step, and the lithe, active, buoyant figure; in a word, the *toute ensemble* of gracious beauty and exulting hope—this was an embodiment of all that is most attractive to youthful sentiment and passion! With how unspeakable a fondness my friend regarded her! Transitory hope, and gladness of an hour.—Eros on the verge of the shades! How I look back and wonder at the ineffable calm, the unsuspecting happiness of that deep affec-

tion, so soon to become ———; but I anticipate, though God knows I could willingly spare you the remainder of these details. The pair greeted me gaily, and walked on! I felt no disposition to join them; but as they loitered along the green slope towards our tents, I turned, with unaccountable interest, to survey their motions. Merton stopped for a moment, and plucking some weed or flower from the path, handed it to his companion. I saw her place it in her bosom, and then the lovers drew closer together, and their converse seemed more subdued and absorbing. I turned from them, and proceeded on my way. Suddenly, and before I was aware of the distance I had traversed, I stumbled over some fragments of basaltic formation, and, looking up, there stood the mountain—that dreadful Skaptar Yokul! I absolutely shuddered with horror.—'What could be the meaning of this?' was an inward query, that in vain demanded a response. The oracles of the judgment were dumb; but that strange conviction of impending ill—that warning of some faculty beyond the scrutiny of reason, which has given birth to the doctrine of presentiments, almost overpowered me. Reason cannot combat such a sentiment, for I believe reason to be subordinate to it. Oh! these shadowy, inexplicable promptings, so little reverenced, so fearfully true? Disregarding *them*, men have burst from the arms of wife and children, to meet death upon the highway; youths have perished on the sea; women, fair and innocent, have wedded themselves to infamy and lust; statesmen have fallen from the cabinet to the scaffold; priests have been assassinated at the altar; and miseries, in fine, without number, have followed the neglect of this fearful monitor! Had I thought of these things when I stood at the base of the Icelandic volcano; had some good angel seconded that warning, INSTINCT, which whispers at the threshold of our being, a dark memory, an awful experience, would have been shunned.

"I could no more tear myself from the vicinity of the mountain, than I had been able previously, when it lowered at a distance, to turn my eyes upon the more pleasing characteristics of the scene. The twenty precipitous, rugged hills, and the snowy cone in the middle, possessed a basilisk fascination I would have given much to be rid of. At length, a kind of ratiocination, I was pleased to term philosophy, came to my aid. My fears, having nothing tangible on which to ground themselves, I argued, *à priori*, that they must be absurd. With this conviction, I stifled the imaginations that troubled me, the judgment regaining its equanimity, as each received its *quietus*. It was a hollow peace, however, and by no means triumphant. I returned to the camp, and at the supper table that night, was desperately gay. I felt like the member of a forlorn hope, carousing, for the last time, before an encounter, in which the chances of destruction averaged about one to fifty. I could not restrain my excitement. Had I partaken of the punch which our Stewart never failed to prepare with his own hands, this might have been accounted for, but I remember the testy Bacchanalian was mortally offended at my declining to join him in his evening potations. Muttering something about the lamentable condition of morals in Europe, where men in respectable society were so shockingly temperate as to retire *sans* a 'night cap,' the grisly old grumbler seated himself on a barrel in the corner, and washed down his wrath

with the contents of a bowl that Eric Scambester would have stared at. The seat that he had chosen, was, fortunately, near his couch, for after two hours of meditation and drinking, (which latter operation embraced four-fifths of the time) he probably thought the 'night cap' sufficiently adjusted, and tumbled, precipitately into bed. Our entire party, except myself, were now sunk in repose. Silence rested on the encampment, the deep rush of the river alone breaking the stillness. I fancied there was something unusual in the sound. The dull monotony of the waves was unvaried, but it seemed as if their voice was deeper, and their flow more turbid.

"What struck me, too, as strange, was, that the temperature in the tent, which always grew many degrees colder after nightfall, continued as during the day. Soon the heat increased—it became intolerable.

"So startling a phenomenon needed confirmation. Was it not the fever in my own blood? A pocket thermometer, belonging to Merton, hung near. I examined it by the smouldering embers of the fire. It was true! my sensations had not deceived me. The quicksilver trembled at a point denoting *an atmospheric condition which belonged to the Tropics, and to the Tropics only in the meridian of summer.*

"I felt the blood tingle towards my heart, and I grew faint from this indescribable suspense of agony. I stood a moment, gazing vacantly at the instrument, the paling fire, and the dim, uncertain outlines of the coarse canopy above. Then I said, to myself, 'I am ill—my brain wanders—it is a phantasy!'

"Several of our companions had been seized, of late, with fever and delirium. Exposure legitimately engendered them. Were that the case, it was best I also should sleep,—and yet, what meant the heated atmosphere? The thermometer did not lie; and surely, *surely*, this boded mischief. A storm, perhaps, impended. I had heard the Islanders say, that at certain seasons storms were common here. Was the present the proper period? I could not tell. At all events, speculation was useless. Why not leave the tent, and at once resolve these doubts? Probably I should find every thing—the encampment, the river, the meadows, even the accursed Skaptar Yokul, precisely as I had left them. I *knew* that they remained unchanged; only the moon, as I perceived, by a slight glimmer through the tent, had risen, and was shining without. I wondered if a cloud still lingered upon the mountain—whether it had increased—what shape it had assumed—and how it looked in the moonlight. With a sudden resolution, I rose, and advanced a step or two towards the door. The cloth flapped sullenly across the entrance. Ashamed of my weakness, but impotent as a child in the grasp of a nameless terror, I started back and listened. It was only the wind. Oh! *now*, beyond doubt, I *was* delirious; I would expose myself to these foolish alarms no more; so, without doffing my garments, I lay down to repose. Singular to say, notwithstanding the extraordinary excitement of the nerves, I did not long continue awake. Sleep, profound and dreamless, locked my senses in a rigidity of oblivion, such as follows an overdose of opium. It may have been minutes or hours, I know not, when a stifling sensation, oppressive as a nightmare, recalled me to consciousness. I rose on my pallet, and instantly became aware of a disagreeable

odour of sulphur. Smoke, densely packed, as from a cannonade, pervaded the apartment. From its unwholesome inhalation, my breath came short and quick, my veins were swollen painfully, and a profuse perspiration covered the whole body. Springing up, I again consulted the thermometer. Could I trust my eyesight? it had actually risen to *one hundred and fifty degrees.*

"At this moment a sound indescribably deep, and sullen, accompanied by a shudder of the ground beneath me, rose ominously as if from the very centre of the earth. Then, after an instant's death-like stillness, there burst forth a peal—a succession of peals of thunder—in which the echoes of the world's greatest battle would have been lost—swallowed up—annihilated.

"With a bound I dashed aside the dark covering of the tent, and gazed out into the night. God of mercy! what a spectacle was there! The fearful solution of the haunting presentiment—the awful dread—the inexplicable doubt—flashed on me like flames from a charnel. We were in the midst of an eruption—an eruption from the Skaptar Yokul! Never to mortal eyes had been revealed before a mightier sublimity of horrors! The cloud that at sunset was a mere blot in the distance, had now widened through space, drifting in eddies along the heavens, and momently obscuring the moon, that gleamed dimly beyond the shroud. The air reeked with an insufferable admixture of gases, vapour and pumice; and the ashes showered around, fell densely, and with unparalleled velocity. But the object more awful than aught else—an object of paralyzing grandeur, was a volume of liquid fire that swept towards the late peaceful channels of the river. Gleaming and swelling as it progressed, I perceived that the tide already overtopped the banks, and that soon the level meadow supporting our encampment, would be completely overflooded.

"To rush shrieking among my comrades, to intimate hurriedly the danger;—to unloose, from the adjoining tent, (which had served for a stable,) the first horses I could secure;—to drag Merton and Christina, stupefied by the suddenness of the announcement, to a position where we could mount, and brave together the terrors that beset us; to plunge the spurs madly into the flanks of my steed, and lead the way—if possible—to some point of safety, appeared the work of an age, although in reality accomplished with the miraculous celerity of desperation. As we advanced, the imminence of our peril became more and more apparent. We were traversing a valley between two extensive ridges, and it was evident that if the waters of the river, which, swayed by the convulsions of the earthquake, were rising in boiling eddies above the embankments, should reach the summit we had left, the inter spaces would—almost immediately—be devastated by the flood. But there was no time for thought, and we bore recklessly on. To treble our difficulties, the moon now withdrew even the uncertain light she had afforded us, and darkness almost total encompassed our path. Still trusting to the remarkable instinct of our horses, we speeded onward—onward—like the wind. I calculated that we had progressed some miles, and that the crisis of our trial was over—when the broken, flinty ground we were passing, curved suddenly upward into a hill. As we reached the top, (what a thrill of despair shot through us then!)—hissing and sparkling, a sea of molten fire—for the union of gases,

phosphorus and lava seemed to have set the tide ablaze—writhed and travailled below, and splitting against every obstruction in its course, dashed into jets of flame, like a monster serpent, spitting venom and blood.

"Our true situation became at once apparent. Trusting to the sagacity of the animals we rode——themselves half wild with affright—we had made a complete circuit in the darkness, and were re-approaching the very plain upon which our encampment had stood. The ghastly glare from those infernal waves, displayed to us each other's features. Seldom have *such* countenances been beheld *this* side the grave! At length, Merton spoke. His mother would not have known that voice. It was strained, husky, savage—almost inhuman in its agony of supplication. 'Fly! fly! for the love of Heaven, fly! do you not see that had she the strength of fifty of her sex, it *must* fail her soon,' and he pointed to the sinking form of Christina, whom, half dead from exhaustion, he had taken on the saddle before him, and was endeavoring to support in her precarious seat. Replying not, but motioning him again to follow, we sped down the descent and made for the uplands, which I knew lay a mile and a half due North. For several hundred yards we were compelled to keep on a line with the river, as affording the only tenable ground in the neighborhood. I had observed, the day previous, that a deep morass bordered our path upon the right. To avoid this, without venturing too near the river, was an object I tasked every faculty, physical and mental, to accomplish. We had just cleared the narrow ridge I. have described—Merton and his charge being in the rear—when a tumultous crash in the direction of the stream, caused me to look back to ascertain what additional danger threatened us. A single glance informed me that escape was hopeless. The lofty rampart of sand and rocks, that hitherto formed a barrier against the element, had completely given way.

"Falling from the height, a cataract of fire, and bearing directly on our road with a velocity doubled by the elevation of its egress, the gleaming waters burst forward to ingulf us. There was a piercing cry, and the fall of a heavy body behind me. The horse that carried my companions, goaded to phrenzy, had snapped the rein and hurled his riders to the earth. He trampled by me like a tempest. I snatched at the bridle as he passed, but might as well have tried to grasp a sun beam. At this instant, a current of wind parted the veil of smoke and ashes that had obscured the light, and the moon shone on the unimaginable horrors of the scene. My own steed now grew ungovernable. Alarmed by the other's flight, he dashed furiously on his track. My brain spun with the madness of the motion, and the soil glided beneath us with the rapidity of thought. A grey object, towering beyond me, caught my eye. It was a site some forty feet above the level of the field—a granite mound strewed with the fragments of a ruined temple. I threw myself from my horse—heeded not a severe concussion that rewarded the act—clambered half way up the gorge, and then turned to witness the fate of the unfortunate beings from whom I had been separated. Across the intervening space a double radiance was cast—radiance from the Heavens—and a sickly, death-like glare from the onward rushing torrents. Merton, to all appearance uninjured by his fall, had lifted Christina in his arms, and still hastened desperately forward; but the raging billows were

almost upon them, and the hand of the Eternal alone could have rescued the devoted pair. As I gazed, Merton evidently became aware that further efforts were vain. He paused abruptly, and knelt with his precious burden upon the sod. I could see them as distinctly as if I, too, had been standing on the spot. With his back turned to the destruction—as if to shield its view from his beloved—my gallant friend imprinted one last kiss upon her lips, and then drew from his breast a large golden crucifix that he always bore about his person. It flashed, like a divine glory, amid that unearthly desolation. Pallid as the whitest marble that ever glinted from the sculptor's chisel—beautiful, ineffably beautiful, Christina opened her eyes upon the symbol of *life* in *death*. The raven hair was cast back, the inanimate form revived, and a trembling hand clasped the cross to her lips. The action deranged her robes, and from the bodice that girdled that young, innocent, loving heart, *something like a boquet of flowers* dropped upon the ground; and now the shadow of the gigantic flood flickered over them. It progressed, deepened, past—until—until—oh! God, that I should speak it!—the consuming torrents whelmed the victims in their lurid eddies, and swept two of the fairest, and noblest of our race, from the records of mankind forever."

* * * * *

The story was completed. M. De La Roche sunk back on his seat exhausted. Observing that he continued silent, I remarked,—"These painful recollections disturb you, endeavor to recall them no more."

"We cannot," he replied, "dethrone memory at will. In my individual experience you perceive there has been much of the '*bizarre*.' To pass through that which I have undergone, required a constitution of adamant. I survived the shock, the wreck of what I was. You cannot, therefore, be surprised that I become disquieted whenever induced to allude to the subject."

"And yet," I rejoined, "melancholy seems an unwonted guest of yours. I have all along deemed you the most cheerful of men; I confess, when I have pondered on your malady and its nature, this *has* surprised me."

"Yes! but the reason of my cheerfulness during the months that I have known *you*, is the certainty that I shall soon be rid of this disease."

I did not answer—pitying the invalid's hallucination—for he was evidently in a hopeless decline.

"You do not understand me," he continued, "I mean that *Death* is at hand. Disease cannot follow us into the grave. It is joy inconceivable, this conviction of approaching rest. O! the unfathomable peace of our final sleep! For me, Death has cast aside all the hideous paraphernalia of his state. We have been bed-fellows for years. We have eaten at the same board—partaken of the same cup—walked together in shady lanes during the pleasant days of Spring, and sometimes at sunset, when I looked with saddened eyes at the fading light, and mused how soon I, too, must pass into darkness, Death has come between me and the thought, and pointed with wan finger to the zenith. And there I have beheld innumerable Islands of gold and purple, floating above the sun. These were exhalations from earth, and yet they mounted *upward*. Then would I turn to Death, and the Monarch's eyes beamed kindly upon me. Life, with a serenity as lovely as the twilight of this beautiful clime, is passing away to the

unknown BEYOND. The shadow of the mysterious change falls refreshingly on my spirit. Great hopes are whispered too from the pages of the wise, who have travelled the "dark valley" before me. With Milton, I traverse the great spaces up to the central glory. Between the solemn draperies, and sombre fantasies of the "ebon bard,"* I see, as in a divine illumination, the stars of the Heaven that grows not dim, and the glory of the immortals, and the rush of the rivers in the light of Aidenne. And then, my friend, when the soul is less highly strung—when the flesh cries aloud, and the world I had loathed assumes again the wanton deceptions of old, I fly to the profound consolations of the Pioneer of English Philosophy, and lo! it is written:

"I have often thought upon *death*, and I find it the least of all evils. All that which is past, is as a dream; and he that hopes, or depends upon time coming, dreams waking. So much of our life as we have discovered, is already dead; and all those hours which we share, even from the breasts of our mother, until we return to our grandmother, the earth, are part of our dying days, whereof even this is one, and those that succeed, are of the same nature, for we die daily. * * * * The night was even now, but that name is lost; it is not now late, but early. *Mine eyes begin to discharge their watch, and compound with this fleshy weakness for a time of perpetual rest, and I shall presently be as happy for a few hours, as I had died the first hour I was born.*" "After all," concluded De La Roche, in a feeble voice, "the paradox of the Syrian Dramatist, the friend of Cæsar, the rival of Laberius, is *not* unfounded in truth. "*That* man is happiest who dies *before* he *wishes* for death." "Alas! that such a fate cannot be mine!"

A month subsequent to this conversation, I stood by my friend's grave at Rome.

From among the ruins of the "Eternal City," (dim arcades, and temples, and the Coliseum in the distance, and broken vaults and defaced tombs around,) I looked up through the breathless night, and thought of "that *Throne* which cannot be *ruined*." Oh! blessed Faith in human souls, that from the death-bed and the sepulchre springest, elastic as the first joys of childhood, and strong as infallible convictions of matured and rigid reason! This *principle* is pressed down habitually by the iron weights of our sad mortality—but when the prison-house of one dear to our affections is broken up, and the last fetter of the earthly chain dissolved, then it seems to me that we are permitted for a moment to look out upon eternity, and to follow the spirit's flight,

"With strength like that which lift's the eagle's wing—
Where the stars dazzle, and the angels sing."

* Young.

WOMAN'S WARNING.

AN ALLEGORY.

Upon a couch of luxurious magnificence a woman lay sleeping. The angel of Dreams hovered over her, and borne by airy wings for miles and miles, she floated on to the heart of a great city. There she was left alone, but felt no terror, for she recognised the scene where had passed her earliest and her maiden years. A spacious garden, hemmed in by high walls, was gay and brilliant with flowers and birds and butterflies. This she saw through a little grating, and remembered well, but the gates were firmly locked and barred, and when she beat upon them, they did not open, but a grave matron in sad-colored raiment put forth her head at the grating and seemed to ask her right to enter

"May I not go in?" said the Dreamer.

"Will you venture? Look," and the solemn portress opened a window in the great gate, and disclosed a merry crowd of women and children all dressed in simple white with golden girdles, and filling the balmy air with their soft cries and laughter. "You must leave your velvets and jewels at this portal."

"Yes," said the Dreamer, and the matron smiled and seemed pleased and threw back the heavy gates, and as the new-comer's small foot pressed the green sward of the garden, her gorgeous robes fell silently from her and she was purely white, like the distant groups.

And the portress kissed her on the brow—and the kiss was kind, and calm, and warm, and the Dreamer felt happy and careless as a little child.

"Now your golden zone," said the matron, and she drew from her bosom a circle like a bracelet, and clasped it around the waist of the Dreamer. Instantly a strange pang shot through her heart. There seemed an icy touch upon her. The glistening girdle, so cold and so pure, pressed upon her painfully. It seemed to control her movements: she felt angered by its steady, unwavering hold, and yet she could not find the courage quite to throw it off, for she saw that the spirit of her conductress was troubled, and as she lay upon her couch, the woman flung out her white arms above her head, and groaned aloud.

"Go—join your sisters. Say that I sent you. My name is Charity."

The Dreamer passed on and mingled with the lovely revellers.—She recognized her early playmates. Some were yet children, and others were budding girls. Some were tender mothers, who, as they frolicked and ran, held by the hand little stumbling infants, or lent the ends of their flowing skirts to laughing prattlers. They flew to meet their restored companion.

"Charity bade me come," said the Dreamer.

They all embraced her, and the little children held up their rosy lips with kind welcome.

"Will you weave garlands with us?" said one. "Chase butterflies with me," said another. "Let us sit upon this bank and tell stories," said a third.

"My girdle hurts me," said the Dreamer.

The gay crowd shuddered and drew back; but the eldest of the

mothers, with a sad, sweet smile, asked "Dear sister, do you wish to wear it, nevertheless?"

"Gladly."

Upon which, the rest all gathered around again with gentle murmurs of sympathy, and hastened to make the strong circlet easy. They passed their soft hands over it; they lined the sharp edges with rose leaves, till at length she grew accustomed to the pressure, and as she lay upon her couch, the woman let her arms drop upon her purple coverlet, and sighed with conscious relief.

"Come to us always," whispered the low voices of her friends, "come to us when your golden zone wearies you, and we will help to make it endurable."

The Dreamer loved these kind creatures, and yet she knew them to be nothing out of dream land, but good, sober women, dwelling in obscure corners of this great globe. She would have sneered in a ball-room at their simple manners and provincial notions, but they had truer hearts than belonged to greater names, and here she clung to them, and they protected and cared for her.

All the day long they sported and made merry in this beautiful garden, and then they feasted upon fruits and creams, and danced upon the green turf. At length the twilight darkened around them, and as the stars began to twinkle above their heads, a silvery trumpet rang out from the house, and like an avalanche the white-robed groups swept towards the marble steps.

By this time the Dreamer had learnt almost to love her firm, unyielding girdle. There was strength in its touch, and when tired for an instant of the innocent mirth, she pressed it against her panting heart, her pulse would again beat calmly, and she would feel at rest.

Surrounded by her play-fellows, they flocked into the house,—their arms entwined—and passed through long corridors until they reached a stately door—a door shining like crystal, studded with gems.

Here the Dreamer noticed that a shade of gravity fell upon the faces of her elder companions, as if they were approaching some known danger. Gently they released her from their loving clasp, and pointed to the inscription above the door. In letters of living fire was traced, "The Hall of Temptation."

"Through this we pass singly," they said in firm and serious tone. "Watch us; follow us; be not led astray."

They glided silently in, one by one. The elder sisters with quiet dignity, gathering their skirts about them, looking neither to the right nor to the left, their mild eyes steadily fixed ahead.

The younger and giddier of the troup ran along with less care, and once or twice some gay girl paused for a second, as her quick glance roamingly discovered food for curiosity—for this hall was filled with every luxury—with every tempting vice that ever spoke to a woman's heart or senses.

There were card tables for female gamblers, strewed with rouleaux of gold—and the red wine cup,—and costly garments,—and dishes diffusing spicy odors,—and shadowy groups were seen through vistas, with heads bent together talking earnestly, and with flushed cheeks,—and the sound of distant music showed you a ball-room afar off.

But these young girls resolutely turned from all detention, wended their way with safety, and passed on and on, almost out of sight.

The little children floated by and looked about with innocent wonder; flowers sprang up beside them, nod-

ding their fragrant heads as if to say "pluck me," and toys and cherries, dolls and ribbons encumbered the path. A kitten rubbed its soft fur on the little naked feet that pattered along, and tiny dogs shook their bells on their silver collars, and invited a romp, but the baby travellers passed on unheeding.

The Dreamer came last, and as she lay upon her couch, she folded her arms across her eyes and breathed quickly. She stepped upon the inlaid floor and trembled.

Her companions looked back and beckoned her on. She could see their lips murmur: "Hasten to rejoin us."

The Goal was almost reached. With one hand resting on her girdle, a strong and hopeful heart had almost banished fear, when her name was whispered beside her. She turned—there stood a youth as beautiful as imagination could picture.

"Stay with us," he said, "you will soon tire of these prosy women. You can't eat fruit and play with children forever. We will love you more than they can do.—See, we have waited for you," and he pointed to a brilliant cluster of dancers, who bowed their proud heads and held out their white gloved hands and made signs to her that she should be crowned Queen of the Revels. The Dreamer smiled and—listened. "How beautiful you are!" pursued the youth, "beautiful in that homely dress and that old-fashioned zone. You shall be our sovereign. Choose among these riches; clothe those lovely limbs in fitting state. Deck your fair locks with a diamond chaplet, and show how far your eyes outshine it."

The Dreamer did not consent, but she let the Tempter take her hand; she turned aside her radiant face coquettishly, and played with a string of rubies scattered near, dropping the red beads through her white fingers and blushing tenderly.

Softly from afar came the low voices of her companions "Hasten, sister; linger not. We do not offer pleasure, but we give peace.

The words fell faintly on her ear.

"Come, sweet one, do you not heed me?" He knelt and kissed the hem of her snowy robe, and she looked down into the depths of his dangerous eyes and owned his power. Triumphantly he encircled her waist, and on her bended brow she felt his lips, the seal of her submission.

Alas! with sudden violence, the golden girdle crushed into her side, and with a scream, she saw great drops of blood trickle slowly from the wound, and then the strong circlet snapped, as if of glass.—The rubies, like hot stones, seared her hands. Spectres surrounded her; the lights, the brilliancy, the gay forms, were gone; serpents crawled over her, and lapped the red blood from her heart; sighs and moans echoed near her.—Where was the Tempter? She saw only a fleshless skeleton, whose mouldering bones crumbled apart—and as she lay upon her couch, the Dreamer beat wildly in the air and called for help. She shuddered, and strove to shake off the dreadful serpents. They glared at her with their flickering eyes, and darted out their slender tongues.

"Oh, Charity, Charity," she cried, "save me once more," and with the uttered words, the woman *sprang into consciousness.*

She threw herself upon her knees—her streaming eyes she raised to Heaven. "Oh, Father," she murmured with passionate energy, "I am weak. I am human. May I not regain my golden girdle?"

A FEW THOUGHTS UPON EATING.

The liver acts upon the mind, as the elements act upon a thermometer. A happy man cannot be conceived who does not possess a good digestion, and a good digestion almost every one would enjoy, were it not for abominable mismanagement, a sort of Vandalic destruction of normal powers, which is equally wanton and senseless. Almost every European nation may be considered, upon the whole, more healthful than we are. The reason is two-fold. First, they do not convert themselves into walking chimneys, which as a matter of duty, must be continually filled with smoke; and secondly, they do not run against Time, striving to despatch their meals within the limited space of three minutes and a quarter. An American "*table d'hote*," is a singular spectacle. No sooner has that horrid instrument, which we owe to the diabolical ingenuity of the Chinese, ceased to sound its ear-splitting notes, than a heterogeneous throng, of all sizes and ages, press forward "*en masse*," trampling on each other's toes, in order to procure eligible seats near the favorite dishes. Then, for an instant, all is silent, and you begin to think it possible that you have mistaken your men, and that you may be, (notwithstanding that dreadful rush, or "*coup de main*") among reasonable Christian creatures. But alas! the very next movement dispels the illusion. The covers are abstracted, and then what a fearful onslaught upon "fish, flesh, and fowl!" The soup being "used up" at a gulph, and whole plates of vegetables disposed of as mere "*bagatelles*," an attack commences upon the heavier viands, which is likewise successful, and ends in *their* too, dissolving, "like the baseless fabric of a vision." Great sepulchral mouths close upon whatever is conveyed thither with a remorseless rapidity, which leaves no time for mastication, and just the fraction of a second for deglutition. Bread is consumed by the half loaf, and meat by the cubic foot. As for those trifles styled side dishes, they pass away by a species of *legerdemain*, which we have never been able to detect, but which is equally successful and adroit. Such microscopic appurtenances as pickles, and the other *et ceteras* of a feast, appear to merge, of their own accord, into the material of the weightier viands, as asteroids will finally merge into the sun. A minute serves for the first course—a minute for the second—and, occasionally, when business is not particularly urgent, a minute and a quarter is given to the third. Thus, the average meal time is accomplished, and the scores of satisfied diners, having gorged themselves after the manner of the crocodile, and succeeded in materially increasing their ordinary weight, stroll away with a facility which is astonishing, considering the amount of matter that they have swallowed whole, and which, taken in that condition, even the anaconda cannot digest properly under a week. But when we consider that these persons repeat, with but slight modification, the operation we have described, THREE times a day, it becomes a matter of melancholy reflection and grave solicitude. How many years of life are cut off by a system like this, it would be difficult to determine, nor is it worth the while, for (and we do not intend to advance any inhuman proposition) men who

are such savages as to gormandize thus, deserve to be taken to another and—a more fruitful world.

And yet we moderns (Americans especially) pretend to ridicule the elegant epicurism of the ancients, those imaginative and refined individuals, whose most sensual delights had something of sentiment mingled with them. Instead of huge surloins of half-roasted beef, tough mutton, and greasy fragments of the Jew's abomination, the articles most in request among the Romans, and which never failed to constitute the "*caena*" of the wealthy, were, according to Varro—"the peacock from Samos, the Phrygian turkey, cranes from Melos, Ambracian kids, the Tartesian mullet, trouts from Persenumtium, Tarentine oysters, crabs from Chios, Tatian nuts, Egyptian dates, and Iberian chestnuts." There! reader, think of that! and reflect, besides, that all these dainties were served up upon plate of gold, and in chambers where the "perfumed air" stole around the statues of god, and rustled the roses upon the brows of the banqueters. And in the pauses of the feast, "music from soft lutes," stole in from some unseen recess, and lulled the senses to an Elysian quiet, best suited to contemplation, and—digestion. Ah! the "latter day" Romans, in losing the stern virtues of their ancestors, gained a profound knowledge and appreciation of all the mysteries of the "*cuisine*," and when we—we, the barbarians of the present age, sneer at what we term their sumptuous ostentation, we only expose our own ignorance, and blindness, to the fascinating philosophy of one of the "Fine Arts."

But, says the modern gourmand, despite those "soft lutes," sweet roses, "perfumed air," and golden plate, Julius Cæsar ate, at a meal, the revenue of several provinces. Vitellius made four great meals a day. Nero sat at table from midday till mid-night. Geta had an incredible number of dishes served up to him in alphabetical order; and the emperor Heliogabalus possessed the "insanest stomach" of any man (except Pope Julius III) who ever "lived to eat." True! undeniably true! but all we desire to convey is—that if persons *will* gormandize thus ferociously, let them, at least, use some discrimination, and *not* eat themselves into the grave at twenty-five, by mingling edibles, most gross, most heavy, and most indigestible, devoured after the manner of swine, and selected after the manner of South Sea Islanders, at the annual celebration in honor of their deities.

TO A CELEBRATED ACTRESS.

All moods and feelings—Sorrow—Love—Delight,
Tempestuous Pride, and low-voiced Tenderness,
The mournful pleadings of a mute Distress,
And regal Passion's fiery-vested might,
THOU hast embodied to our souls, and sight,
Unsealing the deep fountains of our tears,
Or—lifting up our spirits from their spheres
In the low ACTUAL, to the glorious height
Of some sublime IDEAL: Art in thee,
The genial hand-maid of a natural grace
Moves to a queenly measure, bold and free,
Yet—moulded ever in each perfect part,
By that serene and sweet humanity
Which crowns the Genius with the loyal Heart.

FELINIANA:

BEING A CHAPTER ON CATS.

"But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon."—*Burns.*

We believe it is the Editor of the "Knickerbocker," who has such an affectionate regard for cats—who keeps a favorite TABITHA in his sanctum, and whose monthly table of gossip and chit-chat is seldom ungarnished with a delectable dish, the chief ingredient whereof is a cat!

That is a queer taste, we think, which indulges itself thus—a taste vitiated and eccentric; and we do not hesitate, while condemning it, to avow the strongest antipathy for all cats soever—whether the brief, caudaled, half-panther of the forest, glaring malignity on belated traveller; the playful kitten, trolling the gudewife's ball of stocking yarn across the carpet; or the demure and pensive TABBY, perched in dignified reverie upon a footstool, or mumbling, as she lies in the glow of household fires, over her sweet and bitter memories—the mice she has slain, her hair-breadth 'scapes, from ireful urchins, her midnight orgies in well-stocked poultry-yards, her duckings innumerable in unfathomable horse-ponds.

There are other cats, too, which we hold in righteous abhorrence—that innocent tool, cats-paw, used by monkies, for the disentombment of roast chestnuts, and by means of which, politicians climb to place; that relic of barbarism, and disgrace to any navy, the Cat-o'-nine; that perplexing impertinence, Cat-echizing; that squeaking horn, much used in the times of POPE and JOHNSON, to effect the damnation of stupid plays, Cat-call; that sneezy, wheezy, husky, stifled condition of the nostrils, fauces and bronchiæ, Cat-arrh; that doubtful political principle, Cat-alinism; that awful suspension of speech, motion and volition, Cat-alepsy; that moist, musky, sobby contrivance for sick folk, Cat-aplasm; that unexpected and undesirable "bringing up, all standing," Cat-astrophe; and that horrid, unctuous, writhing reptile, wriggling his tortuous way to immortality, and at last soaring aloft on gorgeous wings, a thing of light, jovousness and splendor, the Caterpillar.

But it is with the feline race solely, we at present have to deal; that portion of them, specifically known as the *Felis domesticus;* and we approach the subject, with a desire to do our side of it full justice, "nothing extenuating."

To begin at the beginning.—Naturalists have been not a little puzzled about the aboriginal Cat-Land, and have made the unity of the races, Wild-Cat and House Cat, a bone of fierce contention. What boots it, whether they came from the banks of the Nile, or the steppes of Asia? Far more important are the queries—Will they ever *go back?* Might they not have escaped from HADES? As to the unity dispute, we can only wonder at it. Why have we not, ere this, a "Types of Catkind," for the solution of this, and all other knotty problems?—a profoundly pedantic oracle, silencing all dogs, which

have barking propensities, and ready, on the shortest notice, to unriddle any Sphnx, decypher any hieroglyphic, or furnish the biography of the most antiquated mummy? In the absence of such "Types," we can only say, that if the brutal instincts and savage preponsities of the *Felis domesticus* do not establish its identity with the Wild-Cat, a certain feline idiosyncrasy, not mentionable here, would go far to support such an hypothesis; to strengthen the misgiving lest, when hospitable to cats, we are entertaing savages in disguise. Not savages merely — perhaps *fiends!* For who shall say, there's not a spice of the infernal in cats?

Witness their unparalleled deceitfulness. Stroke the fur of the most amiable Puss the wrong way, how quickly will she spit, and sparkle up, all fire and fury?—and, true to the fiend that inhabits her, unsheath her claws, hid in padded and cloven feet, to attack the hand that feeds her.

Witness their wondrous tenacity of life, reviving and again stalking the earth—seeming miracles of resurrection—after the most desperate rencontres, and dire calamities!

Witness their insiduous approaches, on velvety feet, to cupboard, dairy and granary; coming, no man knoweth when, and so departing; their eyes scorning darkness, their ears attuned to nicest sense, and vibrating to the smallest echo of danger. How like Satan, tripping about the world on noiseless foot, and stealing upon his prey so silently, it is beaten and bagged, ere it has suspicion of its peril.

Witness the dark superstitions and well-grounded fears, which, even in this enlightened age, cluster thick about GRIMALKIN'S radiant furs—admonishing the nervous to rid the bed-chamber of his presence before retiring for the night—instituting ceaseless vigils around the couch of him who sleeps the final sleep, but has not gone to his final resting-place — warning the fond mother to banish Puss from the cradle of her sleeping boy, lest she should steal the sweets of his balmy breath, and rob him of his heritage, heaven's free air—and filling with dread alarms the breast of him, who, having slain one of the tribe, expects the ghost at midnight to haunt his bedside, distempering his dreams, and rendering his slumbers fitful with fear!

Witness their indomitable pride, part and parcel of that disastrous ambition, which preferred the reign in hell, to servitude in heaven. We have seen cats in ladies' laps, sitting in state upon ottomans, or dozing on silken and 'broidered footstools; but never yet saw we one on the STOOL OF REPENTANCE. No persuasion can bring them to it—no punishment compel them; nor do we believe it possible to adduce a single authentic instance of feline penitence. *Cats never regret.* Correct one for its misdeeds, and it turns, venomous and raging, upon the chastening hand. Not so the dog, GRIMALKIN'S great rival for the affections of man. When *he* is chastised, he frankly and fully owns his error; after his humble fashion, promises reformation; and manifests his contrition in a score of ways, so touching and impressive, 'tis a cruel hand, indeed, that is not arrested by his pleading. But to cats, sorrow is unknown. Heaven preserve us from all creatures that are never sorry—from all strangers to that sweet melancholy, which is the first half of repentance, and on whose sombre wings glitter the precious dews of healing.

What, if cats were once embalmed, and their mummies are still to be found, among other rubbish, in the catacombs of Egypt! What,

if GRIMALKIN's ugly mug still stares out upon us from Theban marbles, figuring, side-by-side, with portraits of the Pharaohs? Is it any honor, at this period of time, (half after midnight, by the world's clock,) to be outraged in villainous etchings, done brown in clay statuettes, or denaturalized in clumsy marbles? What, if Caticide were once a capital offence, and often subjected the offending Egyptian to the instant retribution of Judge Lynch, at present presiding on the California bench? Have we not already a sufficiency of popular outbreaks, such as "election scrimmages," "firemen's riots," the departure of "underground railroad trains," &c.? What, if ancient Egypt did bow down to GRIMALKIN, PUSS and TABBY—building for them costliest temples—anointing them with rarest perfumes—treating them to voluptuous baths, and luxurious edibles and potables? Shall we, therefore, do likewise? Who but the most ancient of fogies, would go groping amid the ponderous darkness of those old days, in search of precedents for THIS AGE? Tradition is losing her potency; the nineteenth century respects not her venerable mummery, is deaf to her, will soon annihilate her, and begin new songs to go down to posterity, dating from what CARLYLE calls the "NOW." And among these songs shall be, a "Death to Cats" —spirited and stirring as the old time "Down with Tyrants!" The simple fact that cats were worshipped in ancient, is the best possible reason for scorning and scouting them in modern, days; and what we have recorded of the Cat in Egypt, is not to be placed to his credit, being simply intended to demonstrate the astounding stupidity of the "Mother of the Arts."

Those *inside* barbarians, the Japanese, make a more sensible use of TABBY. When curious to know "What's o'clock?" they consult the pupils of her eyes, and feel her nose, (cold on all other days,) to ascertain the day of the summer solstice. This may answer for the Japanese; but let no reader infer therefrom, that *we* are to mount Puss on the mantel, rather than the eight-day contrivances of Mr. Samuel Slick; or to suspend her, tail-wise, on the nail now sacred to the Almanac.

"But surely," says some innocent reader, whom the cats have beguiled, "surely there are exceptions to your rule? What do you with the cat of Lord Mayor Whittington?—the "Auld Grey" of the Ettrick Shepherd?—and the poet GRAY'S Favorite, "Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes."

The Whittington Cat we put in the same category with "Puss in Boots," and the "Kilkenny Annihilators;" let those who will, believe in him. As for the cats, "married to immortal verse," had the poets sung the hyena, and so chosen, they could have discoursed as sweetly of him, as of his cousin. Poetic license may sanction a plea, even for cats; but that GRAY drew more upon fancy than fact, in his lines on the death of his favorite, let the following extract attest. The "favorite," espying the Gold Fish, true to her nature, plunged into the glassy lake where they sported; and then—so GRAY tells us—

"Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mewed to every watery God,
Some speedy aid to send;
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirred;
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard;
A favorite has no friend."

Thus it appears, this wonderful cat, in defiance of the promptings of nature, and contrary to the infallible laws governing drowning bodies, stupidly sank to the bottom,

eight several times; instead of swimming, or clambering out, (as she might easily have done,) she simply addresses herself, in an octave of squalls, to the gods! The cat which thus behaved was surely bewitched —"whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad"—and drowning was too good for her. Had she resided in Salem, (Massachusetts,) she would most probably have been *burned*.

If the reader has set us down, ere this, an inveterate enemy to cats, we complain of no injustice.—We have never liked them. No thrift follows their fawning upon us; while of deliberately petting them, we have ever been guiltless. They are the OILY GAMMONS of the quadruped world; outwardly, smooth, plausible, sleek, meek and mild of mien—base villains at heart. An old Dominie used to tell us, in our satchelled days, that the tossing of a pebble changed the centre of the world's gravity; and a blow on the breast of mother earth, from the puny fist of little JEM, the smallest boy in school, was felt by her to her remotest extremity. Upon some such infinitessimal principle as this, we believe this globe the better for every *ninth* attempt upon a cat's life. It *must* be something purer, after every such riddance of concentrated meanness, however small in bulk.

It is much to the prejudice of the feline character, that cats and dogs will never dwell together in peace. The feud between TOWSER and TABBY is older than any War of Roses, or mutual hatred of Guelph and Ghibelline; so bitter, TOWSER raises his progeny to keep up the quarrel, and infuses into them, like Hamilcar of old, the concentrated hate of past generations; so notorious, too, a certain species of connubial bliss finds its happiest description in the epithet, "*a-cat-and-dog life.*" Who's to blame? Assuredly not TOWSER, to whose general good character, all candid men subscribe. His noble and generous traits are beyond cavil, or dispute; and thousands of pages, in books and in human hearts, bear the records of his prowess, his gallant bravery, his unwavering affection, his self-sacrificing devotion, his boundless gratitude.

But good and evil will not dwell together in harmony. The native good in TOWSER asserting itself, wages unceasing war upon TABBY, causing her to quail and flee before him. Thus good pursuing evil, chases it into nooks and crannies, and into the branches of trees, that it may escape annihilation. The old Satan in cats, like the old Adam in man, *will* manifest itself, and TOWSER cannot abide the exhibition. Though in general the friend of peace, we can only say of this discord, "let it reign forever."

It would be highly interesting to hear what the rats and mice would say of cats, were they as highly gifted with tongue as with tail.—What a huge bristling horror must a well-grown cat appear to an unsophisticated mouse! Doubtless as grim a monster as are legendary giants to children; but with this woful difference:—that while the cat giant is a bloody, daily reality, the child's giant is a myth, disappearing with tops and marbles, and laughed at heartily, after the advent of boots and a long tailed coat.—What dark legends must the mice have of kindred and friends snatched away untimely; going out at early nightfall, on excursions of pleasure, to be waylaid and—deglutinized!—and of long watches kept, watches vain and mournful, for the never more returning.—What long chapters of advice must the old mice read the young ones—

if, indeed, a mouse has ever a chance to become venerable and respected—warning them, as they value life itself, to beware of the saintly, amiable-looking puss, waiting for them outside their snuggery; waiting and watching, watching and waiting, like some hoary spider poised in the centre of delusive web, and awaiting the delirious raving of some pleasure-seeking fly, dressed in his best of blue and green, and bound upon "sparking;" or more nearly still, like some respectable SHYLOCK perched upon his tri-legged stool, and listening with keen, exultant ear, for the wild shout and eager step of some wayward youth in search of "monish;" it may be, for the footfall of some houseless, wandering woman, come to his den to pawn her bridal ring for a loaf—the last barrier left between her and starvation.

To sum up: Shy scamps are cats; Vicars of Bray, falling right side up, however fierce or wide the commotion around them; eavesdroppers and prowlers; robbers of birds' nests; catchers of canaries; sworn enemies to Shanghais, and young goslings; midnight assassins; Pharisees, of great outward humility, but proud as Lucifer; traitors to every trust, ingrates—repaying kindness with black ingratitude; crafty and cunning as a politician or a fox, they cannot be trusted, they cannot be loved. Prized only for their cruelty, the day will yet come, when banished forever from fireside and home circle—driven beyond the pale of civilization and refinement, they will be left to pick up a precarious subsistence among those wilds and deserts from which they should never have been taken.

And now, gentle reader, that our chapter nears its close, shall we tell you why it was begun? We have long had it in mind to set this matter right before the world, but the more immediate incentive was the recent conduct of a highly respectable puss, who, though well fed, petted and caressed, a night or two ago did basely, maliciously, and ferociously attack the stronghold of a mocking bird, one ZULEIKA, by name, and the favorite songstress of TABBY'S mistress. The vocalist was timely rescued; but the cat is at the service of the Spiritual Rappers, who, as soon as they like, may take her interrogatories.

REQUIE—SCAT! IN TARTARUM!

Stay—we are getting warm, and will recall that. Let us be content with a vigorous AVAUNT!—which is hereby addressed with fervor and feeling, to the whole cat tribe in general; *leopardus*, *leoninus*, *tigerinus*, *catamountus*, *hyenarinus*; and very especially every member of the tribe *Felis domesticus*, wherever abiding, however patronized, and of whatever hue—whether spotted, mottled, speckled, striped, black, grey, red, yellow, fawn, duncolored, or—WHITE!

A PHILADELPHIA LAWYER'S VIEW OF THE CONSTITUTION.

"CECIL" ON THE CONSTITUTION.

The pamphlet by "Cecil" was originally published in a Philadelphia paper, and has been re-published, in its present form, in Boston, for wider circulation. The writer deals with the vexed question of the nation in a summary fashion. He is as "thorough" in his method as the Earl of Strafford, when ruling Ireland, or proposing to tame the rebellious commons of England. He is magisterial, grandiloquent, and oracular. The request of the South for more territory is dismissed, with the indignant astonishment which Oliver Twist's petition for more gruel elicited from Mr. Bumble, and the Southern States are ordered by Cecil to bow to the great Northern majority very much, as Oliver, in the poor-house parlor, is commanded by Mr. Bumble to bow to the Board.

The Government, we are told, is a Union, not of States, but of the people. The majority must govern. The North is the majority. The "feeble and foolish South" must submit. Slavery is behind the age. It is disagreeable to the North, and Europe is not pleased with it. It must be modified or perish. It is protected in the States by the Constitution; but the Constitution, like everything else, will be controlled by the majority. The South have construed it heretofore to suit Southern purposes. The North will follow the example. The South must not resist. It must not "kick against the pricks"—"against the great Chimborazo mountain of Northern power, looming up from the horizon, steadfast, immovable, shattering all opposition into spray and foam, remediless, irresistible, which it will be wiser to study and obey, than to deny and resist." The North has now, he tells us, a majority of six millions. A part of it has already assumed "a menacing attitude against slavery." "In all questions in which there is a difference between the North and the South, the North must govern." The South must yield. They must depend, for their security, on the integrity and magnanimity of the North. They must not attempt to protect themselves. It might prove rebellion. "Rebellion would be treason, and Northern strength can put down and punish treason." Can anything be more decisive and conclusive? It is Lord North, again in all the amplitude of menace and assumption—the feeble colonies, the might of Great Britain, the protecting care of the crown, the power to punish rebels—all the topics are repeated with the the same condescending air of lofty patronage. Untaught by the past, the great North is evidently waxing fat, and threatens to perform all the antics to which a well fed denizen of the stable is so proverbially addicted.

Such is the summary and character of Cecil's argument and admonition to the South.

It is hardly necessary to reply to opinions like these; and yet they are published for circulation in the Northern States; they come from a respectable source; they are well expressed; and therefore they may be entitled to a notice which their unlimited extravagance and presumption would seem to forbid.

The writer begins with a parallel

between the North and South, as fanciful as such parallels usually are. "In the South," he says, "the laboring class form no portion of the people; in the North, it forms the great body of the people. In the South, the laborers are slaves; in the North, they govern. In the South, labor is degraded and despised; in the North, it is respectable and respected." Let us examine and see what truth there is in all these common-places.

If the author will insist that the slaveholder never labors, still the slaveholders are only 100,000, as the Edinburgh Reviewer undertakes to prove. The whites in the Southern States are six millions. How do the 5,900,000 subsist? If they live without labor, it is another miracle of the South. If they live by labor, how is it that "in the South the laboring class form no portion of the people?"

Again, "in the South, the laborers are slaves." But how can this be true, when all the whites in the South, except 100,000, are laborers? Does he mean to say that the whites are slaves—or because, in the South, all slaves are laborers, has he therefore come to the conclusion that, in the South, all laborers are slaves. One might suppose that a Philadelphia lawyer should be able to discriminate between two propositions so widely different.

"In the North they govern." The laborers govern in the North. But in what way? They vote at elections. They do the same at the South. Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, and Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, are equally sent to Congress by men who follow the plough. How is it that they govern at the North and not at the South?

"In the South, labor is degraded and despised." Can this be true if six millions of whites, less one hundred thousand slaveholders, live by labor? Is labor despised in the South, because a few persons do no work? Are the millionaires and their sons and their daughters, in the North, addicted to labor in any greater degree than the cotton or rice planters? But let us ask what labor is meant, when we are told that, in the South, labor is despised, and, in the North, it is respected and respectable? Labor is of various kinds. Which of these is meant by "Cecil," under the vague term that he employs? Is it the labor of the professions—of the lawyer, the physician, the clergyman?—This is respected nowhere more than in the South. Is it the labor of the mechanic? There are as many mechanics in places of honor in the Southern States, as in the North. Is it the labor of the man hired by the day? Where is the evidence that this kind of labor is any more respected or respectable in the North than in the South? It is a common remark, that the native Americans in the North shun this labor. Few natives are found before the mast; very few or none carry hods or grade roads, or dig canals, or toil in docks, mines, or quarries. It is difficult to engage a native American, man or woman, in the drudgery even of domestic service. Our native American brethren at the North show their profound respect for labor by running away from it. To prove that they think it respectable, they carefully avoid it.—They turn over all their hard work to the emigrants. The laboring emigrants man their ships, construct their railroads, dig their canals, and carry on their shoulders all the great cities of the Northern States.

There is but one species of labor that seems to be in general and

high honor with our neighbors in the North—the labor of living by one's wits—the labor of speculation, speculation in city lots and sites of cities, in fancy stocks and other stocks, in merchandize, in real estate, in railroads, in steamboats and ships, in a thousand schemes for obtaining money from the public treasury—this labor appears to be universally respected and respectable there. It is not so highly esteemed, perhaps, in the South. But professional labor, intellectual labor, mechanical labor, the labor of the fields—these are as much honored in the South as anywhere.

There is yet another kind of labor, which has not been mentioned before, but which has produced all the mystification of Cecil's speculations. It is slave labor. All other labor is, perhaps, equally respected in the North and in the South. This only makes an exception. It is the labor of the slave alone that is degraded and despised in any part of the country. But it is not in the South that it is despised and degraded. It is the North that regards it with scorn and contumely. It is there only that they villify the slave. They despise and spit upon him, while they profess to be his friends. In their eyes, he is a mere chattel, a beast of burthen, a brute on the the level of an ox or an ass. In the opinion of the Southern people only, is the labor of the slave held to be worthy of respect. They alone are able to respect the man held to labor for life. It is the condition, as they think, assigned to him by Providence. If he discharges the duties of his station faithfully, he is worthy of respect. In the South he receives it. The diligent and honest slave is honored there; he is treated with marked kindness; he is addressed with civility; never with rudeness; never with disdain or contempt. Few poor in the world are less subjected to the proud man's contumely. His master's hand is offered to him freely; it is taken cordially. As much as the *day* laborer is respected anywhere, the *life* laborer is respected in the Southern States. "Cecil" respects the hireling's labor, and thinks it respectable, and we agree with him entirely. He scorns the slave's labor and the slave, and we differ from him. He imputes his contemptuous feelings and opinion to the South, persuades himself that, in the South, there is no labor but slave labor, and is thus enabled, by an easy process, to convince himself, and tries to convince others, that in the South labor is degraded and despised because he himself degrades and despises it.

We repudiate his sentiments. We regard the slave as God's creature, brought here by God's providence, and holding, in the eyes of him who is no respecter of persons, the same position precisely that every other human being holds—approved if he performs his duties faithfully, condemned if he disregards or neglects them. The master and the slave will be judged by the same rule, and the decision will in no wise depend on the condition of the one or the other; so thinking, we can regard him as a Christian and a brother. With regard to the only kind of labor about which there is really any difference of opinion—the labor of the slave—it may then be said with justice, that it is respectable and respected in the South, and degraded and despised in the North, and not the reverse, as "Cecil" has stated.

Notwithstanding the supposed differences, however, with which the writer balances his trim antithe-

sis, he concludes that all would be well, but for one thing in the South, "which satisfies no want and excites no sympathy in the North;" one thing in the South to which, "in the North, opposition has grown into positive hostility," and thus he concludes, "from the South comes the danger that menaces both." This is very much the sort of logic that a burglar might employ when breaking into a Bank. There is one thing in the Bank, he may say, that, while there, satisfies no want and excites no sympathy of his. He opposes the hoarding system, and his opposition has grown into positive hostility.—From the institution, therefore, comes the danger that menaces its vaults and perhaps himself, and not from any unprincipled violence, seeking to intermeddle with another's property. His reasoning, however satisfactory to himself, would not be sufficiently cogent with judge or jury to keep him from the gallows or penitentiary, if he should happen to be caught in the attempt; but it is very much like that of "Cecil."

"Cecil" flatters himself, however, with the belief that there will be no danger of any such catastrophe. The great mountain of Northern strength will "shatter all opposition into spray and foam." The South will consult the interest of the country at large, and its own safety and peace especially, by submitting to the robbery, and leaving the protection of the plundered property to the generosity and honor of the assailant. The North loves the South, and "there is security for the South by the side of Northern strength, and and in the friendship of the North." While he informs us that opposition there has grown into positive hostility to slavery; that slavery is behind the age; that it must recede, and finally perish, he counsels us to entrust our fortunes to the guardianship of Northern power and friendship. They would be as safe, without doubt, as the Bank treasure in the robber's keeping. But at no time has it been the custom of free States to have guardians for their liberties. "Quis custodiet, ipsos custodes?" who shall watch the watchman? It is not probable that the South will deviate, in this matter, from former usage, and accept the advice which a blind presumption or the extreme of simplicity has volunteered to offer it.

What would be the certain consequence of the policy recommended by "Cecil" to the South, is sufficiently evident from the opinions which he advocates in reference to the Territories. They are the common property of the States, but the Southern people are to be excluded from them. We mean, by people or population, what Mr. Adams and the North understood the words to mean in 1774. The South has the right to extend its mixed population of whites and blacks into the new Territory of the Union. They have always exercised the right, during the revolutionary government, and under the present Constitution, they have demanded and received their equal share of the common Territory. They have grown thus from six States to fifteen in number. If there is a policy of the Union clearly established by early and continued assent, it is that of a fair division of its Territory between two great sections of the Republic. This policy is as just and necessary, now, as it has been heretofore. The rights of the South are the same; and the mixed free and

slave population of the Southern States still requires extension as much as the free population of the North. Whether this division of Territory be made by a river, like the Ohio, in 1787; or by an imaginary line, as in 1820; or by the free choice of each new State, as by the Kansas and Nebraska act, is of very little consequence. But some division is indispensable. Our great North must not expect to monopolize all the Territorial property of the Union, under the fraudulent pretences of charity and philanthropy. It was tried formerly, under the disguise of chartered rights. It failed then, and will fail again. It lacks the cardinal virtue of justice. Whatever our strong and prosperous Northern friends may think, in the overweening abundance of a self-complacent humor, their demand is at variance with the essential nature, spirit, and life of our Republican Union, and ought not to be successful.

That Union is a widely different thing to what "Cecil" is disposed to make it. No mistake more fatal could be made by any party in the country, than to act upon the principle which forms the key of this writer's position. "The Union," he says, "is a Union, not of States, but of the people; and the majority must govern." This is dealing with the great Constitutional question which has engaged the chief men of the Nation since the formation of the Government, with his usual short-hand decision. He goes beyond the Federalist itself, in his doctrine of centralization. The authors of the Federalist describe the Government as partly National and partly Federal; "Cecil" asserts it to be National only. He sets aside every leading fact of its history, the best commentary on its character and purposes. He forgets that it was formed by States; was accepted and ratified by States; was amended by States; and has a perpetual reference to States in every step of its progress. The Senate is the representative of States; the President is elected by electors chosen by States; when an election fails before the people, he is elected by States; direct taxes, when imposed, are apportioned among States, and are paid by States.

But leaving these considerations, and others of a similar kind, to the learned members of Congress, to be twisted into all sorts of constitutional arguments, declamatory or logical, we would suggest to our author one view of the subject which seems to us more conclusive than them all. It is derived from the simple fact that the States have separate and independent Governments.

The States are organized bodies, with every form of government in full exercise. They have Legislatures, Executives, and Judiciaries. Their powers, within their limits, are exclusive, each of the other. They impose taxes; they raise armies of militia, officered, armed, and drilled as they please; they establish great monied institutions, and issue money without limit. Here, then, is a solution of the whole question. Nothing can divest the States of their State Governments. An invasion of the rights of one part of the Union by another, under the forms of the Constitution, would be met by established Republics, and not as opposition to the Parliament in Great Britain would be, by men without law, order, organization, or arms. The Governor is as legitimate as the President; the Legislature at Richmond, as the Congress at Washington. The contest would be, not of Governments with

rebels, but of one Government with another. So long as this is true, the Union must be a Union of States, the most specious reasoning to the contrary notwithstanding. Divest the States of their State Government, as Hamilton proposed to do, and the General Government becomes a government of the people. Restore the State Governments, and you restore a Federal Government of States. These are things, not words, like a constitutional argument or a party pamphlet. The Government of England would be changed in a day if separate Governments were established in Scotland and Ireland, elected by their people, without influence or control from the Government in London. The imperial Government of Great Britain might be called still by the same name, but it would no longer be the same thing. The illustration may be multiplied without end.

Such being essentially and of necessity the federal nature of the General Government, from the immoveable fact which looms up, to use the magnificent language of "Cecil," like a Chimborazo mountain, from the horizon of the State Governments, it follows that the temper with which the Government is conducted must be one of conciliation and mutual forbearance. To disregard, in such a Government, the feelings or interests of any one State, would be unwise; to violate those of half the States in the Union, would be folly and madness. A similar policy could not be attempted, without danger, in a despotism, unless the rule be in vigorous hands; nor could it prevail there without the ruin of the country that is compelled to submit to it. The result, with such a country, would be gradual decay, like that of Spain; with us, it would be endless civil war.

The rule of policy suggested as indispensable in a Federal Government like ours, is the true one, even in the exercise of those powers which are clearly delegated and universally admitted; far more cautious will be the action of the genuine statesman in reference to those which are denied or disputed; and which, above all, have become subjects of debate and irritation between the different sections of the Union. One of these is the right of the Federal Government over the legislation of the National Territory. To talk of settling this, or any great question, and of ruling the whole country, among a people like that of the United States, by a mere numerical majority of one section over another, indicates a degree of self-complacent simplicity, the very reverse of the acuteness usually ascribed to the writer's city and profession. And yet this is Cecil's sole secret of government.

It is unnecessary to follow him into the Kansas dispute, and the merits and demerits of the measures proposed to settle it. The interest of these frontier broils has ceased everywhere; the quack medicine has lost its efficacy, and its virtues are no longer proclaimed and preached from pulpit, stump, or tribune.

The most imposing portion of the pamphlet under review is its conclusion. If this fails to impress the people of the South with a deep sense of the condescension of the Northern people, their benevolent regard for their Southern brethren, their readiness to take care of Southern interests, and to bear with Southern haughtiness, it will serve to prove that all sense of gratitude and propriety is extinct among the people of the South.

"The Northern people," he tells us, "love the South as part of their

country. They are slow to wrath and easy to be entreated; they will endure many things, but not all things. Kansas massacres, General Pierce, and Mr. Brooks are among the things they will not endure." This proclamation was issued in Philadelphia in July last, and, accordingly, the Kansas massacres have ceased; the President, Gen. Pierce, retires from the White House; and Mr. Brooks, if Providence in His wisdom had not otherwise ordered events, would have submitted, without doubt, to the proscriptive decree. It only remains to be seen whether the great man-mountain of the North will allow the constituents of the deceased member to elect another. The Northern prodigy, like him of Lilliput, is good natured and easy to be entreated. "Cecil," in his next pamphlet, will perhaps inform our anxious neighbors of Edgefield, the home of Mr. Brooks, whether they will be permitted to choose a successor to their deceased Representative,——notwithstanding their past indiscretion in returning one so obnoxious to Northern censure. We will hope for the best. The ready submission to the decree, in Kansas and in Washington, will perhaps ensure its suspension so far as South Carolina is concerned.

A WINE SONG.

[From the Persian of Hafis.]

There's nothing in the world, boys,
  Worth an hour of sorrow:
Let us sell our clothes for wine,
  And never mind to-morrow!

Crowns are pretty caps, boys,
  Toys, the wide world over;
But they're never worth the loss
  Of the heads they cover!

Thinking of the pearls, boys,
  Makes my spirit bold;
But I would'nt go to sea,
  For a ton of gold!

Nothing in the world, boys,
  Is worth a minute's sorrow:
This is life—to drink to-day,
  And pray for drink to-morrow!

ORIENTAL LYRICS.

LOVE AND PATIENCE.

[Persian.]

The heart where love and patience dwell—
  But such there cannot be—
I hold it not a heart, but stone,
  It will not do for me.
Ah, no! a thousand pharsangs part
  The loving and the patient heart.

What discipline shall I adopt
  To ease this wo of mine?
I hearken to the harp, in vain,
  And drain the cups of wine;
I love, but cannot patient be,
  Nor can the patient love like me!

SULTAN OWEIS.

[Persian.]

I left the seat of empire of the soul
One day, to visit the abodes of men;
A little while I was a stranger here,
But now I seek the home from whence I came.

I was the servant of a mighty lord,
Whose court I left; I go to him again;
Bound down with shame and terror I return,
Bearing with me my sword and winding sheet!

A little while that holy bird, my soul,
Was prisoned in the cage of mortal life;
But now the cage is broken, I am gone,
The bird flies back to its beloved fields!

Farewell, my sweet companions, my dear friends,
No further stay is mine, I leave you now.
May you be happy in the world of men,
May I be happy in the world of souls!

A JAR OF WINE.

[Persian.]

Day and night my thoughts incline,
To the blandishments of wine:
Jars were made to drain, I think,
Lips, I know, were made to drink!

When I die (the day be far!)
Should the potters make a jar
Out of this poor clay of mine,
Let the jar be filled with wine!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

TO OUR READERS.

We offer to the Public, with this, our first Number, another depository for Southern genius, and a new incentive, as we hope, for its active exercise.

While engaged, as we are and shall be, in a generous competition with other States, in all industrial pursuits, agricultural and commercial, surely it is not for the South, with its lofty aspirations, fine taste, and subtle intellect, to neglect the noblest of all fields of enterprse—that of Letters and the Arts.

The time is auspicious. The enterprise is universally welcomed; and to seal its certain success by the happiest coincidence, the achievements of one man, collected and exhibited to our admiring gaze, give proof the most conclusive that no triumphs can be withheld from Southern genius and industry. We shall look back, hereafter, to the exhibition of the Fraser Gallery as the era from which we may date successful efforts in every department of intellectual power.

No pursuit is so noble. The eye, that glances back on the annals of past ages, reposes lovingly, not on accumulations of barbaric pearl and gold, the exploits of conquerors, or the extension of mighty empires, but on the periods and people that have adorned humanity with the trophies and charms of Science and the Arts; not on Persia and its luxurious Satrapies, but on the poetry and eloquence of Greece. Her great names live in the memories of men, and awaken the emulation of the purest hearts and most elevated intellects. We would not be deaf to the voice of the charmer.

In our great Country, although one, we are many. There will naturally arise, through its immense extent, shades and varieties of thought and sentiment honestly entertained, each requiring a special exponent. We ask your aid for the establishment and support of one more for Southern opinion and Southern feeling. They can find no expression abroad. They have few opportunities at home. Let us add another. We can not and will not anticipate disappointment. We will not believe that we shall meet, in any quarter, with cold neglect or causeless refusal, or chilling auguries of certain or possible failure. We look forward, rather, with unfaltering confidence, to cordial, frank, and ready appreciation of our humble but resolute efforts—to a determination, on all sides, that whatever we lack to ensure a successful issue, shall be promptly supplied, and that the hearts, intellect, and purses of all Southern men and women will be open for the triumphant progress of RUSSELL'S MAGAZINE.

Putnam's Monthly is clever enough, in its way. It has a few small defects however. It is always mistaking pertness for ease, flippancy for wit, and inordinate conceit for conscious superiority. It is *parvenu* thoroughly, and characteristic of its birth-place. The city of the newly-made rich abounds in this phase of refinement. Its literature naturally assumes the local type, and the Monthly affords its most perfect examplar. Mr. Putnam is only Mr. Potiphar in the new character of literary bear-leader, with no abatement of petty arrogance, affectation, and assumption, of vulgar swagger and pompous self-complacency, without a shade of gentlemanly tone or bearing.

If the Putnam wit is not the genuine ingredient, it is, nevertheless, a saleable New York commodity, and comes up, therefore, to his own standard of value. Although not the true Attic salt, it is a salt of some sort—of Salt River, perhaps. The menagerie of the Monthly are members of the Fremont regiment. They have lately returned from the famous expedition into the saline territory. One of them has been industrious enough to bring Putnam a pocketful of its curiosities. They are as novel and interesting as any thing gathered in the Nile region by the same traveller.

In the February number there is an elaborate attempt at fun. The subject is the Commercial Convention lately assembled in Savannah, together with Southern men and matters generally.

The voyageur disports himself in the swamps of the South with the alacrity of a hippopotamus, as described by Cumming, in an African cane-brake. He serves up the Pickwick papers once more to the public, not in a mere niggardly allusion, but at full length, and introduces us, with a charming felicity of invention, to Snodgrass, Tupman, and Winkle, who perform a large part of the "devertisement," as he calls it. But it will never do. Mr. Dickens is one thing, but Mr. Putnam, playing Dickens, is another affair, and not tolerable to Gods or Men.

The imitation is very like that exhibited, many years ago, by a similar actor, whom Esop has immortalized in one of his fables. A favorite dog, as Esop tells the story, like Dickens, for example, was accustomed to frisk about his master, and even to leap into his lap. An ass, like Putnam's aspirant after Dickens' honors, seeing this, and wishing to make himself agreeable in the same quarter, followed the dog's example, with a clumsy effort to be playful. But the parallel ceases here. The type and the ante-type have not been equally fortunate, if equally meritorious; the one was cudgeled, the other is rewarded for his gambols. The New York public is a good-natured master, and has so pleasing a remembrance of his grand reception of Dickens and of the grateful return, that he is delighted to see any one assuming his guest's air and garb, however rude the imitation. A bear, in the Dickens' coat, would be welcome, to say nothing of an animal so harmless as our traveller.

A few years ago, Sydney Smith sneered at American Literature. The North was indignant. They have never ceased to allude to it. Where, they asked, with unaffected astonishment, is Barlow's Vision, and Dwight's Canaan, and Cotton Mather, and Morse's Geography? But now, the North has turned sneerer, and sneers at Southern literature. Our turn may come next, who knows? Every dog has his day. If the currish fortunes of the North flourish now, the canine luck of the South may prosper at some future period. *Quien sabe?* There is no serious difficulty in the way. It requires only a new commercial arrangement, as Putnam assures us. It is encouraging to trace the progress of letters at the North. The duty on books, so honorable to the country, created large publishing houses. A large publishing house can pay for a magazine. A magazine produces the Potiphar papers, Prue and I, and the work is done. Shall we not have a literature, in time, by the same contrivance, and repeat the sneer, in turn, against our next neighbor? Literature, according to Putnam, may be defined to be a large publishing house, with capital to pay for periodicals. Transfer the house to Richmond, and you transfer the literature. It is a question, not of wits, but of dollars. It is a branch of trade only, and will reach us in time. We shall have the house in due season, and then, *fortunati nimium*, we shall have Howadjis, and Memoirs of Barnum and Greely, and Hot Corn, and other masterpieces like those of New York. We have the writers already. Our Salt River friend says so, and says, moreover, that Maga—his nickname for Putnam—is willing to employ them. We want nothing but a Putnam or Harper, steam presses, and abundance of paper.

Our traveller frankly declares, that he will take occasion frequently to speak ill of slavery. He does so in his February number, and falls into a sort of something, here and there, which he intends for reasoning. It is more comical than his fun. But we have no space for it at present. It will keep cool, as Swift said of lord Orrery's unopened letters.

Our enterprising traveller winds up his article on Southern affairs with this emphatic declaration: "We shoot folly as it flies, and wherever it flies, and wherever it perches. And if folly bloats into crime, or fuddles into fury, we shall still shoot away." Very finely said, and a most formidable customer. If the gentleman were in the possession of the divine arms of Pope, or of a six-shooter of mortal manufacture, or of any thing as formidable even as an old Continental musket, with a flint lock, and a stock as as straight as a shingle, we might feel constrained, in Christian charity, to warn him of the danger he would be running of firing into his own fowl-roost and committing suicide. But, as it is, there is no harm in his weapon, to be apprehended, either for himself or any body else, and therefore let him "shoot away." Putnam pays, and the world will be delighted with a continuation of sentences like his last happy flourish in style—"if folly bloats into crime, or fuddles into fury." What a specimen of the *curiosa felicitas!* Horace has nothing like it.

But it must be confessed there is one drawback to the enjoyment of these choice phrases. What do they mean? Is it comedy or tragedy? So far as folly is concerned, it is comedy; when it comes to crime, it is tragedy. At what stage of the dropsical process by which folly bloats into crime, does the comedy become tragedy? Is it a hit against Wall Street, and does our Salt River

friend prepare war on the bulls and bears? Both of these parties bloat into millionaires by means not always legitimate. But in their case, it is knavery that bloats into crime, and not folly. So that guess will not do.

And then, again, that other felicitous exploit in style—"fuddles into fury." What can be finer? But, *quere*, is not this a mistake of the press, for *fiddles* into fury, in allusion, perhaps, to Hogarth's enraged musician? Fiddling is more natural to folly than fuddling. Every body fuddles. Even Maga, alias Putnam, may fuddle into fury, or into fun, even, when champaign or punch are in season. But for folly not only to fuddle, but to fuddle into fury, is full of forcible feebleness and funny incongruity. Or, is our determined sportsman resolved to take the field against all topers who fuddle into fury and delirium tremens? Will he make all the foes of the Maine liquor-law cases for the Bond Street coroner? In a word, what game does our insatiate archer mean to bag, when he leads the pursuit after folly, with bended bow and quiver full of arrows?

Such are the Critic's beauties of style; let us look for a moment on those which he quotes and praises, in the February number, from his favorite author. They are from Mrs. Howe, whom Putnam delights to honor as a miracle of genius above her sex. We know little of the lady, or her poems, beyond the extracts, and of these, in mercy to our readers, we shall notice only one or two. Here is a stanza from an address of women to the less worthy sex:

"We that are held of you in narrow chains,
Sought for our beauty, through our folly raised,
One moment, to a barren eminence,
To drop in dreary nothingness, amazed."

In the last line, the fair poetess has the honor to resemble, and even to equal Pope—"no craving void left aching in the breast." This "aching void," and "dreary nothing" are equally fine, and equally intelligible. The whole passage is evidently intended to be descriptive of matrimony—the narrow chains, the barren eminence, the drop into dreary nothingness, AMAZED, are picturesque and expressive. She had in her mind, without doubt, a passage in the letters imputed to the younger Lyttleton, in which that friend to wedlock describes the English marriage service as the charming ceremony that begins with "dearly beloved," and ends with "amazement!"

In a subsequent stanza, she complainingly adds,

"We touch the brim, while ye exhaust the bowl."

The two passages together, we are afraid, indicate a squinting towards free love and deep drinking. Again she says,

"We, dwarfed to suit the measure of your pride,
Thwarted in all our measures and our powers,
Have yet a sad, majestic recompense,
The dignity of suffering—that is ours."

Our fair friend and her countrywomen, it would seem, although thwarted in every thing, retain one thing; they have a majestic recompense in the dignity of suffering. They visit no theatres, attend no operas, frequent no balls, display no silks, satins, hoops, or laces; they never shine in pearls, nor sparkle in diamonds, nor glorify Broadway, nor flutter, like brilliant butterflies, from watering-place to watering-place, nor, in an easier and more efficient way, wear the breeches at home, quietly regulating the good-man's enjoyments, with a firm and judicious hand;—not a bit of it; they are wrapped up forever in the dignity of suffering; and the poor husband or papa, who is toiling and sweating to raise the wind for the sufferers, is the tyrant of the household, if he does not succeed, and thwarts all its pleasures and powers, leaving it but one majestic recompense, which may easily be imagined.

The fair writer informs the male sex that they have all been born, every mother's son of them, without a single exception.

"The proudest of you lives not, but he wrung
A woman's unresisting form with pain."

We suppose the most obtuse of the bearded sex will not dispute the fact. But when she adds that their nurture, for years, has

"Brought back the bitter child-birth throes again,"

she propounds a riddle in physiology which is, by no means, so easy of explanation, and which some may be disposed to question.

But we refrain from inflicting on our readers any more of this morbid and mewling nonsense. If these ravings have any real existence in the author's

mind, they are the offspring of distempered nerves or a diseased stomach. They belong to the effusions of the hysterical or dyspeptic school of poetry. Their inspiration comes from no higher source than a surfeit, or something worse.

If, on the other hand,—and the theory is one which we much more readily adopt—if all this "dignity of suffering," the chronic child-birth throes lasting for years, and the falling into nothingness, amazed, are all poetical cant, sham, or make believe; all false and factitious; silly, but nothing worse; if Mrs. Howe, after the most terrible paroxysm of dignified endurance, takes her coffee and toast, whips her children, and scolds her cook, in the most approved fashion of orderly house-keepers; if she puts on her lacrymose distresses and complaints for a flight to Parnassus, in the same manner that she assumes her bonnet and cloak, furs and gloves, for a walk or a visit, why, so much the better for her, and for all about her; but, so far as the reader of her grievous lucubrations is concerned, there is no difference, of importance, between the real and the pretended troubles——they are equally wearisome and disgusting.

Putnam remarks of the verses, that they are not "woman's poetry." Nothing more true, if he means that they are not womanly. No woman, of sound heart and head, would write them. There is no single pulse in them of nature or truth.

It is Coleridge, we believe, who says, that poetry should be sense, if nothing more, or whatever more it may be. It is a maxim which he did not always observe himself, but its truth has been illustrated only by his own departures from the rule. Still worse is the case when, instead of sense, we have substituted, not nonsense merely, but false, morbid, and mischievous sentiment like the hallucinations of Mrs. Howe.

Such is the choice Northern literature that Putnam selects for parade. The critic and the poet are worthy of each other:

— arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares et respondere parati.

Alike, in dreary nothingness amazed,
Critic and bard—the praiser and the praised.

A witty correspondent sends us the following comic version of one of Juvenal's more quiet satires:

Lectus erat Cedro Procula minor, &c.
JUV. SAT., III.

I.

Jones had once a single bed,
Shorter than his four foot wife;
On a shelf, a loaf of bread,
Half a fork and broken knife,
Lonesome, empty whiskey jug—
Iron spoon and fractured mug—
Pipe of clay, with horrid crack,
Last year's Miller's Almanac;—
These were all his goods: you add,
Jones the next to nothing had.
True; but though a wretched boast,
Jones his next to nothing lost;
And the whole calamity
Of the fire must be endured;
Jones was quite too poor to be
Even "partially insured."

II.

Brown, the bachelor, next door,
Had a house of marble fine—
Rice, and grist, and meats in store—
Casks of brandy and of wine—
Snow-white sugar, silver spoons—
Extra boots and pantaloons—
Old cigars and cards in packs—
Books in red morocco backs—
All that "many men desire;"—
But a devastating fire
Burned the marble mansion down,
And its fixings up. Did Brown
Weep the conflagration o'er?
No! the loss can be endured;
Brown is richer than before—
Brown was "heavily insured."

The same correspondent perpetrates this slanderous epigram upon the large, learned and luminous profession of the Law. As we have no intention of standing a suit for libel, on account of his indiscretion, we emphatically declare, that neither the Publisher, nor the Editors of this Magazine, neither the Printers, nor their Devil, hold themselves responsible for the scandal.

"The saying that lives on the popular jaw,
That Smith is a strong, sturdy 'limb of the law,'
Sufficiently proper and staunch is—
If the LAW is according to Nature's whim,
And its strongest limb is the lowest limb,
Found ne'er 'in the higher branches!'"

Conspicuous among the records of moral and physical endurance, redounding to the honor of humanity, is the simple, unostentatious, but masterly relation of the details of his Arctic Explorations, by Dr. Kane. One rises from the perusal of this work, with his whole moral and spiritual nature invigorated.

s not in its sublime descriptions of
ry—of tremendous glaciers; of illim-
ice fields, heaving above the action
ent tides—of novel combinations of
and color, marvellous as the fantas-
eations of Arabian tales; of a re-
inland ocean, beyond what was fer-
regarded as the *Ultima Thule* of
possible progress—rolling, with
itic sweep, towards the mystery of
Pole itself, and dashing, with the
th almost of Southern waters,
the great, girding rocks, which
h into the depths of the unfath-
le distance. Grand and striking
very apocalypse of wonders these
s may seem; but, we turn from
, to the lonely bivouac in desolate
s; to diseased and half-starved de-
nents from the ship's company, be-
ed miles away among the hummocks,
no shelter, but some dismantled hut
e Esquimaux—strength and hope
g together—but finally relieved by
genuity, or supported through ter-
ardships by the energy and faith of
indomitable spirit; or we regard
shuddering admiration (the cabin of
Enterprise" having been converted
n hospital) this same Christian gen-
n—constitutionally the feeblest
er of his devoted company—min-
ng to the meanest wants of his most
l attendants; considering no office
o vile for his hands to do, in the
of darkness, and privation, and
y, and general discontent, rising into
y, going through with his meteor-
al and scientific observations with
osest exactitude and the most rigid
uality!

l now the intelligence, in no doubt-
ipe, comes to us, that the re-action
uch endurance and enthusiasm, has
t its inevitable result. Dr. Kane
some months of lingering illness,
t the Havana, upon the 16th day
bruary last. The thrilling drama
d, and wrote for us, has closed in
y. But, profoundly as we regret
ath of this great man, we cannot
that the course, resulting in his
tion, should have been un-rum; the
so sadly terminating, should have
n-fulfilled. The *moral* of his he-
is vital, and cannot be destroyed.
vain has he lived and labored.
example, a lofty lesson to man-
cheaply purchased, even by the
f so illustrious, sincere, and de-
as ELISHA KENT KANE.

no doubt that one of the
le works published in this country during the last year, is the "Literary Criticisms and other Papers," by the late Horace Binney Wallace, of Philadelphia. Mr. Wallace died at the early age of thirty-five, leaving behind him the reputation of a man of genius, which, however, was chiefly confined to a circle of intimate friends, whose approval—so far at least as his *literary* efforts were concerned—seemed to have been the only aim of his ambition. But in 1855 a posthumous publication, entitled "Art, Scenery, and Philosophy in Europe," called the general attention of the country to his varied, brilliant, and original powers, whose singular geniality and comprehensiveness are most fully exemplified in his Criticisms. We make a few extracts.

In allusion to the literary prospects of America he says:

"A thousand tokens, in everything from which we may prognosticate, make it manifest that a spirit, indigenous and self-vital, inhabits our country; a spirit of power, *ipsa suis pollens opibus*. If all this be so, there is an end of the question about a national literature; for this creative vigor, breathing and burning in the bosom of the nation, *must find an issue in art as well as action*. The flower of literature will blow, and the fruit of science bloom upon the tree of national life, as surely as the branches and leaves of business, politics or war expand and strengthen."

"Eloquence" he defines to be, "*the enthusiasm of reason, the passion of the mind;* it is judgment raised into transport, and breathing the irresistible ardors of sympathy."

In an article on the prose writers of America, the oratory of Patrick Henry is thus described:

"There is *Henry*, not fulminating from the clouds, like Demosthenes, to *terrify* men into sense and virtue: not sending up a flash, like Cicero to be a signal to distant ages, rather than a fire of present energy; but first drawing his hearer's sympathies to him by a delightful conciliation, and then charging them with the fervors of his own bosom, familiar, simple and near, yet intense, vehement, and thrilling; converting his hearers first into friends, and then animating them into partisans, and finally hurrying all along with him in one united fellowship of feeling; not surpassing in intellect, rarely analytical, *never* ascending to the illuminated heights of abstract wisdom, *but setting before his mind usually some one definite object, and piercing it through and through by the shaft of a sound under-*

standing, pointed by an honest purpose, and driven by all the force of devoted passion."

The following, in relation to Webster, is very striking:

"Webster never surrenders, in advance, a position which he knows will be carried; he takes his place and delivers battle; he fights as one who is fighting the last battle of his country's hopes; he fires the last shot: when the smoke and tumult are cleared off, where is Webster? Look around for the nearest rallying point which the view presents; there he stands with his hand upon his heart in grim composure; calm, dignified, resolute, neither disheartened nor surprised by defeat."

Of Richard Henry Dana, it is stated, and with equal truth and acuteness:

"In regard to his mental characteristics, *Mr. Dana may be called the American Coleridge.* There is the same union of the keenest intellectual subtlety, the most piercing philosophical analysis, with the wealth and glory of practical imagination. Looking at life and nature with the same blending of the Moralist's with the Artist's view, both of these remarkable men habitually regarded *truth as the beauty of reason and beauty as the truth of Taste.*"

Of Washington Irving, he declares that "no man ever succeeded so perfectly in making literature *delicious*, elevated, pure, of pervading refinement and chastity; his writings give us a pleasure which is almost *sensuous* in its fullness and directness. *He is a Chaucer in prose.*"

The province, capabilities, and nature of the *Song* he defines with peculiar justness of insight, and beauty of language:

"The purpose of the *Song* is to exhibit an incident in the substance of an emotion; to communicate wisdom in the form of sentiment; it is the refracted gleam of some wandering ray from the fair orb of moral truth which, glancing against some occurrence in common life, is surprised into a smile of quick, darting, many colored beauty; *it is the airy ripple that is thrown up when the current of feeling in human hearts accidentally encounters the current of thought, and bubbles forthwith into a gentle jet of sparkling foam.*"

On a subject, and in a vein very different from the foregoing, are these bold and striking speculations, which were evidently suggested by Wordsworth's grand Ode on "Intimations of Immortality, from the Recollections of early Childhood."

Apropos of this *Ode*, we observe that Coleridge, referring to the lines—

"Our birth is but a sleep, and a forgetting,
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar,"

says that Wordsworth *does not* allude to a pre-existent state, and furnishes some incomprehensible metaphysical reasons for the opinion. There can at any rate be little doubt as to the meaning of what follows. We extract the passage from a species of prose-poem inspired by a visit of the author's to the sea-shore:

"Spiritual existence, in the great archipelago of worlds that fills the ocean of infinity, is not *independent*—but *successive*—death being but "a sleep, and a forgetting," birth an awaking with extended power. The great sacrifice which was exhibited on our own globe, two thousand years ago, was, believe me, not confined to it. [The same idea—or one very like it—forcibly expressed, occurs in "Festus," and also in a treatise of *Origen's*.—Ed.] It was a divine immolation for total sin, on *the great altar of the Universe*, and its manifestation was simultaneous throughout the whole array of planets; to each there was a darkening of the sun; in each a rending of the veil in an old temple of superstition. Those who have been cast on these shores prior to the revelation of atonement will learn the healing truth in some future abode of their souls. It would require a *mighty* argument to convince me that I have not lived before this; it would require an *almighty one* to persuade me that I shall not live hereafter."

* * * In a letter to Mrs. Poole, dated November 1st, 1796, Samuel Taylor Coleridge thus *naïvely* refers to his son Hartley, then but one month old.

"David Hartley Coleridge is stout, healthy, and *handsome. He is the very miniature of me.*"

We are surprised that Hartley's writings have received so little attention in this country. He certainly inherited no small share of his father's genius. A scholar, (though rather *recherché* than profound) with exquisite sensibilities, a fine imagination, and the most truly Catholic taste, he has written nothing which is not in some way valuable, or instructive. The thirty-four *Sonnets* which we find in his poems issued by Moxon in 1851, we do not hesitate to say are among the most thoughtful, and really

artistic in the language. The best of these are equal to the noblest of Wordsworth's.

A lady who was intimate with Hartley thus describes his appearance when she first saw him:

"A numerous party had one evening assembled at Brathay Hall. Late in the evening I saw such a figure as I had never seen before, glide noiselessly into the bright drawing-room: small, dressed in black, with thick, long raven hair, almost on his shoulders, in such a manner as to fill up the space between, and to give the upper part of his form a peculiar preponderance over the lower. In his manner of approaching the lady of the house, his stiff, slow, silent bow, a sort of distressed shyness in his countenance, and a deprecating politeness, like that of the olden times, and in his whole demeanor there was something strange and unusual. His humorous air of simplicity, his slow, measured words, and general eccentricity of manners and appearance, was at first a signal for merriment. But that evening, was the beginning of an affection between us of uninterrupted continuance like that of a brother for a young sister."

Unfortunately, Hartley inherited the same infirmity of purpose which was the curse of his Father's life. With faculties originally powerful, and stored with all the riches of learning, neither of the Coleridges has left any one really great work—*such* a work we mean as they were both beyond question, able to produce.

We have elsewhere alluded to the unusual success which has crowned the efforts of our fellow-citizens of Charleston, who united in the establishment of the "FRASER GALLERY."

The following correspondence, which was unaccountably omitted from the published record of the proceedings of the Committee, we cheerfully insert, as it possesses much more than an ephemeral interest.

Fraser Gallery, South Carolina Hall,
Tuesday, 3d Feb., 1857.

At a meeting of the Committee, this day, the following proceedings were adopted:

Resolved, That the success of the proposal lately made to the holders of Mr. Fraser's paintings, to send them to this hall for exhibition, has exceeded our highest expectation; that although the severity and inclemency of the season delayed their transmission a few days, the collection is now one of remarkable interest, from the number, the variety, and the artistic value of the pieces.

Resolved, That the Committee would embrace the occasion to offer to the venerable artist, the opportunity rarely afforded to any man, of being surrounded, in the evening of his days, by his own favorite works, the productions of a long life, "*studio fallente laborem;*" and thus to present to him a recompense of skill not only just and rational in itself, but fruitful in reminiscences, which, although they will take their hues from the changeful condition of our being, must be rich to a mind like his, matured by various culture and habitual reflection.

Resolved, therefore, That in the desire of seeing our friend frequently in this hall, mingling with the visitors, without the constraint of form or ceremony, (which we feel assured will be as gratifying to the community as to the Committee) three gentlemen be appointed to wait upon Mr. Fraser, to inform him of the success of the exhibition, and to invite him to visit the hall whenever his health and convenience will permit.

To this invitation, the venerable Artist thus replied:

"GENTLEMEN—Your kind invitation to me to visit the Gallery, has been received with great pleasure. My long life, which has been devoted to art, is now drawing to a close, and you have smoothed its decline by awarding to my works a distinction which, but for your judgment, I would say was unmerited. For your labors in the collection and public exhibition of my pictures, and for the kindness which suggested the thought, you have my sincerest acknowledgements. I am also greatly indebted to the ladies, by whose taste and assiduity in the arrangement of them, so much has been accomplished. Whatever honors the occasion may gather around me, I willingly lay at their feet, as a tribute of my gratitude.

With great respect, I remain,
Your obedient servant,
CHARLES FRASER.

One great danger which has threatened our country, from the beginning, lies in the ardent, inconsiderate haste with which our young men of talent rush into *politics*.

Original taste and endowment are but slightly consulted in this matter. A despotic custom rules individual choice, and even moulds the original temperament. Every youth of independent fortune, who is also possessed of cleverness, thinks it his duty—his *mission*—to adopt some party-badge, to fight under some political banner—Democratic or Whig, Black Re-

publican or Blue. The notion of confining his ambition to the limited routine of a scholar's or author's life, he would dismiss as ridiculous and degrading. Thus the land is cursed with hordes of third-rate, fourth-rate, and tenth-rate politicians, who, in the tumult of angry collisions, and the disappointment of foolish hopes, lose all consistency of principle, equanimity of temper, and delicacy of honor. Many of these persons are men of fortune; others possess the amplest competency.

Now, such individuals might accomplish a world of good, as the patrons, if not themselves the cultivators of Art and Literature. And, if happiness is the object, or one of the objects, of human existence, can it be doubted that the avocations of the student, or the author, are immeasurably more likely to lead to this great end, than the unwholesome excitements of political ambition?

Politics, as conducted at present, is merely a game—a game in which the winner is not always—not often, perhaps,—an honest man. At best, it has degenerated from a science into a trade. Its purpose is no longer the direction of free government, the elucidation of national right, but the promotion of selfish, sectional, personal interest. Everybody is a politician: nobody a patriot. Now, why should gentlemen who have leisure, opportunity, talent, and property, defile themselves with the inevitable pitch from which scarcely a single phase of political labor is free.

Does not Art, in this country, stand in need of its Mæcanases; have we not men of genius, philosophers, and thinkers of every grade, whose fortunes might be advanced by the contribution of a hundredth part of the money squandered by rich men upon some useless and absurd election?

But placing this question solely upon the ground of *individual enjoyment*, we would ask which course ("other things being equal") is likely to afford an intellectual man the truest satisfaction, the companionship of suggestive books, of sympathising scholars, of wise and pure thoughts, which are evolving themselves, perhaps, into some noble creative result of permanent, universal value; or the associations of hot and eager caucuses, and a continual, charming contact with the "Great Unwashed?"

It is a godlike power which masters men by reason, and raises its possessor to the governorship of a great people. It is a godlike power, likewise, which, at the crisis threatening a nation's existence, turns back the tide of ruin, and regenerates the national life. But such cases are extreme, and exceptional. Heaven-appointed genius, like this, is the one bright, consummate flower of a century—an age—a series of ages.

Our quarrel is with the politicians of to-day—the many intelligent persons in independent circumstances who waste fortune, health, time, everything of value, in the poor scramble for office; and who, with faculties which might be profitably and nobly employed in the higher sphere of learning, or authorship, are content to pass their days "in the ingenious study of self-degradation." But alas! convention is a sort of earthly Omnipotent! Insensibly we are drawn into the rapid current of present modes of opinion. The American genius is said to be, *par excellence*, political. No other kind of excellence is worthy the exercise of respectable endowments.

We heartily deprecate this folly. The adage, in reference to supernumerary cooks, applies, with equal force to other professions besides that of the *cuisine*. They are making a "hell-broth"—these politicians whose "name is legion"—of the rights, and the liberty of the people. The cauldron may happen to overflow, and then——why, then, as Mr. Reynolds is fond of exclaiming, "the scene may be better imagined than described."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Glancing over the recent periodical issues, both British and American, we have been struck with the fact that at least one half the *belle lettres* criticism is occupied with the review of new Poems. At no period of literary history has the rhyming mania been more intense, widespread, and persistant. We have been flooded with a deluge of verse—sentimental and metaphysical, religious and sceptical, trifling and profound. A noted characteristic of the "latter-day Bards" is their amazing facility. Their performances crowd upon and jostle each other, so that the very authorship of them becomes almost problematical on account of the natural difficulty of believing that effusions, so various and perpetual, are to be attributed to a single source. But the question arises, have the "latter-day Bards"—and we particularly refer to the Alexander Smiths, the Dobells, Masseys, Allinghams, Baileys, &c.,—contributed anything vital and permanent to the literature of the age? We think that the "fatal facility" to which we have alluded is conclusive to the contrary.

The human mind being the same in all times, it is not to be presumed that Epics, nor for that matter, Lyrics, or Sonnets, can be properly constructed in a day. Inspiration ceased with the miracles, and it would be well for our modern songsters to recognize the fact.

Still, the arrogant self-confidence, the insufferable egôism, with which "the guild" seem to be affected, resulting in artistic infidelity and consequent inability, to consummate any art-products of exalted and recognized value are, thank Heaven! by no means universal. Here, for example, are two handsome duodecimos from the press of *Ticknor & Fields*, containing the "Plays and Poems" of George H. Boker, which we regard as works of rare and admirable merit.

To say that Mr. Boker is the best American Dramatist, might be considered as equivocal praise. In fact, he is *the* Dramatist of the country, and occupies the field without a rival. Isolated plays and tragedies of great merit, (as Mr. Simm's Norman Maurice, for example) have been written, but to Mr. Boker belongs the credit of having devoted himself almost exclusively, and with singular success, to Dramatic composition. In so doing he has consulted the instincts of his taste and genius. To a vigorous and fluent imagination, he unites remarkable constructive power, and a really profound insight into character and morals. His style is fresh, nervous and idiomatic. In an age of mannerism and affectation, it is refreshing to encounter a writer so natural and so *English*.

Mr. Boker has evidently studied with deep reverence, and the most loving sympathy, not only the *works* of the great masters of English poetry, but the *philosophy* of their works.

He has fairly caught the spirit of Shakspeare, and the contemporary Dramatists.

"The spacious times of great Elizabeth,"

have moulded the fashion of his thought and language.

We find in his plays the same lucid directness of meaning, the same sinewy development of broad relations—and a generalizing study of man and nature. Nothing could be more in opposition to the sickly taste of the day than the simple and massive strength of Mr. Boker's writings

They have not, consequently, received from the popular press a tithe of the applause which has been bestowed upon Poets of infinitely inferior force and art. A New York Monthly, which affects, we believe, to be the exponent *par excellence* of American literary claims, and whose Editors have exhausted the three luminous critical formulæ of the erudite Mr. Peter McGrawler, who have practised, we mean, to their own credit and the satisfaction of the public, the respectable arts of "tickling" "slashing," and "plastering," (the "slashing" process having been especially exercised at the expense of the South)—devotes a rather patronizing half-column to the "Plays" of Boker, while upon the very next page we have a lengthy and extravagant lau-

dation of the irreligious, vagaries, and morbid philosophy of the author of "Passion Flowers."

Elsewhere we have given a brief specimen of Mrs. Howe's style, so that our readers may form some faint idea of the absurdity of such commendation. We can readily understand that the admirers of this strong-minded lady would look coldly upon any production which united vigorous Saxon with healthy common sense, and a sound imagination.

The volumes before us contain four Tragedies, two Comedies, and a variety of miscellaneous poems,—conspicuous among which are some of the most artistic Sonnets that have been published in this country.

We have not the space for a special analysis of these Plays. The Tragedy of "Anne Boleyn," though venturing upon the domain of Shakspeare, and naturally challenging comparison with some of the latter scenes of "Henry VIII," is a bold, striking, and successful performance, ably conceived, admirably managed in general construction, as well as in details—and full of grace, strength, and genius.

In a different vein is the mournful drama of "Francisca da Rimini," a remarkable instance of the author's power of pathetic description, and the subtle reach of his faculty of analysis. The scanty materials of the story in the *Inferno*, Mr. Boker has worked up into a narrative of thrilling interest, abounding in touches of nature, and informed by pure feeling and noble passion.

The interview, in the fifth act, between Francesca and Paolo, rises to the height of the loftiest eloquence and beauty, and the catastrophe, which immediately follows, is invested with a touching grandeur of fatality irrisistibly affecting.

Had we the room, we should gladly quote the entire scene referred to; as it is, we can only afford to give our readers a glimpse of the genuine quality of Mr. Boker's works, by quoting this fine sonnet

TO ANDREW JACKSON.

Old Lion of the Hermitage, again
The times invoke thee, but thou art not here;
Cannot our peril call thee from thy bier?
France vapors, and the puny arm of Spain
Is up to strike us; England gives them cheer,
False to the child, that in her hour of fear,
Must be her bulwark and her succor, fain
To prop the strength, which even now doth wane.
Nor these alone; intestine broils delight
The gaping monarchs, and our liberal shore
Is rife with traitors. Now, while both unite—
Europe and treason—I would see once more
Thy dreadful courage lash itself, to might
Behold thee shake thy mane, and hear thy roar!

Ticknor & Fields, who deserve to be called the Poets' Publishers, have given to the world another work of peculiar merit, from the pen of *Richard Henry Stoddard*. It consists of a collection of the author's recent poems, many of them fugitive pieces, but distinguished by consummate grace of diction, a rare sensuous fancy, and an exquisite sweetness and melody of rhythm.

Among the younger writers of the country, Mr. Stoddard is pre-eminent as a faithful and consistent *artist*. He does not inflict upon the public crude, imperfect, and ill-considered performances, resting their chances of success upon isolated felicities of thought and expression; but *all* his productions (great or small) exhibit the proof of having been maturely pondered, and built up with watchful, elaborate, conscientious care.

In examining the work under review, which is entitled "*Songs of Summer*," we have been struck by its literal fulfilment of the Coleridgian definition of poetry.

"The best words in the best order," applying, as it does, however, to the mere *form* or machinery of art, is the least part of the commendation which these "Songs" deserve. The Muse which animates them is a sweet and subtle spirit. She is, by turns, quaint and familiar, sentimental and jocose, imaginative and metaphysical, passionate and contemplative.

The book may be compared to an artist's gallery, filled with miniature portraits of the characteristic features of different nations, and the various epochs of history. Here is an illustrative poem:

THE SLEDGE AT THE GATE.

LAPLAND.

I.

I would run this arrow straight into my heart,
Sooner than see what I saw to-night!
I harnessed my reindeer, mounted the sledge,
And skimmed the snow by the northern light.
The thin ice crackled, the water roared,

But I crossed the fiord!
I reached the house when the night was late—
What's this? a deer, and a sledge at the gate!

II.

The eyes of Zela are winter springs—
But the wealth of summer is in her hair:
But she loves me not; she is false to-night,
Or why are the sledge and the reindeer there?
I threw myself down, face-first on the snow—
"Let the false one go!"
She never shall know my love, or my scorn,
For I shall be frozen stiff in the morn!

III.

The sharp winds blew, and my limbs grew chill:
I knew no more till I felt the fire:
They rubbed my heart, and they rubbed my hands,
And my life came back with a dark desire!
She spake kind words, and smoothed my hair—
But the sledge was there!
"You may be two lovers, but I am not one;
I gave all my heart—I must have all, or none!"

IV.

I mounted my sledge, and the reindeer flew,
In the wind, in the snow, in the winding sleet—
The snow was heavy, the wind like a knife,
And the ice like water under my feet!
The wolves were hungry—they scented my track,
But I fought them back!
Give a Lapp an arrow, like this I hold—
And a faithless woman to make him bold—
He fears neither wolves, nor the winter's cold!

The more lengthy and elaborate poems, in this collection, prove that Mr. Stoddard is not a mere exquisite lyrist, but that he possesses breadth of thought, and sustained executive as well as conceptive vigor.

In proof of this, we would adduce the remarkable story of "The Fisher and Charon"—probably the most subtle and harmonious production in blank verse ever published in this country.

But we have not the space, at present, to do justice to our author's genius. Hereafter, we design to review the writings of Boker and Stoddard, with something of the minuteness which is due to works of such unquestionable merit.

Certain things we shall doubtless find in both, upon which to vent whatever spleen rests latent in our kindly critical constitution.

Last in the trio of Poets to be noticed in the present number, is the young Englishman, *Matthew Arnold*, a son of the good and great Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. His volume—re-published from the last London edition—in *Ticknor & Fields'* best style, has been reviewed by a correspondent whose judgment, coinciding in the main with our own, is thus tersely and happily expressed.

It is really very refreshing to find somebody, in this evil day of mannerism, affectation, and obscurity, who is bold enough to stand up and protest against these abuses.

Thanks to Mr. Arnold, for his trenchant defence of "English undefiled." But it seems to us, that in his very proper detestation of this manneristic school, Mr. Arnold has, perhaps, run into the opposite extreme of too great indifference to verbal excellencies and the due polish of expression. Hence, several of his readers have pronounced his style peculiarly bald and un-ornate. We will quote from his Preface, (in which, after the fashion of Wordsworth, he has written out his theory,) his very significant argument as to totality of effect: "We can hardly, at the present day, understand what Menander meant, when he told a man who inquired as to the progress of his comedy, that he had finished it, not having written, as yet, a single line, because he had constructed the action of it in his mind. A modern critic would have assured him that the merit of his piece depended on the brilliant things which arose under his pen as he went along. *We have poems which seem to exist merely for the sake of single lines and passages*; not for the sake of producing any total impression. *We have critics who seem to direct* their attention merely to detached passages, to the *language about the action, not to the action itself.* They will permit the poet to select any action he pleases, and to suffer that action to go as it will, provided he gratifies them with occasional bursts of fine writing, and with a shower of isolated thoughts and images. That is, they permit him to leave their poetical sense ungratified, provided he gratifies their rhetorical sense and their curiosity." (p. 17.)

Although the whole Preface is admirably written, although we agree perfectly with his doctrine, somehow we wish the argument had not been published in this volume. In the first place, because we do not like argumentative prefaces to

volumes of poetry; in the second place, because Mr. Arnold has not done any thing in the way of illustrating the doctrine for which he argues. But the preface is valuable in its way, and we hope it will do much good.

This volume is a wonderful collection of very good and extremely bad poetry. "Sohrab and Rustum" is an admirable performance; it rises to a Miltonic grandeur occasionally, and places its author far above all the puling herd of complainers who call themselves "poets of the nineteenth century."—Parts of "Tristram and Iseult" are touchingly beautiful, and "Balder-dead" is very far from being balder-dash. There is one part of this poem which affected us powerfully. When Balder dies, Hermod goes to Hela, to find out upon what terms he might be brought back to life, and Valhalla. Frea, mother of the Gods, answers, that if all "living and unliving things will weep" for him, he may be won back to heaven. Hermod announces it to the Gods;

"When the Gods heard they straight arose and took
Their horses, and rode forth through all the world.
North, south, east, west they struck, and roamed the world,
Entreating all things to mourn Balder's death;
And all that lived, and all without life, wept."

With the same feeling which comes over one who watches a performer of some dangerous gymnastic feat, as he begins to jeopardize his life in his perilous task, we almost held our breath, with fear of a failure, as we read thus far;—but were re-assured by the following passage:

"—As in winter when the frost breaks up,
At winter's end before the spring begins,
And a warm west-wind blows, and thaw sets in—
After an hour, a dripping sound is heard
In all the forests, and the soft-strewn snow
Under the trees is dibbled thick with holes,
And from the boughs the snow-loads shuffle down;
And in fields sloping to the South, dark plots
Of grass peep out amid surrounding snow,
And widen, and the peasant's heart is glad—
So through the world was heard a dripping noise
Of all things weeping to bring Balder back." (p. 230.)

In the most prominent contrast to Arnold's very striking merit, we reluctantly must acknowledge he has written some atrocious stuff; it is really painful to read such jargon as that shocking thing called "Consolation"—indeed most of the shorter pieces are worse than even the ordinary sort of fashionable poetry. His larger poems, however, possess very great merit; and if Mr. Arnold will polish a little more, and avoid the extreme of indifference, into which he sometimes runs, we have no doubt but that he will soon stand at the head of the living poets of Great Britain. For natural power, with a peculiar sort of cultivation, he is already unrivalled.

Eadie's Analytical Concordance of the Holy Scriptures, an exceedingly fat folio from the press of *Gould & Lincoln, Boston,* has been prepared upon a plan different from that of ordinary Concordances, Manuals, and Text Books.

Its design is to present not a concordance of *words*, but of *subjects*. All those passages of scripture which relate to one subject are brought together *under one general head, and then distributed under many subordinate heads.*

In addition to this, there is an elaborate *Synopsis*, and also an *Index*,—embracing nearly two thousand leading words arranged in alphabetical order.

The system upon which this work has been prepared is to a great degree novel. Educated men of all tastes and pursuits will find it useful and instructive.

To Clergymen and Teachers, it ought to be an invaluable acquisition.

Seed-Grain for Thought and Discussion, is the rather affected title of a very excellent compilation by Mrs. Anna C. Lowell, of Boston, a lady, we should say, of extensive reading and reliable taste. The work, consisting of *two* handsome volumes, (*Ticknor & Fields, Publishers,*) is made up chiefly of extracts from the philosophical writers of our language. This plan has been pursued because the Compiler's object is rather to induce thought and elevate feeling, than merely to entertain. We are thus presented with the cream of a high order of literature, arranged in an inviting and judicious manner. To that large class of persons who have neither the leisure nor the inclination to make themselves critically familiar with the various works here referred to, we cordially commend Mrs. Lowell's selections.

They are calculated to excite and foster pure reflection and generous sentiment.

Mr. Charles T. Brooks has added an-

other to the numerous translations of Gœthe's "*Faust.*" The present version, however, possesses a decided claim to originality. It is an attempt to render the German master-piece into the exact and ever-changing metre of the original, to follow—as the author tells us—"the exquisite artist in the evidently planned and orderly intermixing of *male* and *female* rhymes, i.e. rhymes which fall on the last syllable, and those which fall on the last but one."

A faithful metrical translation of "Faust,"—carefully presenting the peculiarities of its mechanical structure—Heyward, and the authors of previous versions, both literal and paraphrastic, have stoutly maintained to be *impossible.* Impossible, doubtless it was, to them, and it must have been accompained with peculiar difficulties, even to the versatile ingenuity of so accomplished a Prosodist as Mr. Brooks. But having succeeded in his design without sacrificing a jot either of "metre or meaning," the translator offers us a transcript of this great work, which, while it commends itself to the attention of scholars, cannot fail to impress upon the mind of the general reader a correct and vivid conception of its grand original.

Hour with the Mystics. A Contribution to the History of Religious opinion, by Robert Alfred Vaughan, (in 2 volumes, J. W. Parker & Son, London,) is a work which should certainly be re-published in this country. Will not our friends, Messrs. *Ticknor & Fields*, undertake the task?

The author of this learned and deeply interesting *History*, is by no means himself a mystic, nor inclined to transcendental views. On the contrary, he possesses a firm sinewy intellect, and a style remarkable for its luminous directness and significance. His plan is simply to give an impartial and authentic abstract of the various Faiths, and systems of Belief which we term compendiously mystical; so far as in the end to impress upon the reader's mind a tolerably philosophical notion of the entire *Theologia Mystica.* The book is in the form of Dialogues between three friends, and displays an extent of research and profundity of observation, which, apart from the subject matter, are sufficient to render the work of value to all thoughtful spirits. It contains, besides, a mass of information upon a *recherche* topic which is not elsewhere to be found. But the chief charm and value of the *History* to our mind, lies in its careful exposition of the true character of *Mysticism*, and its effect, occult and open, upon the religion, philosophy and morals of mankind.

The author's definition of Mysticism is "*spirituality diseased.*" He maintains that although an error, it "has been associated for the most part with a measure of truth so considerable that its good has greatly outweighed its evil, and that on this ground alone its history should be judged of interest." He presents us with every extreme of mystical doctrine from the allegorical obscurities of the Hindoo *Bagvat-Gita*, and the ecstacies of Neo Platonism, down to the latest cloudy glimmer of German "theosophic moonshine."

But through all its strange revelations of spiritual extravagance and folly, we trace the workings of an aspiring Faith, a sacred and irrepressible passion for a communion above the bondage of the senses; in brief, the constant and vital presence of that upward-struggling *principle*, which, whatever its wanderings and errors—is ever seeking after the light, and bearing within itself the seeds of immortal life.

Messrs Little & Brown, of Boston, have been engaged for several years in the publication of a uniform series of the British Poets, modeled after the famous *Aldine* edition issued by Pickering.—We think that they have surpassed the original. The paper, at least, is fuller and finer, and what is of greater importance, the edition is more comprehensive. They have recently published the works of *John Skelton, in three*, and of *Robert Herrick, in two volumes.*

The former is probably the most obscure of the British Poets. He lived during the latter part of the 15th century, and though invested with holy orders, was, we are told, suspended by his diocesan for writing loose and profligate verses.

The interest attaching to his works at the present day, is wholly antiquarian.

With *Robert Herrick* the case is different. He has been well styled the English Catullus, and is beyond doubt the most graceful and spirited of the early Song-writers of his country. He, too, was a clergyman, and notwithstanding his "PIOUS PIECES," published in 1647, cannot be said to have magnified his calling in his poetry. He displayed a passion for taverns and wine-bibbing, and some of his best lyrics are Bacchanalian. Productions he has left, however, of a more serious kind, which do honor both to his genius and his heart. Among his pathetic songs we would specially instance the exquisite verses beginning

"Gather the rose-buds when you may,
Old Time is still a-flying, &c."

We are likewise indebted to *Messrs. Little & Brown* for an edition of *Thomas*

Moore—belonging to the same general series—in *six volumes.*

These are prefaced by an ample and candid Biography, and the annotations are elaborate and satisfactory.

The Publishers have been fortunate enough to secure for their edition the editorial and critical services of *Prof. Child*, of Cambridge University.

Although the *Saint's Tragedy*, by *Chas. Kingsley*, is *not* a recent publication, (it was issued about eight months since by *Ticknor & Fields*,) the power of the work is so great, and the attention it has received at the South so inconsiderable, that we have determined to present our readers with a brief analysis of its merits.

Ever since Mr. Carlyle's essays have become popular, it has been the favorite cant of the age, to talk about the advent of the "*earnest man.*" Who or what this "earnest" individual is, or is to be, does not clearly appear. No definite signification attaches to the term. It may be applied with equal propriety to the boxer in the ring, the philosopher in the study. In fact it is comprehensive enough to cover the capabilities of a large class of Quacks and Impostors. Barnum, we take it, is a peculiarly "earnest" man; and so are Henry Ward Beecher, Professor Silli-man, and a score of similar patriots we might mention, "earnest men." Turning to the realm of literature, however, there are one or two contemporary authors whose rare union of constitutional and mental vigor, whose unflagging enthusiasm and supremacy of will, afford us some insight into the true meaning of a term, which the transcendentalists have made as mystical as the secrets of the Cabala.

Undoubtedly, the chief of these authors is Charles Kingsley. He is too little of an egotist, too wholly a Christian gentleman, and, we may add, too eminently an artist, ever to be popular with the masses; and his boldness in speculation, and uncompromising hatred of conventional sophistry and falsehood, daringly and bitterly expressed, are not calculated to render him a favorite with the simply practical and worldly-prudent, who would rather swallow a camel in the way of effete social, or religious prescription, than strain at the merest gnat of a *new* idea, which may possibly be a very excellent idea notwithstanding. Kingsley has written all his works with *a special object.* They each display, interfused with splendid imagination, vigorous, manly feeling, and gorgeous dramatic, or, perhaps we should rather say *scenic*, power—the workings of a moral process by which some of the gravest problems of human life are developed in their naked actuality—in the startling light of true relation, and a broad, manifold experience. Nothing, therefore, is further from the truth than the insinuation of Blackwood, that Kingsley is a reformer, of more ambition than judgment, who, shrinking from the straight forward logical formulas, decks a favorite theory in the garb of fiction, as an apothecary might seek to disguise a pill, of doubtful ingredients, in sugar or lemonade. On the contrary, the moral of all his novels, instead of being superficial, and consequently offensive, pervades the body of his narratives with a clear, fluent, unobtrusive persuasiveness, which gives to the outlying incidents a catholic vitality and value.

"The Saint's Tragedy," and the miscellaneous poems of which the volume before us is composed, present these qualities of the author's mind most conspicuously. The "Tragedy" is founded upon the legend of Elizabeth of Hungary, and is designed to show how disastrous is the conflict between the instinctive human affections, and the iron rule of superstitious faith. Elizabeth, the daughter of a king of Hungary, is betrothed to Lewis Langrave of Thuringia. She visits the Court of the latter, and early in the action of the drama, marries Lewis, who is represented as sincere and loving, but somewhat of a Dreamer. The Pope's Legate—Conrad—a narrow-minded bigot, and full of the fiery zeal of his age, soon after the union of the lovers, acquires a baleful influence over the mind of Elizabeth, persuading her that a surrender to mere human sympathies and duty, is a sin against God and the Church. This monk is a wily sophist. His "beggings of the question" may be monstrous, but the flaws of the argument are filled up with a very sufficient torrent of fine words and brilliant promises of beatification. His logic prevails, and Elizabeth, at the age of *seventeen*, goes forth into the world's thoroughfares, and haunts of wretchedness and iniquity—

"Clad in rough serge, and with her bare,
soft palms
Wooing the ruthless flint."

Her self-abasement, her charity, the tortures she inflicts upon herself, are scarcely justified by the kind, or the degree of faith which she at this time possesses.

Her mind continues to waver between the God-implanted impulse of earthly love, and the requisitions of a besotted creed. The *woman* rebels sometimes, and the *saint* backslides towards "carnal affection." In some such mood she sings:

"Oh! that we two were Maying
Down the stream of the soft spring breeze;
Like children with violets playing
In the shade of the whispering trees.

"Oh! that we two sat dreaming
On the sward of some sheep-trimmed down,
Watching the white mist streaming
Over river, and mead, and town.

"Oh! that we two lay sleeping
In our nest in the church yard sod,
With our limbs at rest on the quiet earth's breast,
And our souls at home with God!"

But these moods become daily less frequent and intense, and it is only when she learns from Lewis that he has taken the oath of a Crusader, that her womanly nature again asserts itself. Her father confessor appearing at this moment, the following stormy interview ensues:

"*Eliz.* (*Rising.*) You know, Sir, that my husband has taken the cross?
"*Con.* I do; all praise to God!
"*Eliz.* But none to you:
Hard-hearted! Am I not enough your slave?
Can I obey you more when he is gone
Than now I do? Wherein, pray, has he hindered
This holiness of mine, for which you make me
Old ere my womanhood? [CONRAD *offers to go.*]
Stay, Sir, and tell me
Is this the out-come of your "father's care?"
Was it not enough to poison all my joys
With foulest scruples?—show me nameless sins,
Where I, unconscious babe, blessed God for all things,
But you must thus intrigue away my knight
And plunge me down this gulf of widowhood!
And I not twenty yet—a girl—an orphan,
That cannot stand alone! Was I too happy?
Oh, God! what lawful bliss do I not buy
And balance with the smart of some sharp penance?
Hast thou no pity? None? Thou drivest me
To fiendish doubts: Thou, Jesus' messenger!
"*Con.* This to your master!
"*Eliz.* This to any one
Who dares to part me from my love.
"*Con.* 'Tis well;
In pity to your weakness I must deign
To do what ne'er I did—excuse myself."

Immediately after, Lewis repairs to the Holy Land, where he is subsequently slain. His wife, who has been meanwhile enduring intolerable hardships, takes refuge in the palace of her uncle, the Bishop of Bamberg. The Bishop says to her, (he being by no means an advocate of celibacy, and not liking to be burdened with a wo-begone niece:)

"Why not marry some honest man? You may have your choice of kings and princes; and if you have been happy with one gentleman, Mass! say I, why can't you be happy with another? What sayeth the Scripture! 'I will that the younger widows marry, bear children,'—not run after monks, and what not.—What's good for the filly, is good for the mare, say I.

"*Eliz.* Uncle, I soar now at a higher pitch—
To be henceforth the bride of Christ alone.

Bishop. Ahem!—pious notion—in moderation. We must be moderate, my child—moderate: I hate overdoing any thing—especially religion."

Nothing now can cure the poor widow's infatuation. God had taken away her husband; she at length, and as a final exertion of self-sacrifice, consents to surrender her children. It is done, and she retires into solitude and destitution, (where soon her wretched existence terminates), with these words upon her lips:

"All worldly goods and wealth, which once I loved,
I now do count but dross; and my beloved,
The children of my womb, I now regard
As if they were another's; God is witness,
My pride is to despise myself; my joy
All insults, sneers, and slanders of mankind;
No creature now I love but God alone.
Oh, to be clear, clear, clear, of all but Him!
Lo, hear I strip me of all earthly helps—
[*Tearing off her clothes.*
Naked and barefoot through the world to follow
My naked Lord."

Such is a bald and imperfect outline of the "Saint's Tragedy." It is a powerful and impressive drama, not successful, certainly, if judged by any criterion of stage adaptability, but full of noble poetry, of outgushing sympathies, of striking thought, and of manly, terse, and passionate diction.

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SOUTHERN AND NORTHERN CIVILIZATION CONTRASTED.

Nature, as well as institutions, have divided this Confederacy into two pretty equal portions, which we call the North and the South. A moderate and open winter, a protracted summer, a congeniality for the production of certain valuable staples, and the spontaneous generation of that mysterious agent to which we give the name of malaria, constitute the chief physical peculiarities of the South. At the North, a rigorous winter, a hot but comparatively short summer, a soil fertile in grasses and grain, and a climate not generally prolific of fever, not only invite but compel the virtue of economy and forethought. The inhospitality of their winters has made the people comfortable, and the absence of any specially valuable staple, has opened to them endless sources of wealth and luxury.

Arriving at the different regions of the American wilderness, the emigrants were naturally desirous of maintaining that civilization and its comforts which they had enjoyed at home. At the South nature kindly lent her assistance. In the virgin luxuriance of her forests and her young soil, she developed the means of keeping, at no cost of labor, those animals which minister to our varied wants, and the ox and the hog, without human care, overran the country, and not only furnished food to the proprietor, but freighted the ships of the merchant. The horse, too, became a naturalized citizen of the soil. Like the mustang of the western prairie, he enjoyed the liberty of the forest; and tradition still points to numerous places where snares were set to entrap the untutored vagabond when the wants or the interest of his owner made it necessary or desirable to secure the possession of his person. The South thus became, by the operation of nature, a pastoral country; and with that tenacity of purpose and of custom which characterizes her people, they still retain its habits, though the agency of the slave has long since caused the planter to intrude into the domain of the grazier. Nature alone would have made us a pas-

toral people; all our pretensions to the character of agriculturists are due to the presence among us of slaves.

The inhospitable climate of the North compelled her people to move in a different direction. To meet the demands of the rigorous winter, ample provision was to be made for the beast as well as man. Thrift was a necessity, and thrift became the mother of improvement.

The influence of climate alone would, therefore, have been sufficient to establish a considerable difference in the developments of Northern and Southern civilization. The one from necessity, became a thrifty agricultural people, and the other was invited to resort to agriculture merely as an aid to pastoral life. But the introduction of a new element into the Southern section changed the whole character of that region, and the pastoral condition became lost in that of the staple producer. For it is not true that we are an agricultural people. The labor of our slaves is devoted to objects which are immediately profitable. They roam over our pine barrens and extract from the trees the turpentine which keeps the fleets of the world on the ocean; they reap the golden rice from the swamps which border our rivers; they cultivate the sugar, and the tobacco, now become a want of our nature; and, above all, they cultivate, gather and prepare the cotton, which is destined to make the civilized world tributary to their masters.

The presence of the negro has placed us in a position somewhat analogous to that of the people of New England at the close of the last war with Britain. That war, and the events which had preceded it, caused them to pass from an agricultural to a manufacturing condition; we are in the transition state, from a pastoral to an agricultural state. It is true we have been long in this transition state, and as long as the objects of our culture continue to yield quick and large profits, so long will we continue in this state. We are not agriculturists, for we have yet to learn the lesson of thrift; and so long as our staples continue to invite the labor of our slaves, just so long will we fail to discover that the earth contains other resources by which wealth may be poured into our laps. Our development of civilization must obey the circumstances of our condition, and though we may modify it in some particulars, we cannot, without gross Quixotism, attempt to obey any other law.

Slavery is an essential element in Southern civilization. It is a necessary condition, and it operates upon every member of our society. It is vain to say that such an one owns no slaves. All are educated under its influence, and he who owns none, feels it no less than he who possesses hundreds. But before we touch upon some of its effects, let us inquire further into the early developments of the North and the South. We shall find other causes of difference still operating, and destined, perhaps, to continue operating for generations to come.

Who were the founders of the New England States? Beyond all question a great, an energetic, and a self-esteeming people, worthy of all admiration. In an age of high religious development, a set of men of pure Anglo-Saxon blood, conceived themselves to be a peculiar people. Persecuted on points merely of discipline, they left their native land to enjoy religious liberty in Holland. And here is a feature in their character which has not received much attention from their historians, but which furnishes a

clue to the understanding of their whole subsequent career. They pined under religious liberty. They found themselves menaced in Holland with an evil which they considered worse even than the terrors of religious persecution at home. They found that their children were becoming Dutchmen. That they who were the salt of the earth should thus merge into mere burgomasters and burgomistresses was an evident frustration of all the special promises which the gift of prophesy and of inspiration had revealed to them; and to avoid this calamity they dared not only the dangers of the ocean, but the infinitely greater dangers and hardships of the savage wilderness of America.

As they were a peculiar people, the chosen of God, the light which was to shine forth and illuminate the earth, they carefully watched each other. From the moment of their landing, they proceeded to settle on the basis of mutual supervision. Civilization advanced from the coast in a stately municipal march; new settlements were made in pursuance of the resolutions of town meetings, and every step into the wilderness was trodden simultaneously by the pastor and his flock. That the schoolmaster went with them is only a proof of their civilization. We give them no peculiar credit for this. For where in civilization will you find a dozen families and no school? But we do commend them in that they appreciated a superior order of instruction. By an early law of Massachusetts, every town with a certain number of families, was obliged to maintain a grammar school. This proves that a large proportion of the settlers were men who had enjoyed these advantages at home, and were unwilling that their children should be less kindly nurtured than themselves. In less than twenty years the infant colony had founded the venerable University of Harvard. Their peculiar views of themselves and of their position rendered this a necessity. As a colony for religion, to use their own expression, it was indispensable to the development of their Church that they should have a University. In that age the gift of inspiration was made only to scholars; the spirit descended not upon the unlearned. But the seats of learning at home were tainted with the stains of heresy and prelacy. The purity of the Church could be preserved only by keeping pure the fountains of learning; and where could it be so well protected as in their own bosoms. The University of Harvard originated not in choice but in necessity.

Such is a brief outline of the progress of Northern civilization. Man never escaped from the direct influence of society. He went nowhere without his church and his school; and entertaining intense faith in the destiny of his society, he valued himself as constituting a portion of a chosen and a favored race.

At the South, all was different. The attempt to establish a community at Jamestown in anticipation of the social philosophy of this age having nearly resulted in the destruction of the colony, society thenceforth began a natural and healthy development. As the colonists had no peculiar views respecting the sacredness of their mission, no pre-conceived theories of religion or of government to maintain, every man left his neighbor to develope himself, and valued him for his worth as a man, not for being the object of a special divine agency. Nature invited them to separate whenever they could do so with safety, and as the principle of

supervision was not recognized, they eagerly obeyed the invitation. This tendency to isolation was increased by the introduction of slaves; as they not only required a more extensive allotment of land to each proprietor, but rendered them less dependent upon each other for the performance of those offices which could now be required of the slaves. In the absence of society, men lived chiefly on their own thoughts. Influenced by no action of others, the planter thought for himself and acted for himself. Not for himself, indeed, for his situation required that he should also think for others. But his thought was not reciprocal. Hence, while he acquired the habit of reliance on himself, he was little regardful of the power or the claims of society.

But while thus appearing to avoid society, it is not to be supposed that the southerner is unsocial. Quite the contrary. Society to him is a luxury, not a habit, far less a necessity. He esteems it a thing too good for every-day wear, and reserved for the Sunday festival. But while thus secluding himself from close communion with his fellows, he spares no pains nor expense in the education of his children. The Southern gentleman regards education not as a means to a fortune, not as a resource against want, not as a step to a profession, but as a thing desirable in itself. It is questionable whether the greater part of the graduates of our Colleges ever embrace professional life; and certainly not half of those who enter the legal and medical professions have gone through a collegiate career. The highest degree of cultivation is sought as an end of itself. And it is this view of it which explains the weight which the South has enjoyed in this Confederacy. The planter class is an educated class. True it is, that they may not be posted up in all the details of the professional scholar, that they may be compelled to preserve a painful silence in a company of *literateurs;* but apart from professional exactness and professional details, they have that general scholarly training which so well becomes the gentleman, and is so necessary to the perfect development of his character. Thence a catholicity of taste as well as of feeling, and an elevated view of all subjects, particularly public affairs, which commands respect, because it is felt that the views are neither the suggestions of private interest nor the convenient opinions of a paid advocate.

The isolation in which the men of the South generally live, has doubtless contributed to form one of the most striking differences between the two sections of our country. Conventional proprieties are less regarded here than at the North. I do not refer to propriety of personal manners, but of thought. We think not after a certain school, we adopt no conventional rules for the guidance and direction of our ideas, but are willing to examine every question on its own merits, and decide without reference to the opinions of any man or body of men. Each man, therefore, represents himself; he acts no part, but has the repose and the dignity of a natural character. It was this repose which constituted the perfection of Washington's character. It was the belief that he represented a party and a power, which lay at the foundation of all the faults of the elder Adams. A still more striking contrast between the North and the South may perhaps be exhibited in the persons of the younger Adams and his Secretary, Mr. Clay. Both became unfortunate; the one having been hurled from the enjoyment of power, and

the other having seen it elude his grasp when just within his reach. But how differently did they endure defeat. Mr. Adams actively devoted the remainder of his life to wage a war of deadly hatred against those who had stripped him of his power. Mr. Clay never for a moment swerved from the support of that cause which in his career of prosperity he had determined to be the right.

The existence of slavery at the South, and its connection with the Union, has placed us in a peculiar position. Our whole fabric of society is based upon slave institutions, and yet our conventional language is drawn from scenes totally at variance with those which lie about us. Our books come from England and the North, and they appear *prima fâcie* to be our teachers. For some time we have been content to compromise with our supposed teachers, that is, to adhere rigorously to the facts, but complacently adopt the cant, (for in our lips it is no better,) of a free society. The rude manner in which we have been assailed, has opened our eyes to our real condition, and in the spirit of truthfulness some of us have dared to look boldly upon it, and are daily employed in giving utterance to thoughts in strict accordance with the facts presented. And the more truthful the language we have used, the more virulent are the denunciations with which our society has been assailed. A late distinguished visitor, struck with the new tone now being assumed at the South, has thought it right to raise his voice, strong in its excess of feebleness, and all that that voice utters is, "You are wrong, you are certainly wrong!"

Wrong or right, let it be hailed as an omen, that we are awake to a sense of our position. We must now meet our Northern teachers, not as delinquents praying for excuse and pardon, but as men claiming an equality of position both political and moral. Having exhausted the language of the teacher, they have condescended to use that of denunciation. Are we the better for their teaching? Do we merit their denunciations? Are we to set our house in order for life or for death?

Some twenty years ago, Miss Martineau visited our country and applied her philosophic eye to the institution of slavery. Anxious to see the good as well as the bad, she examined it with care, and found in it one virtue, the existence of which she had not imagined when she was composing her romances in illustration of political economy. She admired the patience and forbearance of slave-holders. It struck her as worthy of all admiration that when the young mistress is enjoying herself at a party, her visit should be cut short by the impatience of her coachman, who, desirous of closing his day's work, goes for her before the appointed time, and unceremoniously summons her home. This virtue may appear a small one, but it opened the eyes of the philosophical old lady, who thereupon wrote a chapter, in which the master is not painted as a brute, and his wife as a help-meet for him. The English woman, accustomed to the services of a hired coachman, would have resented his conduct as an impertinence, perhaps paid him his wages the next day, with a cool admonition to go some where else and beg for leave to work. The southern lady is angry at the presumption of her servant, refuses at first to comply, but remembering that while she is enjoying herself, he is exposed to the wintry blast, laughs at the ludicrousness of her position, shawls herself, and gracefully retires. The

servant is chided; the family perhaps laugh at the trick, and she has no security that it will not be repeated. This is the patience which won the admiration of Miss Martineau.

To us it appears a higher virtue. It is an unselfish consideration of the claims of others. And it is this considerateness which runs through the whole of our civilization, modifies it, gives it its character, and prevents us effectually from following the free States in their rapid strides in what is called progress. We know that some subtle casuist, who cannot dispute the fact, but is determined to strip it of its virtuous covering, will endeavor to analyze it. He will tell you that this patience, forbearance or considerateness, so far from being unselfish, is based upon the most intense and calculating selfishness. It is not the servant's feelings which are consulted, but his value. It is the consideration that a large amount of money-value is exposed, and a set off of the value of an hour's pleasure against the possible loss of this amount, leads the mistress to comply with his unreasonable request. Be it so. Let the motives be sordid if good ones are displeasing to you. But the fact remains unchanged. Patience, forbearance, and considerateness have been manifested, and whatsoever the motive, the benefit accrues. We have all the result of unselfish conduct, whatever may be the secret springs which call it into action.

Now, this considerateness pervades our whole civilization. It manifests itself ludicrously in the breaking up of an evening party; it pervades and influences all the great operations of southern life.

When the North and the South are compared, the activity of life in the former stands in proud contrast with the sluggishness of the latter. Wealth, with its attendants luxury and refinement, appears to smile on every portion of that favored country; noble institutions attest the spirit of benevolence and humanity; and as we gaze upon the joyous scenes which expose themselves to our view, we remember with something like humiliation our own shortcomings in these respects. Progress is in every body's mouth; progress in every body's heart; to stand still is to die, and while the northerner boasts the progress of his region, he fails not to exult over us, to point out our defects, our miserable position in the race, and to attribute it to the blighting effects of slavery. We are not sure that he is wrong. We believe that slavery does impede our progress, but whether for good or for ill, is a question yet to be determined.

Viewed merely as a master workman, the most independent man is he who gets a day's work for a day's pay. Work done, and wages paid, he has settled his account with the world, and is ready to begin his calculations for to-morrow. It may chance that some one has not worked well to-day; he has been dispirited, and the tale of brick is not complete. His wages are made to square with the lacking tale. The next day he fails to appear. For him, as there is no day's work, there is no day's pay. Let another go, and earn the day's wages for the day's work. It may be the poor fellow is sick, but what is that to the capitalist? His concern is to get his work done. If Tom is sick let Ned take his place. Where capital reigns supreme, there will be no lack of competitors. The master's work will never fail so long as he is ready to pay a day's wages for a day's work.

Such a man is a type of the man

of progress, and, if not overtaken by the wrath of God, no power on earth can mar his prosperity. If his understanding is enlightened and his conscience moved, he will see the absolute necessity of making some provision for the helpless and suffering child of labor. They have had a point of union. The one gave a day's work for his day's wages. In his distress he now sues for assistance. Humanity must not be left to starve; the child of want and of toil must not lie down in sickness, in hopeless misery. Hence the great institutions of benevolence which adorn the face of free societies. They are whited sepulchres, fair to the eye, but revealing a tale of misery and wo.

It is not a day's pay for a day's work; nor is it even a year's work for a year's pay. It is the pay of a life-time for the partial labor of a portion. In free societies, population is the concern of the laborer, and it lives in obedience to capital, which latter takes no concern in it until it applies for leave to work. Here the capitalist is the nurse. It is his part to receive the nurseling and to foster its existence—to train it up, and after years of patient care, to extract from it in moderation some amount of labor in payment for its nurture. He has then to see that the tasks of the workers are proportional not only to their strength, but to their spirits, for whatever the ignorant may imagine, the driving system is one which can be pursued under those conditions only in which a day's wages are paid for a day's work; and he has also to make his account to meet all the exigencies occasioned by sickness, by death, by casualties of every kind. Whatever the visions which may float in the brain of the youthful capitalist, the lessons of a very brief experience will soon teach him the virtue of moderation, and the exercise of this virtue brings in its train a host of others. They are beneficial to the man, but they have no merit in the eye of him whose measure of utility is to be found only in the rules of modern political economy. Owing perhaps in some measure to the money value of our slaves, we have to respect life and limb. It is not with us as with others, that a day's pay will procure a day's work. Our laborer is precious, and we know that if evil betide him, there is no means of supplying his loss.

A large consideration, therefore, for the laborer is a necessary element in all our movements in the way of progress. We do not, though he is our money, regard the laborer merely as the representative of so much money value. A regard for humanity forces itself upon us, and developes itself in the very intensity of our selfishness, and he is not our money only, but becomes our friend, our dependence, our hope. We build no hospitals for him, his asylum in sickness is the same dwelling wherein he spends his nights after his day of toil; his nurses the best which his master can supply. No lying-in hospitals or foundling asylums rear their stately heads for his offspring, for with us he is no foundling but a precious promise of hope for the future. And we dare not overtask his energies, because we dare not ruthlessly waste that life and those spirits on which depend our all. Our destiny forbids competition with those who are engaged in the maddening struggle of progress. The slave has stamped us with conservatism.

We cannot enter into the race of progress which now occupies the rest of the civilized world. Our pace must be a slow one. The avenues to great wealth are closed to us, and our northern friends

perceiving us to be stationary, have come to the conclusion that we are retrograding. Nay, a Convention at Worcester, not long since, denounced us as plunging deeper and deeper into barbarism every year.

This is a grave charge, and doubtless has often grievously been borne. Some of us have been so much accustomed to receive our lessons from the North, that many doubtless believe it, and are mourning in secret over the dismal future which awaits us. But, our mourning friend, let us pray you to look a little into the matter, and examine your condition, before you yield to despair. Do you feel within yourself any of those alarming symptoms which indicate the coming on of the moral night? Is your heart hardening against the monitions of conscience? Are you becoming less susceptible to the influence of love, of friendship, of the social affections? Do you look with disgust upon things sacred and holy, or do you take a strange and secret pleasure in those which formerly were wont to shock your cultivated nature? Are our churches deserted for the temples of Mammon and of Belial? Do our streets resound at midnight with the brawls of licentious youth, or is the light of the sun polluted by the crimes of a wicked and reckless people? If these things are so, then, indeed, may you tremble, for it is a sign that the twilight of barbarism is indeed closing around us.

If we may reason from the manner in which other people are judged by those who condemn us, we may infer that the basis of the condemnation is our want of progress. Our slow pace is considered retrogression, and barbarism apprehended as the necessary result. But whether for weal or for wo, our destiny is conservative, and we are far from considering it an evil, or a ground of reproach. In the great race of progress, even the acknowledged end is but partially regarded as the frenzied, hurried mind glances fitfully beyond it to some still more distant goal. With all the faculties strained in pursuit of this object, what is the life of to-day, or even of to-morrow? what the associations of the past or of the present? All lost, neglected, despised, and merged in consideration of the dazzling future. Wealth flows in swollen streams upon the runners, but it brings no happiness; they have no time to enjoy it, for every effort is strained to increase it. That which a well regulated mind regards as a means, is idolatrously worshipped as an end, and wealth and worth become synonymous terms. Palatial mansions charm the eye—gorgeous furniture dazzles the fancy—all the appliances of luxurious art bewitch the senses, and invite to repose and enjoyment; but the owner halts not; onward is his motto, progress his divinity: repose has no charm for him; his real delight is in making good speculations; he cannot rest so long as a single avenue to success remains unexplored.

Is this a life for a people who live under the eye of God, and in the full development of civilization? Is all of life to be an unceasing struggle after more? Is the heart of man never to expand to the warm influences of home, and all its associations of family, of kindred, and of friendly affections? Is man to become a mere money-making, cotton-spinning, iron-founding, machine? Is that enormous wealth which skill, sagacity and industry have acquired, to serve no higher purpose but vain ostentation on the one hand, and the reproduction of wealth on the other? Is the man never to stop, and, like an intellectual being, enjoy the results

of his intelligent activity? If these things are so, (and we do not misrepresent northern society unless northern journalists and northern popular writers have deceived us,) then forever be banished from our thoughts all aspirations after such progress; let us cherish our conservatism; be content to advance cautiously and safely in wealth, and gratefully meanwhile, and like moral and intellectual creatures, enjoy that life which God has allotted us in this beautiful world.

I have thus noticed the important leading element of southern civilization, and its inevitable result. It remains now to inquire into the future, and to discover the means of working out its development; for considerations on this head force themselves to our notice.

It is to be borne in mind that we of the South were formerly taught to believe that slavery is a social, moral, and political evil. A devoted attachment to the Union of the States was also an early lesson of our infancy. We were taught to depend upon it as a necessary condition of our existence, and there are not a few who even now would regard a dissolution of the Union as a personal no less than a political calamity. The evil of slavery, and the influence of the Union, must form the subject of the remainder of this article.

The first we do not propose to discuss. We are now condemned for changing our views on this subject. It is an omen for good that we have changed them; while we adopted the cant of free societies, we adhered rigorously to the facts about us. The fact is, that slavery exists among us, and that it must continue to exist. The cant is, that it is a social and moral evil. We cherished the evil, and gave practical demonstration that we intended to cherish it, and yet the cant on our lips convicted us of falsehood and inconsistency. If slavery is a bad thing in itself, it must be abolished. It is bad—it is cowardly to hug an acknowledged evil. Now, we are changing our position in this respect, and therefore we are not only denounced but misrepresented. We are made to say that slavery is an excellent thing in itself. Such is not the case. We have not changed the terms of the proposition, but only the quality of the copula. We assert not that slavery is a good thing, but that it is not an evil thing. Nor do we mean to deny that slavery has its evils—evil for the master, evil for the slave. We simply deny that it is that evil thing which, being hateful both to God and man, must be abated. The condition of humanity is such that evil must exist. No one would say that poverty is a good thing; and yet where would be the vaunted progress of the free States if there were no poor to do the work for the rich man's pay. Nor is wealth an evil thing in itself, but where would be the rich men if there were no poor. Wealth and poverty, freedom and slavery, are some of the immutable conditions of humanity, and evil *per se* can no more be predicated of one condition than of another. Slavery and poverty are alike disagreeable conditions to look forward to; but in the economy of nature they appear alike indispensable; and when civilization has reached its highest development, one may boldly and fearlessly ask the question, not which is the least evil, but which is the better condition. It is a terrible fact, that the late Dutchess of Sutherland depopulated her immense estates to convert them into sheep walks. It is consolatory to think that no master of slaves can be allowed thus ruthlessly to tamper with human life and happiness. The work-

houses of England are melancholy monuments of the beneficial results of free labor; and if they have not yet found their way into our own country, it is not on account of our institutions, but because there is still an immense outlet for our redundant population. But we will not discuss the question further. The fact of slavery is here, and a fact it must remain to the end of time. The question for us is—What is the best thing we can do for ourselves?

It may not be uninteresting to notice that, with our change of position, we have acquired more courage, and are more tolerant both of attack and criticism. So long as we regarded slavery as an evil, it was a prohibited subject. Like one afflicted with a festering sore, we shrunk with dread from the probe which was searching into the extent of the disease, and we were in imminent danger of having a literary censorship established among us to ward off all disagreeable reflections and inquiries. Our journals touched timidly on the subject, and our booksellers feared to offer for sale books which were condemned by a self-constituted censorship.

We were once compelled to send to New York for a copy of Miss Martineau's very inoffensive book of travels. Things have changed. There are few persons in the South who have not read Uncle Tom's Cabin, and the popular voice demanded the publication of Dr. Dewey's strictures in our journals. We may well rejoice at the result. We can now respect ourselves. The truth is rapidly emancipating us from the bondage of fear.

The bearing of the Union on this question is one which may be discussed indefinitely, but various and obvious considerations impel us to reduce it within the narrowest limits. We keep studiously out of view all those exciting topics which the subject naturally suggests, and apart from them deliberately conclude that the Union of these States, under any circumstances, is a serious obstacle to our fair development.

The philosophy of a people must concentrate itself in their metropolis, and appear to emanate from that point; and all that portion of the people which is not represented there, must be regarded as provincials. Circumstances have placed the metropolis of this Union beyond the direct influence of the slave-holding power. We do not, of course, mean the federal city, but that great town, it may be Boston, or New York or Cincinnati, which is destined to be the centre of opinion, and to give the law to the rest of the country. Our place in the Union is provincial, and as such our peculiarities will have to be defended, excused, ridiculed, pardoned. We can take no pride in our national character, because we must feel that from our peculiar position we do not contribute to its formation.

The circumstances under which the Union was formed were such as to endear it to our memories; but it must never be forgotten that as it was the consideration of American interests which created it, so should a regard for the interests of a portion, under the same spirit of patriotism, lead to its dissolution.

In the Union we can never enjoy that repose which is necessary to a healthful development of our character. Our philosophy will ever be at variance with our practice, and either in our practice or our theories we can never escape living a practical life.

It is a notorious fact that southern thought finds no utterance among us; nay, is suspiciously

received even by southern people. The centralizing effect of the Union is to establish the circulating press at the North. It is not twelve months since the principal publisher of New York found himself compelled by the force of public sentiment there to violate the contract which he had made to publish the Hireling and the Slave. You all know the character of that work. Can anything more clearly show the necessity of having a metropolis in which our own thoughts may be represented?

Such a metropolis will never exist in this Union. As London was to our fathers, so are New York and Boston to ourselves. We can never be other than dependants and inferiors so long as we continue to live with them on a footing of political alliance. Let us hold them as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, friends in peace, and we will redeem our character, and show them as our fathers showed the metropolitan England, that our friendship is valuable, our enmity to be deprecated.

The philosophy of the North is a dead letter to us. The doctrines of political economy are not true here. Our philosophy has yet to be developed. We can not live honestly in the Union, because we are perpetually aiming to square the maxims of an impracticable philosophy with the practice which nature and circumstances force upon us. We can not do ourselves justice so long as the drag of provincialism is forever clinging to our wheels.

SONNET.

O'er the far waters floats the boatman's song,
Timed by the faint fall of the distant oar,
The fitful surges roll their waves along,
With hoarse and wrathful murmurings to the shore:
Through the rent woof of fleecy clouds afar
Steals on my soul like evening's holy close,
The lovely lustrous light of a lone star,
Heralding the Night-Queen to her sweet repose;
Yet all this fairy scene hath left no power,
No balm to bring my burdened heart relief,
Sitting alone in midnight's witching hour,
Bowed by the spell of an o'ermastering grief,
While half the world lies wrapped in slumber deep,
Calm as the moon's pale beams that on these waters sleep.

SONNET.

Which are the clouds, and which the mountains? See,
They mix and melt together! Yon blue hill
Looks fleeting as the vapors which distil
Their dews upon its summit, while the free
And far off clouds, now solid, dark and still,
An aspect wear of calm eternity.
Each seems the other, as our fancies will,
The cloud a mount, the mount a cloud, and we
Gaze doubtfully. So everywhere on earth
This foothold where we stand, with slipping feet,
The unsubstantial and substantial meet,
And we are fooled until made wise by Time.
Is not the obvious lesson something worth,
Lady? or have I wov'n an idle rhyme?

ESTCOURT:

OR

THE MEMOIRS OF A VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN.

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(*Continued.*)

CHAPTER V.

MR. FRANK HAY GOES TO THE PLAY AND ACTS THE HYPOCRITE.

We are sorry to say that, at the moment when we presented him to the reader, Mr. Frank Hay had two love affairs upon the carpet;—and it is our painful duty to add, that even this was proceeding more moderately than was customary with that gentleman.

The young fellow had the good or bad fortune to possess an extreme susceptibility of temperament—and already, at the age of nineteen, had commenced, gone through, and terminated forever, no less than five matrimonial engagements. To charge him with unfair intentions upon such occasions would not be just, inasmuch as, on each recurrence of a broken heart, Frank honestly believed that the world was coming to an end. He thought it very hard that his ladyloves would not tolerate a slight roaming, upon his part, to other flowers—and, indeed, looked upon himself as a deeply injured individual. On five occasions he had sent back miniatures, ribbon knots, and favors, with notes of dignified misery and hopeless despair; and immediately after these five tragic ceremonies, had proceeded to mend his broken heart.—Doubtless the last affair had been a very terrible one, since he had selected *two* new friends to aid each other in the process of consoling him.

One of these was Miss Ellen Crafton. We shall in due time see who the second young lady was.

Miss Crafton was the younger daughter of Mr. Joel Crafton, a rich "factor" of the town, who had gathered together his pistoles, by pursuing the lucrative business of general agent for the planters. The factor, at that period, was the intermediate between the Virginia gentleman and the London merchant: and Mr. Joel Crafton, having recommended himself to the gentry by his plausible manners, it had been his good fortune to receive large orders, from which he had secured to himself magnificent commissions.

Frank had met Miss Crafton at an "Assembly," and having instantly fallen in love with her, owing to the vacant condition of his heart, consequent upon his last discardal the week before, had given the young lady immediate information upon the state of his feelings, by calling the next morning.

Miss Crafton was really an excellent young lady—full of life, vivacity, and good humor—and the handsome face of her suitor had made its impression upon her: an impression which Frank's wit and

bonhommie were not long in deepening. The young fellow had followed up his advantages, and was revolving the propriety of an immediate declaration, when unfortunately he fell in love with a second, or rather seventh, young lady, of whom we shall now proceed to speak.

Instead of reëntering the office of Mr. Lincoln, when Estcourt deposited him before that place, Frank hastened toward his lodgings, sagaciously concluding that it was too late to commence work, and having, as we shall see, his own scheme of passing the evening.

The young man's lodgings were in the establishment of a certain Mrs. Wharton, a maiden lady of about forty, with whom Mr. Lincoln also resided, despite of his horror of matrimony, and consequently of the sex which made it possible. Perhaps Mrs. Wharton found favor in his eyes, by reason of her stern adherence to a life of single blessedness; and certain it is, that the counsellor would often pass his evenings in the small sitting room, entertaining Mrs. Wharton with legal disquisitions, to which this good lady listened with exemplary attention, busily knitting the while, or complacently watching the slumber of her tortoise-shell cat, upon the rug at the lawyer's feet.

As a matter of course, Mr. Frank Hay had made use of these little private habits of Mr. Lincoln and Mrs. Wharton, for purposes of jest and amusement.

He was accustomed to assure the good lady, with whom he was a great favorite, that Mr. Lincoln's affairs were in a highly prosperous state; that he would soon be justified in entering upon matrimony; that he was already of legal age; with other intimations of the counsellor's intentions. As the youngster now passed to his chamber, he respectfully saluted the lady, who sat in her little room, with the door open, and informed her that Mr. Lincoln would soon be home.

"You know he cannot remain long away from you, Mrs. Wharton," added the scape-grace. "He likes you, Mrs. Wharton; indeed, I may say he —"

"Go, go, Mr. Frank," here interposed the good lady, smiling.

"Yes, Mrs. Wharton," was the reply, "I am going—and Mr. Lincoln is coming. He is thinking of matrimony, Mrs. Wharton; he is a good fellow, Mrs. Wharton; excuse my alluding to the subject in this delicate way, Mrs. Wharton."

And laughing at the good lady's worry, Mr. Frank Hay mounted rapidly to his chamber, surrounded with pictures and gimcrackery, where he set about changing his costume for one more imposing.

At the end of half an hour he issued from the chamber, brushed, curled, perfumed—a fine gentleman at all points—and overpowered Mrs. Wharton with a new flood of witticisms. These were discharged as the youngster partook of supper with the lady; thereafter he issued gaily forth, and soon reached—the "old theatre."

He was, ere long, posted, with other youthful gallants, upon the stage, as was then customary with "fine gentlemen," and from this favorable stand-point he surveyed, with an easy air, the brilliant and imposing audience which began to assemble.

The Virginians of that day were extremely fond of theatrical performances, and on this evening all the beauty and fashion of the town had assembled.

As a party entered one of the side stalls, next to the stage, Mr. Frank Hay gave an imperceptible

start, and for a moment his countenance wore an expression of decided discomfort.

Among this party he had recognized Miss Ellen Crafton—and the reader is aware that in spite of his extreme liking for that young lady, Mr. Hay had two good reasons for not especially desiring her attendance on that evening.

In the first place, the singular warning of his cousin and guardian against his paying his addresses to the damsel, still rendered him uncomfortable and uneasy; in the second place, he had sought the theatre with the intention of seeing and accosting one of the lady performers, who, at the moment, divided the sovereignty of his heart with the first—or rather sixth—possessor.

This was briefly the occasion of the young gentleman's feeling of discomfort, at the entrance of Miss Crafton; and for a moment he remained motionless—debating his best mode of proceeding.

He finally determined upon boldness, as under all the circumstances, the best course he could pursue—and hastily leaving his position upon the stage, was soon at Miss Crafton's side.

A warm little hand glided into his own, and we are sorry to say, that Mr. Frank embraced the occasion to press it, in a manner far more enthusiastic than was at all necessary. He had quite forgotten his cousin's warning against any intimacy with the Crafton family; and if we could present an adequate description of the charms of the young lady who was the cause of this forgetfulness, perhaps the youth might not be severely blamed. In the dark and brilliant eyes of the damsel; in her rosy cheeks; full, crimson lips; and profusely curling hair, as black as the wings of a raven, there was enough to disturb the prudence of any young man. Add to this, a look of the frankest and most unmistakeable liking, and we need no longer wonder at the course pursued by the gentleman upon whom this look was bestowed.

At that moment Frank felt very much like a convicted criminal;—and the charms of the young lady of the stage, whom he had come to see, began to diminish in his sight to a degree wholly wonderful and unexpected. For the moment, Mr. Frank Hay was quite persuaded that the lady at his side was the pearl of the universe; and he assiduously set about producing upon her mind a conviction of his belief.

"How beautiful you look this evening," he whispered, as he took a seat beside her; "and how charmed I am to see you."

"And how very glad you are to have an occasion to make a pretty speech!" said Miss Crafton, smiling and blushing.

"Oh, no! not to you! I could not use the poor gallantry of the day to you."

And Frank bestowed a fatal ogle upon his companion.

"I should indeed suppose that you thought me unworthy of any display of gallantry," was the reply, "for you have not visited me for some days."

"I acknowledge it, to my shame."

"You must come soon."

"Can you doubt it?"

"That is, if Miss Felton does not absorb too much of your time."

Frank received the blow, entirely unprepared.

"Miss—Felton?" he stammered.

"Yes—the young actress. She is very handsome, I believe."

And Miss Crafton's head rose with a little air of hauteur, which was very becoming.

Frank had recovered his presence

of mind, however, and now said, negligently,

"Yes—I admire her somewhat."

"Not greatly, then?"

"She is not much of an actress."

"That is an evasion of the question."

"The question?" asked Frank, with an innocent air.

"Yes, Mr. Hay—I asked if you did not greatly admire her."

And Miss Ellen Crafton's handsome mouth assumed an undeniable pout.

Instead of replying, Mr. Frank assumed the offensive.

"That makes me feel badly," he said; "your mode of addressing me."

"What mode, sir?"

"There, again. First, you call me 'Mr. Hay'—and then you add the additional slight of addressing me as 'sir.' I thought we were friends."

And Mr. Frank looked doleful.

"Now, I will wager any thing," he said, "that you imagine I came hither solely to see Miss Felton—of whom, in connection with myself, some busybody has been talking—and that I do not take pleasure in seeing you. How shall I persuade you that your presence delights me? Shall I turn my back upon the whole performance? I should be satisfied—for then I should see you alone."

A blush flitted over the rosy cheeks of the young lady, whose suspicions quite disappeared. And let it not be supposed that Mr. Frank Hay was guilty of an insincere and hollow speech. At the moment, Miss Felton had quite disappeared from his horizon, and he would have been content to do as he said—turn his back upon her and the whole performance. For the time, the lovely countenance of Miss Crafton held sway over the volatile currents of his nature—and, like the moon, made his thoughts ebb and flow obediently.

The curtain soon rose, and the drama of "Troilus and Cressida"—materially modified, we are glad to say—was gone through with.—Then came the after-piece, in which, among the most subordinate characters, appeared Miss Felton.

She was a young girl of about eighteen, of fair complexion and slender figure. A careless observer would have been struck neither by her countenance or person. But as the eye continued to dwell upon her face, new beauty seemed continually to dawn upon the beholder, until he was apt to go away, finally, with the impression that this young girl possessed an undefinable something, more rare and subtle in its fascination than the finest physical development. The hair, which did not attract attention at first, was seen to be of the softest brown, such as changes to gold in the sunlight; the forehead, around which it curled naturally, was white and delicate; and this delicacy and purity predominated in the outline of all the features. The crowning charm of the face, however, was the expression. The large, liquid, blue eyes, full of softness and sadness, were as innocent and confiding as those of a child who has never left her mother's side; and the prevailing expression of the half-parted lips, was exactly similar. The girl seemed to look out, so to speak, from behind the brown curls of her hair, with her large thoughtful eyes, rapt in a species of pensive wonder, at the world around her; and this impression never entirely disappeared. Plainly, she would never achieve any fame in her profession; the utter immobility of her features rendered that impossible. The lovely head we have endeavored briefly to describe, was set gracefully upon the shoulders; and the

carriage of the young girl's person was sufficiently pleasing.

As we have said, she appeared in a very insignificant part, and attracted no attention, except from those few persons of the audience who could recognize this subtle species of beauty.

This was the young lady who was now subjected to the curious inspection of Miss Ellen Crafton, who gazed, with all her might, at the girl—a fact which we need not have told the acute observer of human nature. Perhaps no trait of the female character is more striking and universal, than the curiosity which a true woman experiences, to behold the face of one who is, or threatens to become, her rival. It is the curiosity of the queen to see the pretender to the crown; the anxiety of the painter to behold the picture which disputes the palm of subtle coloring with his own, and threatens to bear off the prize. The cynics—that disreputable class—declare, moreover, that comparisons of this description end most frequently with jest or laughter, or a well-bred wonder on the part of the fair critic..... Why, goodness me! is that the countenance he thinks so "lovely?" That the figure which he said was "graceful?" Is this the person who has evidently made so powerful an impression on his feelings? Really, I do not wish to be censorious, and I grant her eyebrows are well arched—but what a foot! (the ribbon of my slipper is untied, please fasten it.) And as to the young person's hands—but you will think me critical. Pray look at my new ring—the setting has been much admired!.....

"What singular eyes she has," observed Miss Crafton; "she really seems to be in a trance or a dream."

"Eyes!—a—yes—to whose do you refer!" asked Mr. Frank Hay, turning his back upon the stage, and assuming an expression of innocent curiosity, as he gazed down upon the ladies of the audience.

Miss Crafton was almost duped by this little piece of acting, and experienced a thrill of pleasure as she said:

"I referred to your particular friend, Miss Felton."

"Miss Felton—ah! Miss Felton, the young actress."

And with admirable indifference Mr. Frank gazed at her.

Unfortunately, he could not sustain this test; and the absorbing gaze with which he dwelt upon the exquisite countenance of the stage, girl, betrayed him.

"I have never seen more lovely eyes," said Miss Crafton, with the air of a dutchess condescending to praise a milk-maid.

"The fact is, they are enormous," said Mr. Frank, regaining his presence of mind, and turning, with assumed indifference, from the stage.

"I think them strangely beautiful," added honest Ellen Crafton; "and I do not blame you, sir, for admiring the young lady who possesses them."

Miss Crafton's handsome head rose loftily as she spoke.

"The truth is," said Frank, with an easy air, "she is a very singular looking girl, but—"

"I am glad you agree with me," interposed Miss Crafton, pouting.

"Good eyes, since I've come to look," continued Mr. Frank, in the same tone of easy indifference; "but as I was saying about Mrs. Wharton and my old gentleman, a little incident will show you —"

"Sh—sh—sh!" came, in a prolonged hush, from the audience, and Mr. Frank Hay's cowardly anecdote was suppressed in the germ—nipped in the bud.

Let those young gentlemen who

have not been guilty of similar hypocrisy, cast the first stone.

Not that Mr. Frank should not be stoned. He deserved some chastisement. For he had no sooner bestowed one long look upon the fascinating form of the stage-girl, than the charms of the young lady at his side began to fade; the object of his anecdote all about Mrs. Wharton and Mr. Lincoln being simply to persuade Miss Crafton that Miss Felton was the furthest possible removed from his thoughts.

Mr. Frank found his punishment in keeping up this weary game for a mortal hour; and he afterwards declared that he had never felt a sensation of such utter meanness.

At last the performance was nearly concluded. The "Beggar's opera, written by the ingenious Mr. Gay, had almost been finished; and Miss Crafton was very nearly persuaded that all she had heard about Mr. Frank Hay and the young actress was a slander.

But—and what a happy world this would be, if the *buts* were vigorously excluded from society!—the edifice which Mr. Frank had reared with so much trouble, was suddenly demolished at a single blow.

A simple occurrence upon the stage toppled down his house of cards, and caused him to appear in the part of "Francis Hay, Esquire," instead of in that of "The Hypocrite."

CHAPTER VI.

FRANK BECOMES A PUBLIC CHARACTER AT A SINGLE BOUND.

The young actress, in addition to her timidity, and a natural inaptitude for the stage, seemed laboring, on this evening, under physical weakness and indisposition. This was betrayed by her changing color as the drama proceeded, and a species of faltering in the voice, when her insignificant part called upon her to speak.

Frank had not observed this; otherwise it is probable that his cowardly desire to conciliate Miss Crafton, and dissipate her jealousy, would have yielded instantly to the tender pity natural to his character, for all suffering—especially as this suffering was on the part of one whom he loved. He did not see the young girl's countenance turn alternately red and pale—observe the cheeks now crimson with a sort of hectic flush, then as white as a lily or the driven snow; he did not hear the low, soft voice change and falter—becoming weaker and more unmanageable as the play proceeded. Above all, he did not encounter the wild and appealing glances which, from time to time, as though mastered by irresistible apprehension, she cast upon the audience. Had Frank met one of those looks, so filled with nervous fear; those glances, such as a tender and timid fawn, surrounded by baying hounds, might cast upon the huntsman, rushing forward, knife in hand—it is not too much to say, that all consciousness of Miss Crafton's presence would have deserted him, and he would have seen the poor girl alone, in the vast, crowded theatre. All this by-play, so to speak, was lost on him, however, engaged, as he was, in the praiseworthy task of endeavoring to impress a falsehood upon Miss Crafton. Turned away completely from the stage, he had forgotten,

apparently, the presence of Miss Felton, and remembered only that of his beautiful companion.

The girl had, as we have said, grown more and more apprehensive; the hectic flush in her cheek burned more and more deeply at every recurrence; and when she now essayed to speak, her voice died away almost into an inarticulate murmur. Overcome by that weakness and fear which characterizes inexperience as it does childhood, the young actress sought, instinctively, and with a beseeching glance, for some friendly face—some person, in the audience, from whose countenance she could derive comfort and encouragement.

She had seen Frank as soon as she made her appearance, and his imperceptible greeting, unseen by the rest of the audience, had been a comfort to her, for they were, as we shall soon see, friends. When she had seen him turn away from her, and bestow his entire attention upon the lovely girl at his side, a contraction of the child-like lip betrayed the pang which this manœuvre caused the girl, and with drooping head she had turned from the audience to her part. Then, with the persistence of a tender heart which is pained, but will not abandon its belief and trust, she had again sought encouragement from the smiles of the young man who had professed himself her friend, and whom, in the innocent simplicity of her heart, she thought of with a sentiment of tender regard and confidence. It was only to see the familiar face turned inexorably away from her—the curve of the cheek, as he smiled at some jest of his lovely companion. The spectacle struck her, still again, like a cruel hand; the blow made her faint and weak.

Let us say now a word of the audience, and the manner in which they greeted the ever-increasing hesitation and awkwardness of the performer. Theatrical audiences are peculiar; they do not tolerate neglect of the actor's part, or inefficiency in the personation. They have paid their money, and the predominating impression with them is, that any failure on the part of the comedian is of the nature of a petty larceny on their purses. The actor is too much a mere official with them—a machine, which contracts to perform a certain part, and should be "set to rights" when it fails.

On the present occasion, the audience had greeted the awkwardness of the girl with ever-increasing ill humor; and once or twice, when her blunders made the piece "hang fire," a perceptible agitation in the rude sea of heads beneath, had betrayed the general feeling of dissatisfaction. The girl observed this; she also saw distinctly the fierce and irate countenance of the manager, at the side scenes, menacing her with wrath. The fist of this worthy was doubled in a way very expressive of his feelings; and a movement of his ugly head from north-east to south-west, intimated the reception which the girl would receive when the play was over, unless she ceased to retard the performance by her awkwardness.

The effect of all this upon the young girl's timid mind may be easily imagined. Hemmed in on both sides by angry and threatening faces; hearing already resound in her ears more than one hiss from the rude boors of the pit; her strength more and more failed her, and a rushing sound in her ears admonished her that the most terrible foe of actors, "stage fright," was about to clutch her frame, and bear her away like a demon.

Then all was over: from that moment she had no longer any

strength—the least presence of mind. Tottering as in a dream, on the rough flooring of the stage, she heard nothing but the storm of hisses which greeted her—felt nothing but the rude thrust aside, of "Captain Macheath's" arm—saw only a great sea of heads, which undulated to and fro with anger, sending forth groans, hisses, and cries.

With her powers of movement paralyzed by the terrible hisses, and the unmanly blow, she stretched out her hands, and swaying like a flower beaten by the wind, uttered a low cry, and in a moment would have fallen at full length upon the stage.

But a champion came to her rescue—let it induce the reader to pardon his cowardice.

The insensible form of the young girl was caught by Mr. Frank Hay, who had reached the stage at a single bound, and striking Captain Macheath a violent blow with his fist, reached the girl's side in time to receive her in his arms.

Then turning furiously toward the boors of the pit, the young man shook his clenched fist at those gentlemen, and swore at them in a tempest of passion.

The scene had taken place in a single instant; and in another instant the young fellow had borne the fainting girl behind the scenes, and laid her upon a sofa, where her kind-hearted female companions busied themselves in restoring her.

Frank was standing by her, with clenched hands, careless of the terrific uproar in the audience, when "Captain Macheath" made his exit.

"You're a coward, sir! do you hear? a coward, sir!" cried the furious young fellow, advancing, with his fist doubled, upon the worthy Captain. "I will chastise you for your insolence!"

And aiming a blow at the Captain, Frank would have immediately spoiled that gentleman's appearance for the rest of the play, had not manager Bilks thrown himself in a tragic attitude between the combatants.

"Forbear, sir," cried Bilks, in tones of affecting entreaty, for Bilks was much of a coward; and finding that the better portion of the audience, namely, the ladies and gentlemen, had taken the young girl's part, considered it politic to side against Macheath. "Forbear, my young friend, and do not stain the floor of this temple of Thespis with the blood of one or both of you."

Having made which pathetic speech, Bilks, who carried acting into private life, threw himself into an attitude more tragic than the former.

"Jinkins!" he continued, sternly addressing Captain Macheath; "I am surprised, sir, that you are so forgetful of your place as to presume to insult one of my lady performers, and a member of my distinguished audience! I would also respectfully inquire," added Bilks, in a tone of withering irony, "if you are aware that your presence is needed on the stage!"

Jenkins, otherwise Captain Macheath, who was a cowardly ruffian enough in private life, hung his head, and obeyed this intimation; and in the midst of a horrible uproar, the performance came to an end.

Then, instead of dispersing, the better portion of the audience, who wished to clear their skirts of the unworthy treatment of the young girl, uttered loud calls for "Miss Felton! Miss Felton!"

Bilks obeyed with alacrity. Offering his arm to the young girl, who had, by this time, recovered her strength, he made a courteous

bow to his "young friend," Frank Hay, Esq., and with an air of tender respect, led Miss Felton upon the stage, in front of the foot-lights.

They were greeted by loud cheers—with which mingled a few hisses—but these were drowned in huger billows of applause. When the hubbub had subsided, Mr. Bilks advanced a step with the drooping girl upon his arm, and bowing profoundly, expressed his——

Deep regret that one of his comedians had so far lost sight of every sentiment of propriety, as to strike a lady of the company. He hoped that it was unintentional; he was happy to believe that it was, for he had known the offender, Jenkins, from his cradle; they had wandered together in the golden and cerulean days of dulcet boyhood—and a nobler fellow at the bottom it had never been his fate to know. He did not, however, intend to shield the offender from the just indignation of his noble and aristocratic patrons. He begged them to share his conviction, however, that it was unintentional: and in saying so, he begged again to say, that nothing was further from his wish, than to express dissatisfaction with the manly—the noble—the chivalric—he might say the heroic—yes, the heroic conduct of a young gentleman whom he was proud and happy to call his friend. He hinted, in conclusion, that this little incident would not injure the management; that the indisposition of his lovely young friend, Miss Felton, would be pardoned by those intelligent, and enlightened, and discriminating patrons, who he was sure would go in the good old English spirit for fair play, and an open field—(here Bilks glanced at the pit respectfully)—and that this little misunderstanding would be forgotten—and the whole forgiven to one—who—was—their most—obedient—humble—servant!

Here Bilks bowed profoundly, and led the blushing and shrinking girl from the stage, in the midst of tumultuous applause. If anything in the admirably politic and adroit demeanor of Bilks was superior to all the rest, it was the air of lofty and chivalric courtesy with which he escorted his fair friend away.

It is true that as she was an orphan, in a strange land, he threatened, on the same night, to "beat her within an inch of her life," if she ever again caused a disturbance in the theatre; but that was "behind the scenes," and Frank was asleep. We are glad to know that Mr. Manager Bilks was no representative of his class. So the play ended.

CHAPTER VII.

PRESENTIMENTS.

The brilliant light of an April morning fell in rosy splendor upon the sloping meadows of the domain of Fairfield—laughed in the merrily rustling trees which began already to assume the tender emerald liveries of spring—and dancing over the sparkling waters of the wide James, turned every little wave into a flash of light, making the great river one far-spreading silver mirror, throwing back the magical tints of tree, and flower, and sky.

The shadows of those white clouds which float across the heavens of April, flitted over hill and valley, field and forest; and the old

house, with its cluster of chimneys, and far stretching dependencies, scattered along the noble hill, seemed to laugh in the fresh light, and wake up to the joy of the bright season.

In the great sitting room, the master of the domain sat half extended, in front of the wide fire-place in which a few twigs, wrapped with flame, dispelled the penetrating coolness of the river air.

It was a great apartment, hung round with many portraits, and furnished very richly; but for all this evidence of wealth and comfort, few persons who attentively scanned the countenance of Estcourt, would have agreed to change places with him.

The settled sadness which characterized his fine and noble features, was unrelieved by even the semblance of a smile. When he found himself in the outer world—looking on the ceaseless panorama of human life, as it revolved before him—this sadness often yielded to a careless species of curiosity, if that is not an inconsistency. At such times he seemed momentarily to forget the haunting thoughts which cast their shadow upon his mind; we have seen him smile, and even express great pleasure as he found himself with the happy young fellow whose guardian he was.

But now this had disappeared, and a sadness had taken its place, so deep, and apparently unchangeable, that it was pitiful to behold. What could have cast so profound a shadow upon this life, surrounded, as it plainly was, by all that makes existence enviable? Here was health, culture, a noble and generous mind; wealth far exceeding what is vouchsafed to the great majority of men; personal graces which might have conciliated the good will of men, and charmed the hearts of women. In this man's life there seemed to be a rare and notable assemblage of the elements of happiness—and yet it was plain to the most careless observer, that he was anything but happy.

As he sits, on the fresh April morning, listlessly gazing at the crackling twigs, lost in the great fire-place, his countenance wears an expression like that of one whose mind is agitated by the memory of some sad and bitter dream. The long, dark lashes droop over the half-closed eyes; and a langnor creeps through the frame, and curls the lip.

"Sorrowful, very sorrowful!" he murmurs. "Events seem to be reaching some crisis with me.—Never have I been so much affected as last night: though I thought to merely gaze upon the scene and continue my way. Strange!—the portrait seemed to be more like a living thing than painted canvass! and I could almost have imagined that she would have advanced from the frame to take up the half-finished lace which she laid down when —"

The low voice died into a murmur, and then into silence. For some moments Estcourt remained thus silent and motionless; then a sigh seemed to relieve him.

"Strange!" he continued; "the more strange as I think of it!—There was a smile in the eyes which I never saw before. They seemed to look upon me with pity, and softness, and goodness, as in the far, far, past, before—but that is idle. Why think of that? It is the living world I must think of, and not that which is dead. I must go down yonder and see to my affairs."

As he spoke, Estcourt rose and rang a bell standing upon the table. A white haired servant appeared almost immediately at the door,

and waited in respectful silence for his master's orders.

"Have Bogus saddled, Dunmore. I am going to Williamsburg."

Old Dunmore bowed, and withdrew.

Estcourt walked listlessly to the window, and gazed out upon the beautiful expanse of sloping meadow, forest, and river, over which the white clouds floated, clearly defined against a sky of azure, in which hundreds of brilliant birds soared and sang, filled with the joy of spring.

"It is very strange!" he murmured, thoughtfully. "I have again one of those singular presentiments! It seems to me that some crisis of my life is reached this day; that I enter upon something unknown, uncertain, strange! Am I dreaming? Is it really true that I go to meet some terrible or happy fate? Folly! I am dreaming! There is Bogus, and I must set out!"

A quarter of an hour afterwards, Estcourt was on the road to Williamsburg.

CHAPTER VIII.

GILBERT, PORTRAIT PAINTER.

Faith in presentiments seems to be the peculiar trait of a certain order of minds; and even to the intensely practical and matter of fact organization, comes at certain moments a singular impression, which they cannot divest themselves of; the shadow of the future seems, as it were, to fall upon the present; the coming event gives token of its approach, before it has emerged from the horizon, as the sun reddens all the East before he rises.

We shall not stop to investigate a subject so profound and curious; to discuss the question of the truth or falsity of this matter. Certain it is, however, that on the morning when we have presented him to the reader, Estcourt experienced a strange sentiment, which he could not analyze or explain. Twice before, in his life, the same agitation had invaded his mind, and on both occasions he had found his vague anticipations realized. Too bold and calm to tremble at these premonitions, or to fear any thing in the future, he yet pondered upon these unwonted feelings with absorbing curiosity, and endeavored to separate and reduce to order, if we may so speak, his novel emotions.

The attempt was vain. At one moment he pushed his magnificent animal to full speed, and passed over mile after mile like the wild huntsman——pursuing this idea, which eluded him, as the German myth did his nocturnal prey. Then, checking his horse, and bringing him down to a slow walk, he went on, with half-closed eyes—musing, investigating, asking himself what his singular impressions signified. Nothing resulted; and dismissing his meditations at last, he proceeded more calmly upon his way, and soon entered the town.

In an hour he had dispatched the business which occasioned his visit, and then he was at liberty to consult any caprice which seized upon him. He remembered that he had not visited, for some time, an especial friend; and to the domicil of this friend he now turned his steps. The house before which he soon found himself, was an unpretending wooden building, situ-

ated upon Palace street; and over the low doorway was inscribed, in black letters,

"P. Gilbert, Portrait Painter."

As Estcourt placed his foot upon the threshold, he stumbled, but quickly recovered himself. He stretched out his hand to turn the knob, but a loose end of embroidery upon his coat, caught and withheld it. A tremor which he could not account for, ran through his frame.

"Why, I'm a child!" he said, with a strange smile. "I really believe that I am growing babyish! Something seems to me to approach! to grow upon my sight! to beckon! Bah! I must actually get more sleep in future. This sitting up late has unnerved me."

And dismissing his emotion by an effort, he entered the studio of the painter, who was engaged at his work.

Gilbert was a man of about thirty-five; tall, slender, and with a countenance which indicated all the enthusiasm of a born artist. His eyes were large, lustrous, and full of sensibility; the mouth ample, with noble and expressive lips; a slight stoop in the shoulders, and a general air of abstraction completed the outward characteristics of the portrait painter. As to the apartment, it was like that of most artists—littered with all the accessories of the owner's profession, and ornamented with a great variety of heads, rough sketches, finished portraits and landscapes, and one or two historical groups. The arrangement of the curtains indicated the artist's sedulous regard to the effect of light.

Upon Estcourt's entrance, Gilbert turned his head quickly, with an air of annoyance, but recognizing his visitor, this expression quickly disappeared, and he advanced toward him, holding out his hand with a glad smile.

Estcourt drew back.

"You seem to be unconscious, my dear friend," he said, smiling, "that the hand which you extend to me in a manner so friendly and cordial, is covered with paint. Now, I am very glad to see you, but I have not the least intention of becoming a blackamoor."

Gilbert looked down at his hand with an abstracted air, and smiled in his turn.

"You are right," he said; it is a bad habit, this careless use of the brush. But I lose sight of it when I paint."

"You lose sight of the entire world, I think," returned Estcourt; and that is what makes your lot so enviable."

"Do you envy me?"

"Most honestly. You live in an ideal world, peopled with the creation of your fancy, and full of golden clouds, on which you soar to the skies. You dream—but who is it says that dreams are the only realities? This is your life—a happy one, friend! I, on the contrary, exist in a real universe, where there are no illusions at all; in a hard world, Gilbert;—hard; very hard, and cold!"

"My dear Estcourt," said Gilbert, laying down his pallet; "you indulge a very extraordinary misconception of your character. You are essentially a dreamer!"

"I a dreamer!"

"Yes."

Estcourt shook his head with a smile, and played carelessly with his cane, leaning back idly in his chair. Gilbert's clear, piercing eye, rested, for a moment, upon the figure of his friend, thus sketched, as it were, in the sunlight, and the attitude and face seemed to strike him, and arrest his attention.

"Now you are taking me in your mind," said Estcourt, smiling, "you are making a study of me! It's scarce worth the trouble, Gilbert. I'm a mere country gentleman, and when you call me poetical, a dreamer, and all that, I am only too much flattered."

Gilbert's penetrating eye continued to rest upon the countenance of his friend, but he said nothing. He seemed to revolve in his mind the proper means of executing some hidden design.

"What are you thinking of?" said Estcourt carelessly, smiling.

"I was thinking," said Gilbert coolly, but rivetting his eyes upon the other, "that she must have been very handsome; but are there no more like her in the world?"

Estcourt's carelessly reclining head rose erect with a sudden start, which indicated the effect of the words.

"Handsome —! Like her?" he stammered. "To whom do you refer?"

"To the woman who made you what you are," said Gilbert coolly.

A long look from Estcourt did not alter the expression of the painter's countenance; he was as calm as ever.

"Why, what can you mean Gilbert?" said Estcourt bending forward, with deep surprise.

"I mean," said the painter calmly, "that I accompanied you one day to a small house in the woods, not far from this town; and that by an accident, which at the time seemed to cause you great annoyance, I caught sight of a picture of a woman, hanging upon the wall of a strange-looking apartment. Now you will, of course, think me rude, brutal, unfeeling, intrusive—everything, in a word, which is objectionable, unfriendly; but I believe that you loved that woman. Did you not?" asked the painter as coolly as if he were propounding the most indifferent question.

The effect produced upon Estcourt by this address, and the question which terminated it, was painful to behold. His cheeks flushed and grew pale, and a sigh that seemed to issue from his very heart, sounded like an echo of sorrow and despair. For some moments he remained silent—then his calmness, in a measure, returned.

"Gilbert," he said, "you have alluded to a subject which agitates me greatly in spite of all my efforts to resist such emotion—but I do not think you unfeeling. No, it is rather I myself who am to blame for concealing from so true a friend as yourself, the sorrow which has made my life one of shadows. You have not been mistaken. That picture was the portrait of a woman who made me wretched. Come to my house at Fairfield, and I will tell you all."

The words died away like a sigh, and Gilbert stood with drooping head, looking at his friend. He seemed as deeply affected by Estcourt's pain, as if it had been his own.

"There, there, my dear friend," said Estcourt, "do not let my words move you so. I am calm again, you see—nothing moves me long. Come, let us speak of other things."

And with a sad smile, Estcourt again leaned back in his chair.

"So be it," said Gilbert, looking with a singular expression of tender pity at his friend, "and I appreciate the generosity of your reply to my intrusion, Estcourt. Suppose, however, that I were to tell you that I had a design in what I said."

"A design?"

The painter nodded.

"I do not comprehend."

Gilbert reflected for an instant, then, looking at his friend with the same air of compassion, said:

"Do you believe in the transmigration theory of Pythagoras?"

"A singular question, and I understand your meaning less than ever."

"I ask simply if you give credit to the dogma of the Greek, that souls do not depart from this world at death, but pass into other forms—the forms of animals or men, or women?"

"I reply, simply, that I have always regarded the idea as a chimera."

"Well, do you know that I am tempted to embrace the opposite view."

"Is it possible? Why 'tis a mere cloud of the brain, a fancy."

"Are you sure?"

"I am sure of one thing, Gilbert," said Estcourt, gazing fixedly at his friend, "that this conversation tends to some strange result—some singular thought, or object."

"Well," said the painter, "you exhibit your habitual penetration—you are right—I have something to show you."

"What is it?"

"A portrait."

"Ah! Is that all? A portrait—a—portrait?"

And Estcourt's glances dwelt upon the countenance of his companion with sudden intensity.

"A picture—will you look at it?" said the painter.

"Certainly."

"First, however, understand that it is no fancy of my dreams—it is a veritable likeness of a person, who sat in that chair which you now occupy within twenty-four hours—an actual living woman of flesh and blood; do you understand?"

"Yes—then 'twas a woman!—yes—I understand," said Estcourt, through whose frame a slight tremor ran as he gazed with distended eyes upon Gilbert.

"I see you are prepared now," said the painter; "the thought I endeavored to suggest has entered your mind, for I read the expression of your face like an open book. Well, see if I have deceived you—look!"

And as he spoke, the painter removed a green curtain from the frame of a picture, so arranged that the full light of the middle window fell upon it.

Estcourt almost cried out with astonishment. Here, before him, as though ready to start from the canvass, was the woman who had been his fate—who had died long years before—there in the full blaze of light, he saw her who had thrown the shadow upon his existence, which still clouded it, fresh, softly smiling, alive almost, on the speaking and eloquent canvass. The blue eyes beamed with a tender and subdued sweetness—the delicate forehead, with its soft brown curls, rose airily above the perfectly arched brows—the innocent lips were half parted, and the portrait seemed almost ready to move from its frame, and descend, a living woman, into the apartment.

"Why, a trick!—a strange jest, Gilbert!" cried Estcourt, with one trembling hand extended toward the picture, "a jest! Why, you told me 'twas a portrait!"

"And I repeat it—I finished it yesterday from the living original."

"The living ——?"

"Yes."

"Pardon my rudeness," murmured Estcourt, "but it seems to me that my head—I will lean upon your shoulder, Gilbert—I am weak to-day—not very well from the loss of rest——."

And he placed his arm upon the painter's shoulder, as though

to sustain himself from sinking down.

"Pardon me," said Gilbert earnestly; "had I thought the sight of this would move you so ——."

"It is nothing," interrupted Estcourt, who regained his calmness by a sudden and violent effort, and withdrew his arm, as he spoke, from his friend's shoulder; "it is nothing, a mere faintness which comes over me at times—that strange resemblance!"

"Is it not strange?"

"Did I understand you aright?" said Estcourt in a low voice, "this is a—portrait?"

"Yes, the likeness of a living young lady."

"Her name? Strange! Her abode, Gilbert? Here?

"Have you any business to prevent your stay in town to-night?"

"None—what do you mean?"

"I will take you to see the original of this picture."

"To see her! me?"

"Why not?"

"True—why not?" said Estcourt, turning away and regaining all his calmness, "I confess 'twould be a bitter pleasure to see this young lady—what a wonderful resemblance!"

"Is it not?"

"It is terrible, Gilbert. But replace the curtain, and hide it."

The painter did so.

"I am at your disposal," said Estcourt, "and I ask no questions. When shall I return?"

"If you are going now, at dusk this evening."

"Very well—I promise you faithfully to return at that time."

And the friends separated, Estcourt to visit Frank—Gilbert to continue his painting.

It was a portrait of Miss Mary Crafton, the elder sister of Ellen, whom we have seen. Mary Crafton was the affianced bride of the artist, but her parents had obdurately refused their assent to the marriage, and Mary came almost by stealth to have her portrait taken.

Gilbert sighed, as he gazed at the half executed face.

"Well, well," he murmured, "I must wait for happier times. I will not despair."

With which, he recommenced painting. After an hour's work he paused, and went to look at the picture which he had shown to Estcourt.

"A strange experiment!" he muttered; "what will be the result?"

DAY DAWN.

The first low fluttering breath of wakening day
  Stirs the wide air. Thin clouds of pearly haze
  Float slowly o'er the sky, to meet the rays
Of the unrisen sun—whose faint beams play
Among the drooping stars, kissing away
  Their waning eyes to slumber. From the gaze,
  Like snow-wreath at approach of vernal days,
The moon's pale circlet melts into the gray.
  Glad ocean quivers to the gentle gleams
Of rosy light that touch his glorious brow,
  And murmurs joy with all his thousand strains;
And earth's fair face is mantling with a glow,
  Like youthful beauty's in its changeful hue,
  When slumbers, rich with dreams, are bidding her adieu.

HEROD AGRIPPA AND THE OWL.

"Per Bacche, Caius, when the spectre, Mors,
Shall lay his cold hand on the Emperor,
I trust the dead man's sceptre will be yours;
I long to see the imperial diadem
Upon your brow." So Herod, flushed with wine,
Flattered the future Emperor of Rome,
What time the pair went reeling home at dawn.
The speech was harmless in the speaker's mouth;
But when Tiberius heard it from his spies,
Fearing some deep-laid plot, he called his guard:
Straightway the guard to Herod's palace marched,
And battering at its gates, awoke his slaves.
Herod still slept: they found him on his couch
Haggard and worn, and muttering in his dreams.
The stern centurion loaded him with chains,
And led him to a cell; except his slaves,
Or some late reveller on his way to bed,
Not one of all the million souls in Rome
Beheld him as he walked the streets that morn,
His robe before his face: the city slept.
At noon an idler missed him at the bath,
And dropped the careless question, "Where is Herod?"
Another missed him at the chariot race.
"Were is my Herod?" asked Caligula,
Who woke at dusk, and missed his ready jest;
"Where is my prince of wits?" but no one knew.
Meantime the wretched Herod walked his cell,
A prey to bitter thoughts and fantasies.
He knit his frowning brow, and clenched his hands.
Threatening, he knew not what, of vague revenge.
Anon he smiled, and stared at vacancy,
Like one who thinks too little, or too much.
The dregs of his debauch were in his brain;
His rattling fetters stung his shattered nerves,
Till, blind with rage, he beat the stony walls.
But calmer thoughts came soon, and patient grown,
He paced his cell in silence, hour by hour,
Counting his steps to pass away the time.
Time passed, but oh! how slow; the hours seemed days;
At last day died, night fell, and Herod slept.
The window of his cell looked over Rome,
Temples and groves, and baths and palaces,
And lesser hives of men—a sea of roofs;
Ere long he knew them all, for day by day
He pored upon them through the ugly bars,
Until he built them up within his brain.
He knew by heart the changes of the hours
On every roof; could shut his eyes and say,
"The sunlight now lies on yon palace front,
And now it strikes the bath;" or, "Now the shade
Has paved the square, and run its long black wall
Against the temple gates;" or, "Now the moon
Just tips the spear of yonder sentinel,"
And sight would then confirm his pictured words.
Weary of this, he watched the shifting clouds
In long procession, gay with summer's gold,
Or gray with autumn rain, the nightly stars,
And all the phases of the mellow moon.

"Were I a cloud,'" he thought, "I'd fly away
From this accursed cell; not as I came,
Shrouding my face for shame; but proud and bold,
Royal in sunset purple! 'There he goes!'
All Rome would shout; 'Behold a king, a god!'"
But when the moon arose, her cold white light
Humbled his pride, and touched his dreamy thoughts
With gleams of sadness, borrowed from the past.
He saw the deep blue sky of Palestine
Shining above his palace, set in palms
Between the craggy hills and sheeted lakes;
He saw his leagues of garden sown with flowers,
And peopled thick with bees and tropic birds;
He saw his loving queen, his wretched wife,
Pale as a ghost by moonlight, pace the walks,
Mourning for him. "Return," she said, "return!"
"I come!" he cried, and stretching out his arms
To clasp the weeper to his heart, she fled.
His dream was broken by the clank of chains,
And waking in his cell again, he wept!
But oftener he recalled his Roman feasts,
His wild, wild nights of revel and debauch.
"To-night," he said, "Lucullus gives a feast
At Capri, and all the mad caps will be there,
Caligula and Crassus, and the rest.
I saw their chariots dashing through the gates
With flashing wheels, at twilight; on and on
They thundered, shouting to their fiery steeds,
Rolling a cloud of dust in peasant eyes
That watched them from the road-side; on, still on;
The villa twinkles in its nest of trees,
Brightening as they approach it, till the night
That walls it in, becomes a second day:
But haste, ye loiterers, haste! for see, the slaves
Are waiting at the portico with flowers;
Slip on your crowns, the banquet is begun.
They loll on purple couches, in the light
Of fragrant lamps, and to the wedded sound
Of lutes and voice, they feast, or drain their cups
Of ripe Falernian, sweet with southern suns,
Pledging each other and their absent friends.
I wonder if they think of me, to-night,
And drink my health? Caligula, at least,
Might drink to me, if only to himself,
Under the rose of silence in his thoughts.
But out of sight, thou fool! is out of mind!
Behold these chains of thine, this spacious cell,
That royal, mouldy crust, and yon old jar,
Which every morn is brimmed with Tiber wine—
These show thee how thy friends remember thee!"
Thus dream chased dream through Herod's restless mind,
And memory, memory, like the autumn birds
That passed his window in their southward flight.
At last the winter came—the bleak, cold days
Of wind and rain: the sky o'er Rome was dim,
And snows were piled upon the mountain peaks.
One winter morn he woke, perplexed with dreams,
And lo! there stood an old man in his cell;
A stern and strange old man; his calm, bright eye
Was fixed on Herod, and he seemed to read
His inmost nature; not as man reads man,
Studying the guarded volume of his thoughts;
But as the gods divine him—at a glance.
"Old man, if man thou art, and not a dream,
How cam'st thou in my cell? For six long months

No human face, save thine, has looked in mine!
Am I to die? Tell him that sent thee here
That Herod fears not death. Am I to live?
Why, tell him, then, that Herod fears not life."
"Perchance," the figure answered, grave and slow.
"But there is much to fear in life and death,
For few are fit to die, or fit to live.
Thy words are bold, not wise; but let them pass;
I am not sent to judge thee, for the gods
Have judged already, not for words, but deeds:
They shape the mortal issues of thy life;
I bring thee freedom only."
"Give me that,"
Herod replied, "and leave the rest to them.
Think not because my youth in folly passed
That wisdom flies my manhood; all men learn;
Time teaches all men something, even kings!
Strike off these chains, set wide the door, and then
Claim what thou wilt, Herod can serve his friends."
"Below thy window, in the prison court,
There grows a gaunt old pine; go, look at it;
Thou'lt see upon its topmost bough an owl:
It is a sign that thou wilt soon be free,
And highly honored by the Emperor:
But mark it well, for when thine eyes again
Behold that owl, in five days thou shalt die."
"I must behold that most potential owl,
That keeps the keys of Herod's destiny."
Thus Herod, sneering, masked his face in smiles,
And from his window peered upon the pine,
That glimmered darkly in the dim, white mist.
He scanned its ragged branches, layer on layer
Dwindling from base to crown, until he reached
The topmost bough, and lo! the owl was there;
Perched on the summit of the blasted pine
It sat, and stared at him with stony eyes.
"I see the bird, old man," and Herod turned
To face his guest once more, but he was gone;
Nor shape nor shade was there—he stood alone.
Before the day was over he was free;
For lo! the very hour he saw the owl
His former wish came true—Tiberius died,
Caligula was Emperor of Rome!

II.

Seven free, bright years rolled by, and Herod's life
Set like a sea towards the happy isles,
The golden shores of fortune: diadems
Were showered upon him: kingdoms at his feet
Laid down their sceptres, and proclaimed him king;
Traconitis, Gaulanites, Batavia,
Were subject to him, and Caligula
Made him the Tetrarch of Lysanias.
Kings to the world, the royal pair alone
Were friends, and boon companions; at their feasts
They drank each other's health in seas of wine;
They drove each other's chariots at the race;
They rode together to the sacred fanes,
When Rome adored her gods, and side by side,
Girt by their eagles in the Capitol,
Received the embassies of foreign kings.
Sometimes the memory of his wasted life
Would steal o'er Herod in his happiest hours;
Low voices moaned in music when the flutes

Bubbled with laughter, and a solemn face,
Haunting the wine cup, watched him as he drank;
Anon a vision of his dreary cell
Darkened his thoughts: he saw the strange old man
Whose warning shook his soul that winter morn,
And saw the owl upon the blasted pine.
"Did I not think the thing a dream," he said,
"I should be troubled by it, but I know
The brain is fruitful of such fantasies,
Begot of hope, or fear. That I am free,
Even as the figure seemed to promise me,
Is true, but not because it promised it;
For grant Tiberius back upon the throne,
What power could set me free? My heated brain
Created phantoms, but I dread them not."
Thus Herod, troubled, boasted to himself.
Meantime the dial of the Emperor's life
Was slowly darkened by the shadow, Death;
He died, and Claudius filled the throne instead.
Still Herod prospered; diadems were still
Showered on him, and new kingdoms named him King:
Samaria, and Judea, and Libanus,
And Abila were added to his realms.
He made a second Rome of Berytus,
Built temples, baths, and royal palaces,
And then, to glut his Roman appetites,
An amphitheatre, a den of blood,
Where gladiators fought like savage beasts.
From Berytus he passed to Cesarea.
To flatter Claudius, and to show his pomp,
He set a day apart for public games
To honor him—a Claudian festival.
Rome sent her bravest gladiators, Greece
Her tragic bards, her wrestlers, and athletes:
The streets of Cesarea were strewn with flowers,
And bridged with arches; fountains played, the groves
Were populous with statues, altars smoked,
And here and there his conquering cohorts marched,
Their brazen helmets glittering in the sun.
Hard by the stadium Herod's palace rose,
Topping its wall of palms; a spacious square
Paven with snowy marble, stretched in front;
Thither at dawn the court of Herod swarmed,
To greet their king; the togaed Roman there
Jostled the Greek, the bearded Gaul, the Jew.
The cold grey sky grew white at last with morn,
Brightening from east to west, save where a cloud
Hung, black with thunder; while they watched the cloud
A sudden trumpet thrilled the startled air,
And Herod stood before them like the sun,
Blazing with light; his gorgeous Tyrian robe
Was stiff with broidered pearls and seams of gold,
And on his crown, a crusted band of gems,
The morning shone and lit its inner fires;
A dazzling glory smote their blinded eyes.
Wonder and awe a moment held them mute,
And then "a God!" they shouted, "lo! a God!"
A smile of triumph curled his haughty lip,
And wrapping round him his imperial robe
He frowned, and strode among his worshippers.
A roll of thunder filled their hearts with fear,
But Herod, drunk with power, strode boldly on,
Till, lifting up his eyes, he saw an owl,
Perched on a statue of the Emperor,
Then terror seized him, and a dreadful shriek,

Torn from his pallid lips by mortal pain,
Rang through the shuddering silence as he fell
Headlong upon the pavement, struck with death!
Five days and nights he writhed with agony,
Dying a thousand deaths in every pang;
The people, clad in sackcloth, wept and prayed
For Herod's life, but Herod prayed for death,
But died not till the sixth sad morning came.
The sixth bright morning came, and gave no sign
A God was dead; the cloudless sky was calm,
And all the broad great city slept in light;
Only along the palace court there lay
A gloom—the outline of the palace roof,
Crowned by the shadow of the fatal owl!

THE TWO THRONES.

I became acquainted with my friend, Dr. Thos. Staunton, at Florence, during the severe winter of 1851.

While prosecuting my professional labors in Edinburgh, at the beginning of that year, I was suddenly attacked with a hemorrhage, which made it necessary that I should immediately seek a more genial climate.

Accordingly, I went to Florence, as the city which, above all others on the Continent, promised to afford me the opportunity of mental amusement, as well as physical renovation. There, in a remote suburb, I hired lodgings, which presented the two-fold advantage of retirement, and of easy access to the country. Dr. Staunton, an eminent English practitioner settled in Italy, undertook my case, which he pronounced to be serious, but by no means desperate. His skill, and attention, combined with the serene atmosphere, restored me rapidly to comparative vigor and good health.

But conjecturing that this improvement might be only temporary, I determined to remain where I was, not only during the residue of the winter, but for the better part of the ensuing spring and summer. I was so much pleased with Staunton, his mind, manners, and attainments, and found in him so congenial a spirit, that it is probable my resolution was influenced greatly by his acquaintance. As our intimacy ripened, I persuaded him to abandon the hotel at which he had been boarding, and to take up his quarters with me. For months we lived very pleasantly together. My companion was, in many respects, a remarkable man. Instead of aspiring, like too many of his inconsiderate countrymen, to a knowledge of the various complicated branches of his profession, he learnt from the *savans* of Paris, with whom he had prosecuted his studies, to devote himself to a speciality. This he mastered in all its ramifications, down to the most minute and scarcely appreciable detail. The consequence was, that on his removal to Italy, he succeeded, in a space of time that seemed marvelous, in establishing a brilliant

reputation. His profound acquaintance with pulmonary diseases, procured him not only a vast local practice, but the patronage of hundreds of consumptives from Great Britain and America. Yet, notwithstanding the continual calls upon his time, the Doctor found leisure — heavens knows how— to engage in certain researches foreign to medical science. These researches were intensely metaphysical, and originated, I have no doubt, from his frequent contact with the dying, and the speculations natural to the meditative mind in regard to the *rationale* of that awful schism of Nature. His opinions of the soul, its capacity and destination—the mysterious character of its connection with the body, and its influence on the modifications of disease, were, for a long time, unsettled. At almost every step in his progress he started a new theory—until at length he arrived, by an induction which he maintained to be unconquerably logical, at the debasing conclusions of the *ultra* materialistic school. Out of this belief, I attempted to reason him by all the arguments in my possession. Nor were these few or weak. I also had investigated the subject laboriously, and adopted a faith directly the reverse of my friend's. Scarcely a day passed upon which, during the hours devoted to dinner, (the only substantial meal Staunton allowed himself,) we did not battle on this important topic. I am free to confess, that my opponent generally came off victorious. He was a very subtle reasoner. You might bring against him a battery of facts, which to an ordinary man would have proved invincible. He surmounted them with an ease and readiness, nay, an apparent force of analysis and evidence that was really astounding. Sometimes he would carry positions I deemed impregnable, by a brilliant *coup de main*; and again, by a system of attack I did not at first comprehend, he would undermine my logic, and at the very moment I fancied myself triumphant, a single cunning suggestion, ingeniously administered, would cause a very labored structure of argument to fall to the ground. I cannot deny that such well-directed and powerful assaults had an effect upon me. With unspeakable reluctance I perceived that my faith in the sublimest doctrine man can entertain —the most etherial and elevating imagination of which the human understanding is capable, daily grew weaker and less consoling. I had exhausted my reasons in its defence, and at last Staunton, perceiving that the subject troubled me, ceased to make it the continual theme of conversation.

Thus stood the question between us, when, one evening in the early part of summer, my friend entered our residence with a stranger, whom he introduced to me as a Monsieur Béronnes. He was a man probably about forty, or perhaps not quite so old, of a very striking face and figure, polished address, and a certain air of not ungraceful *hauteur*, unusual in a Frenchman. Staunton whispered to me that he was the member of a family belonging to the *ancien régime*, with strong monarchical prejudices, but of liberal education, and somewhat of a philosopher. I knew the meaning of the latter term in Staunton's vocabulary, and was therefore in no wise astonished to find Alfred Béronnes the most determined of Materialists. He did not condescend to argue in support of his theory, but contented himself with sneering at everything verging, however remotely, towards spiritualism. The more I saw of

this high-born and cultivated gentleman, the more I disliked him. Even Staunton seemed startled sometimes at the bitterness of his remarks—the sardonic contempt with which he treated any proposition that rested on a belief of man's dignity as a moral or psychical agent. Still, having been indebted to Béronnes for certain kindnesses extended towards him when a student in Paris, he felt bound to pay him every attention. Nor were the creeds held by the two persons at all different. The distinction between them was, that the Frenchman carried his opinions to their legitimate results, which the other feared to do.

Weeks passed, and it was now the middle of August. The season, so far, had been healthy almost beyond parallel, but suddenly a malignant fever, of typhoid character, broke out and raged with fearful virulence in all portions of the city. I was immediately solicited by Staunton to leave without delay. I entertained no apprehension of the epedemic, but thought it the part of prudence to adopt his advice. Just three days before my intended departure, my friend came in, considerably agitated from his business, with the intelligence that the fever had attacked Béronnes.

"I wish," said he, "that we could remove the poor fellow from the tumult of the hotel to this retired place, but that, I fear, is impossible. He must remain where he is, though the chances are frightfully against him."

"Do you think him very ill?" said I.

"Indeed I do," he replied. "It should be a warning to you, *mon ami*, to quit this place, sooner even than you intended. The atmosphere is poison."

I promised to hasten my retreat, if practicable, and retired directly after, with, for the first time, a sense of insecurity and danger.

The next morning I heard that Béronnes was worse, and some hours later, Staunton declared that all hope was over—that he was dying.

Being told that he was delirious, and actuated by a strange interest in his fate, I solicited the Doctor to permit me to accompany him on his next, and, as he believed, his last visit. This request he strenuously opposed, but finding that I was really anxious to see his patient, finally yielded his consent.

We drove together to the "Hôtel de ——, in the second story of which Béronnes had engaged a handsome suite of apartments. As we entered his chamber our ears were saluted by a volley of curses, uttered with all the vehemence of madness. The fever was at its height. His *valet*, and a female nurse, were attempting to hold him down, and the bed shook and groaned from his frenzied efforts to overcome them.

"This will never do!" exclaimed Staunton; "the reaction will destroy him, if the bursting of a blood vessel does not anticipate it."

My companion poured out several drops of an efficient anodyne, and went to Béronnes with the cup. The latter relaxed his struggles as the Doctor approached; but when the potion was held to his lips, he dashed the cup into a dozen fragments. After making, with the same success, three or four other efforts to administer the soothing mixture, it occurred to Staunton that music (an intense passion for which had struck me as being the sole refining feature in Béronnes' character) might serve to allay the fierce excitement of the brain and blood. As if there had been a foreknowledge of his purpose, the sound of a harp was at this moment

heard in the street below. Both performer and instrument we at once recognized. The first was one of those mysterious personages who occasionally make their appearance in large cities, no one knows why, or from whence, depending on the charity of the multitude, yet evidently in birth and original station above it, and to whom some romantic legend universally attaches. He was an old man, but very stalwart and noble looking. His beard was patriarchal, and streaked with white, but, strange to say, the locks of his hair, profuse and long, were black as ebony. His eyes were more luminous and wonderful in their magnificent and varied play of thought and feeling, than it would be possible for me to describe, or for the reader, unfamiliar with the expressive depth and pathos of which the Italian face is capable, to appreciate. Every evening at twilight, just as the western columns of the Hôtel de ——— loomed out in the last of the sunlight, Pietro (the simple name by which he was known) would take a position on the pavement fronting the hotel, and with his face raised, his head bared, and his whole attitude that of exalted and serene devotion, would sing, accompanied by a low strain from his instrument, the vesper hymn to the Virgin. As he thus stood, the voices of the great throng passing and repassing were subdued—men moved with hushed features and stealthy steps—and hundreds, to whom the spectacle and the music were novel, would gather in a ring around the devotee with curious countenances, that waxed solemn as the deep tones of the singer grew deeper, and the sad breathings of the harp sighed forth more mournfully upon the winds. Often and often have I seen the listeners to this beautiful hymn, hard favored with sin and grief, as many of them seemed to be, turn away from the spot with moistened eyes, and breasts that heaved with emotion. Such was the person, and such the air, that now attracted the attention of all in the sick chamber—all but the patient himself, whose hearing had been impaired, probably, by his illness.

"When the fellow has finished his strumming," said Staunton, who always spoke of the minstrel with an offensive irreverence, "we must call him up here, and test the efficacy of his art on our poor friend, who cannot, however," he added, in a low tone, "survive much longer."

In a few minutes, Pietro had finished his hymn, and the crowd dispersed. I seized the opportunity to solicit the old man's assistance in our endeavors to calm Béronnes, who still continued to rave horribly. He readily consented to aid us, and followed me to the patient's room for that purpose. He took a seat by the couch, and played piece after piece without the slightest effect. Béronnes became more furious than before. At last he essayed one of the touching love-sonnets of Lazzarini. The invalid instantly grew calm, attentive, and wholly subdued. He kept time with his hand, and during each pause, at the end of the quatrains or tercets, he seemed striving to express his approval. Pietro repeated the lyric again and again, and always successfully.

And now twilight came on apace, and the objects in the chamber grew dim, and we were compelled to press to the bedside more closely, to watch the changes on the sufferer's countenance. Duskily the wings of the evening spread over us, but within the couch a wild light was cast from the deep crimson of the damask curtains that swayed slightly in the breeze, moaning from the open window. It fell on Béronnes' face, and we could

distinctly mark its changes. They were evidently influenced by the sweet tide of the music that rolled with a voluptuous swell along the ceiling, and passed far out into the silence, startling the night birds, and causing the bellman in a neighboring steeple to pause in surprise, reluctant to break upon that volume of strange sound with the harsh iron peal of time. But at length the solemn strokes tolled the eighth hour of the evening. The harper rested on his instrument, and his voice was stilled. A dead silence crept through the apartment. The air blew colder, and the spectators stepped closer to each other, as if awed by the mysterious influences of the time and place. Just then, and while the last stroke from the church-tower vibrated on the darkness, a change passed over Béronnes' features, such as no power of mortal pen or pencil could portray. It appeared as if transported in an instant from all material sense or consciousness, he was overwhelmed by some tremendous revelation—some apocalypse of supernal light. His face was as the face of an angel. Every lineament blazed with an illuminated spirit.

"A-h!" he murmured, with a deep-drawn breath—a sigh that shook his frame, until we almost imagined it would be rent apart, lifting at the same moment his clasped hands above his head—"Ah!" he murmured, in *such* a tone as the spirit evoked by the sorceress of Endor might have used to the awe-smitten King of the Jews.

"Two Thrones! *two great white thrones! and the phantoms—how they throng about them! and on the one is written* Grace, *and He that sitteth thereon is clothed in a vesture dipped in blood, and his name is called* The Word of God, *and on the other is written* Vengeance; *and now, oh! Christ, I see*" ——— but not one syllable more ever passed the lips of Alfred Béronnes. He paused, as though struck by lightning in the midst of the sentence, covered his eyes convulsively, as if to shut out some insufferable vision, and then collapsed into the icy coldness and rigidity of death. Staunton grasped my arm, and whispered in a manner that betokened how terribly the scene had moved him: "Let us begone! this place is accursed!"

We left the chamber together. The nurse and servant of the deceased, appalled by the scene they had witnessed, fled before us. The harper alone, engaging to watch by the death-bed until we returned, remained in perfect composure in his place. We walked down the corridor, and reached the head of the stairway. As we were on the point of descending, there rose behind us a burst of music, more solemn than any we had heard even on this eventful evening. It was Pietro playing a fragment of the *Te Deum*.

DUELLING.

[The following article, from the pen of a distinguished writer, is published with the express purpose of eliciting discussion upon a subject of great moral and social importance. We do not, of course, invite *controversy*, but that calm and thoughtful investigation, through which alone it is possible to attain to the truth.—EDITORS RUSSELL'S MAGAZINE.]

SOCIETY, in its progress from barbarism, avails itself of many and diversified instruments adapted, or apparently adapted, to the changing exigencies of time and circumstance. Laws are thus made and customs arise, having all the force and vitality of law, sometimes concurring with, and sometimes strangely opposed to law. In the conflict between them, we shall almost uniformly observe that custom prevails, displaying more tenacity than law, and exhibiting far less liability to sudden or marked alteration. Duelling is one of these customs, perhaps the most tenacious and durable of all.—Founded in the most ineradicable of our instincts, the love of revenge and the necessity of self protection, it has been interwoven as a part of almost all forms of religion, and has at different times received the sanction of the highest authority, legislative and executive, in every nation. Yet when these, its allies, deserted it and became inimical, it bade defiance to them, and flourishes in spite of them.

The instruments of civilization have all of them a transient adaptation and utility, and when they have effected their purposes, must be changed or abandoned. When it has attained its perfect type, as in the Christian millenium, the sword will be beaten into a ploughshare, the spear into a pruning hook, the duel will be abandoned, prisons will be converted into hotels, and penitentiaries into workshops. No laws being broken, no courts will be held; the pulpit, and we name it, filled with "solemn awe;" the pulpit itself will be vacant; there will be no preaching. "No one shall say to his neighbor, know ye the Lord, for all shall know him, from the least to the greatest." In the meantime, and until the advent of that glorious day of ripened Christianity and mature civilization, there will be *war*, both public and private; judges and juries will be held in repute; the stocks, the pillory and the gibbet, will be in demand, and we shall be content in the endeavor to improve our condition, with choosing among inevitable evils.

The reformer, in his eager anxiety to escape from any one of these, should not rashly incur the risk of its opposite—should not be blind to the alternative presented. *Oaths* are abused and violated, it is proposed to abandon them. Let us ask first, How is society to dispense with them? Juries are often a nuisance; even when starved into unanimity, they commit the most ludicrous as well as destructive injustice; but the jury is, nevertheless, "the palladium of liberty." Slavery is, in an abstract point of view, much to be deprecated; but is it not a relief from anarchy and starvation? Lynching is a grievous thing to introduce into a grave and law-loving community, accustomed to throw ship loads of tea into docks, and burn down convents quietly, and assist in the escape of black pilferers and colored runaways from "involuntary servitude;" but in the distant wilds, where a jail and a sheriff are unknown, is

it not better than the continued payment of black mail to robbers, or submission to the high-handed tyranny of a Murrel gang?

So duelling, a pestilent intrusion, doubtless, into a community of Quakers, or a peaceful monastery, or a congregation of disinterested Socialists, or heavenly-minded Swedenborgians, seems to us a very desirable substitute for the gouging and biting scuffles of our rude pioneers, or the justifiable homicide, the legal manslaughter of the ready Bowie knife, in which strength, promptness and recklessness, give one man so great a superiority over another; and the "hot blood," which is regarded in law as so available a palliation, causes so often, like the "running a muck" of the Malay, the destruction of the casual and innocent spectator, and involves a whole population in fray and sanguinary quarrel. It is a difficult question how much of the present refinement and gentleness of manners, in civilized society, is owing to the duel. At a certain point of savageism, it does not exist. When the laws have attained a certain degree of perfection, it begins to diminish, not because of the action of law, but because of the improvements in society which dictate good laws. The coincidence appears to us to indicate a conservative agency.

Look over the world: New England boasts that she, and the States peopled and governed by her pilgrim offspring, present us, in their most gracious aspect, the best elements of civilization. There the duel is abandoned as no longer necessary, and is vehemently denounced. There, offences physically directed against the person are comparatively rare. There, men are remarkable for insensitiveness to language elsewhere considered intolerably provocative and exasperating. The "retort uncourteous," and even the "lie direct," are bandied freely, and with an indifference either sublime or ludicrous, or both. They are exceedingly regardless of assaults upon personal character or dignity, but of the body they are delicately mindful. "Freedom of speech," in all its Billingsgate richness and raciness, is the privilege and prerogative upon which they set the highest value. "Strike me," says the African in his native wilderness, as we are told by the missionary Wilson, "strike me, but do not curse my mother!" "Curse my mother to your heart's content," cries the Yankee, "but do not strike me"! He is ready to die in defence of this inalienable right of every man to curse any other man or his mother as much as he pleases.

He sets also an immense value upon money, and submits to be deterred most readily in his use or abuse of the freedom of speech and action, by pecuniary penalties: fines which judges and juries are apt to inflict upon those who tweak the noses, or tread upon the toes of their neighbors, or with cudgel, cow-hide, or horse-whip, or *more majorum Britanicorum*, with natural pugilistic weapons, resent or punish an offence imagined or real. Such fines would be contemned by the aristocrat of England, or the careless planter of the South, who therefore is not reached by the law, and the "world's dread laugh" would be on his side. Here, then, and in England, men fight when trod on or insulted, and so they do in France and Germany, and every other Christian land. The heathen people are not yet civilized up to the duelling point, but I am not without hope even for the Turk, since he has put on a hat, and a swallow-tailed coat, with proper and graceless lappets.

The history of duelling is full of excitement and interest. It presents stories that thrill the very soul with both sorrow and admiration. Here we find displayed the most unflinching courage, the most ardent self-devotion, the most sublime magnanimity, the coldest self-possession, the most deliberate contempt of the King of Terrors, the keenest sensitiveness to reproach. Under the name of duellist, we find all shades of men, as the word soldier includes the drunken wretch who hires himself to be shot at and marched about for six pence a day, as well as a Sydney and a Warren; a Dugald Dalgetty as well as a Washington. The very definition of the duel implies, if properly given, something noble and elevated. We must not confound it with a casual rencontre, an accidental single combat, nor even an arranged meeting, unconditional in its contingencies. Each of the parties exposes himself fairly, and upon common ground, to an equal degree of danger; each is bound to conduct himself courteously and honorably; and their mutual pledges are endorsed, maintained and enforced by seconds or witnesses, under the same lofty responsibilities and honorable obligations.

The first duels that we read of are mentioned slightly by Livy, as occurring in Spain during the gladiatorial shows exhibited by Scipio in celebration of his conquest of that country, when several couples of enemies made use of the occasion to carry out their private hostility. Here they chose voluntarily to submit themselves to regulations which implied their fighting under known conditions, fairly, and with equal arms.

The duel grew out of the judicial combat, and the tournament, or *joust à outrance*, and has gradually assumed its modern form in accordance with the gradually prevailing spirit of civilization.

The original code of laws of chivalry, as preserved to our day, is noble, and generous, and merciful. So are all the codes of duelling which we have seen—the French code, the Galway code, and Wilson's, which latter prevails generally in this country, and substantially in England. Yet it is common to say that the Law of Honor is a cruel, remorseless, and bloody system of rules;—a most unfounded and ignorant imputation.

True, it has but one penalty; not, as is so often asserted, the Draconian infliction of death, but simply *the risk of life;* a risk too, which must be shared by the accuser, and therefore is not likely to be made unduly great, and which may be always easily escaped by doing right and justice.

The purpose of the law of honor, like that of all other good laws, is prevention — the prevention of wrong. If there were no penalty, the law would be weak and worthless. Without the excitement of human passions, this penalty could not be enforced. Is this not true of all laws? The justice of the courts, like that of the field, is neither blind nor deaf. She is full of sympathy and prejudice; her officials are but men. Her stern coldness is affected. The eloquence of her advocates, what is it, but an appeal to every human passion? It is usual to exclaim against the unreasonableness and cruelty of inflicting the penalty of the law of honor in regard to offences represented as trifling, as when a man is shot for having rudely jostled another, or offended a lady under his care. This is as fair and as true as to say that the law of the land hangs a man for having forged a note, or stolen a horse, or burned a house or a hay rick. In both cases due re-

ference should be had to another element of importance: the man has been hung that notes may not be forged, or horses stolen, or houses and hay ricks burned; he is hung *prospectively* and *protectively* to maintain the security of property. So, in duelling, a man is sacrificed, in order to defend the weak against the oppression of the strong; to secure character and reputation from the levity of the gossip, or the malignity of the slanderer; and to guard the invaluable courtesies and refinements of social life. This is the purpose and this the tendency of duelling; its occasional failure and misapplication form no fair objections against it. It would be easy to prove, however, that its success is notable; far greater, indeed, than that of the law of the land, in every way.

Does any one ask whether these objects and purposes of the law of honor are such and so important as to justify the demand it makes upon human life? Let us consider the true value of life. The law professes to regard it highly, yet takes it away freely as we have said, to make property secure. Governments talk largely of their tenderness and care of it, but go to war for a few acres of land, for a commercial privilege of undefinable importance, for the honor of a national flag, or to cut the Gordian knot of some diplomatic entanglement. Patriots leap into any gulf that the Fates offer, in the hope of its closing upon them, for their country's good. Martyrs yield life readily, and in their turn inflict death, for unintelligible differences of speculative opinion. Nay—we go more exactly still into the calculation. A general computes how many men he must lose to take a battery, to gain a height, to storm a city. In the arts and business of peace, so many men die for the facilities of steamboat and rail road travelling annually; so many by the casualties of storm and tempest; so many to discover a north-west passage, or to ascertain the fate of previous adventurers; so many in exploding, or sinking, or suffocating coal mines; so many in gilding for the luxurious rich; so many in grinding our needles, knives, and scissors. So many die shamefully on the gallows; so many a living death in solitary confinement, and in silent labor. We do not object to all this. Human life is not a property, but a loan. We are tenants at will, not lessees or owners. To establish a true or useful principle, many thousand lives would be well expended. In the general progress of society, and the supply of its wants, many thousands are inevitably crushed. But, we ask, which of all the pursuits of war, or of peace, is of more import to the individual or his species, than the establishment of proper rules of social conduct, of courtesy, and reciprocal deference? We know of none whatever. Without these institutions, society would be a riotous mob, and life one long scene of tumult. It is not easy to account for the immense array of authority that has been accumulated in modern times against the duel. We may say, as has been said concerning freedom of the will: even if all the argument is against, all the consciousness, all the practice, all the facts, are in its favor. Voltaire and Rousseau, Gibbon and Hume, have united with Fenelon and South, Chalmers and Channing, in denouncing it. The Puritans under Cromwell, and the Atheists of the French Revolution, agree in this. Montesquieu and Bacon, Frederick the Great, Catherine of Russia and Bonaparte, hold the same views concerning it. The inconsistency of society in thus sustaining and

reproaching it, is equally remarkable in individuals. Hamilton, going to the field to meet Burr, left a protest in writing against his own conduct. Judge White said, in his seat in the Senate, "I have always believed duelling to be morally and legally wrong; yet I have always been able to think of cases in which I could readily excuse a man for engaging in one. Offences may be committed, either by acts, or the use of bad language, that a man of sensibility would rather die than submit to."

This inconsistency runs through the whole history of the proceedings of Kings, Legislatures, Courts, civil and military, and communities, in relation to duelling. Henry IV, after making, under persuasion of his wise and friendly counsellor, Sully, some severe regulations against the duel, wrote thoughtlessly to a favorite who had been insulted, that he wished he were not a king that he might attend him as a friend. At the first duel which we witnessed, there were present five members of our own Legislature, the very body that had enacted the present laws against duelling; and on carrying home one of the parties wounded, we left him in the hands of a high legal functionary, his friend, who, cognizant of the whole transaction, had prepared the chamber and bed for his reception, and announced the accident to his family.

In the late trial of the Earl of Cardigan for shooting at and wounding Captain Tucket, in a duel, the Attorney General himself declared, in his speech to the House of Lords, "that there was no moral turpitude in the transaction." The Earl was acquitted by a unanimous vote, the peers declaring him, each, "not guilty! upon my honor,"—but one using a qualifying phrase, "not guilty *legally*, upon my honor!" The Bishop of London, on the part of the lords spiritual, and one peer for himself, protested against the the above quoted admission of the official prosecutor.

As to Courts Martial, no one can doubt their bias in favor of the duel, even in the very teeth of the Army Regulations forbidding it. It is not very long since Col. Abernethie was punished by the verdict of a Court Martial, and the subsequent decision of the King of England, the highest authority known to the laws, for "neglecting," this is the phrase used, "neglecting to demand the honorable adjustment of a dispute."

We are unable to lay our hands upon any instance of a trial for the duel, in which the court and jury did not make a distinct reference to the fairness or unfairness with which the duel was conducted; thus recognizing the law of honor, and in some sort and degree giving sanction to its decisions. And in all civilized communities the same law is recognized and sanctioned. No man loses caste for fighting only; many are utterly destroyed in hopes and prospects by the refusal to fight.

The objections to the duel are as varied as the classes of objectors. Some declare it murder, and denounce it as a violation of all laws, human and divine. Others consider it as irrelevant and unadapted to its own avowed purposes. Others still advise its abandonment, as having failed of its proposed effects; and still a last argument is pressed against it, as having had its uses, but having become obsolete, and therefore injurious by its continuance into a state of society in which it is no longer necessary or adapted.

Duelling is as defensible as war or litigation, and upon very similar grounds. If attacked as murder,

"Thou shalt not kill." We ask the objector if he admits any exceptions—if any, what exceptions? With a consistent member of the peace society, a true disciple of George Fox, we shall not argue. Such a man, offending nobody and resolute to take no offence, can have nothing to do with the law of honor, nor are any human laws likely to affect him. If any cause can justify war, an appeal by a nation to the God of battles, the Lord of Hosts, it can be shown that no cause of quarrel can affect a nation so oppressively as some injuries and insults an individual. A vast deal of fine declamation has been poured out from the bar and the pulpit and the press upon the miseries occasioned by the duel. The exaggerations indulged in, are easily exposed. The long reign of George III was most remarkable in all the history of England for duelling; indeed, it would scarcely be too much to say, that almost every man of distinction was obliged in his turn to go out. A Royal Duke, the leaders of all the parties, all public speakers of note, all men of fashion about town, fought. Ninety-six persons in all were wounded, sixty-nine were killed, eighteen were tried, seven found guilty of manslaughter, three of murder, eight were imprisoned, two executed. Both these last suffered not for mere duelling and killing their antagonists in single combat, but as having been proved guilty of departure from the established and long sanctioned and practised regulations of the duel. Now add together all the sufferings occasioned by all the duels fought since time began, and they are dust in the balance compared with the miseries consequent upon one glorious battle, not to speak of cities stormed and fields overrun, and whole countries starved, desolated and infected with pestilence. But men are ruled by words. "One murder makes a villain, millions a hero." In the despatches of the Duke of Wellington, when Sir A. Wellesly, he says, "I have taken and destroyed Dhoondiah's baggage and six guns, and driven into the Malpoorba, where they were *drowned, above* 5,000 *people.*" Sir T. Monro, a just and humane civilian, a Judge, writes in reply, "I have not been able to discover whither Dhoondiah has gone; I see, however, that 5,000 of his people have gone to the bottom, which is *some satisfaction* in the meantime."—Again, am I permitted to kill a thief or robber, and must I abandon my reputation to a slanderer, suffer affront or contumely, and allow a woman under my protection to be insulted by a clown or a bully? What other hope of redress is there for me? How else restrain the intolerable licentiousness of the press, rudeness of manner or coarseness of speech? From Franklin himself we learn that "we can only institute full liberty of the press when we accompany it with full liberty of the cudgel." But who does not prefer the regulated duel to the brutal rencountre of the fist, or the bludgeon, or the bloody Bowie knife? And who that possesses what our Washington claimed for himself "the sensitiveness of the gentleman," would submit his cause to the farcical mockery of a resort to a law court in such cases. The shot fired by the vindictive Kentuckian, Marshall, in due form at the body of the libellous journalist, Webb, was worth an ass' load of statutes and a library of sermons. It has effected far more for peace and good order, and even for the liberty of the press itself, more seriously endangered by its own licentiousness than in any other way.

The word *murder* is freely ap-

plied to duelling both at the bar and in the pulpit. The law of England, by its highest authorities, Hale, Hawkins, Foster, and Blackstone, declares it murder. They give every encouragement to the prompt adjustment of a quarrel in hot blood—in which, no matter at what disadvantage the adversary is taken, no matter how unfairly treated, no matter how little he has offended or how willing he may be to make reparation, if you *kill him quick*, you commit the much lighter offence of manslaughter, and suffer a much slighter penalty. Great use was made of this suggestion in the reign of Henry IV, who, by Sully's advice, instituted severe laws against the duel.

Rencountres were multiplied thereupon, and it is stated that 4,000 gentlemen perished by *manslaughter*!

But what is murder? Blackstone tells us it originally meant the *secret killing* of another. Others suppose its essence to lie in *malice aforethought*. Bentham long ago protested against the absurd confusion of thought and language which brought the duel under the definition of murder. Does it not "perplex all our ideas of morality" to class together the several offences known to the law by that name? "Has the act of killing a man who has fired at me and has agreed to let me fire at him, anything in common with stealing to his bed at the dead of night and stabbing him in his sleep?" "Try," says an anonymous writer, probably Macauley, once a judge in India, "try to shake hands with one murderer, if he must be so called, and then with the other? Do you not feel and acknowledge the difference?" Yes, they are separated by a whole horizon. Of course secret killing is out of the question. It is not a duel without witnesses, without umpires, without a formal appeal to *their* sense of right and justice. As to malice prepense, there is no more than in war. The combatants fight for a purpose. This is and must be clear, plain, and distinctly avowed. If attained without killing, the law of the duel is fulfilled; if killing be necessary to attain it, the necessity is incidental.

We are told in the life of Chatham, that on one occasion, when the proud Earl of Shelbourne went out to fight a duel, he knew so little of his antagonist as to be under the necessity of asking on the field: "Which of these gentlemen is it that I come to meet?"

The Duke of Wellington considered himself agrieved by some expressions of the Earl of Winchelsea. He thought it incumbent on him to require their retraction or an apology. This being refused, he challenged the Earl, who received his fire, discharged his own pistol in the air, and then apologized. The Iron Duke was thus for the first time, in the eye of the law, guilty of murder. Had he forced a quarrel with the Earl and shot him in hot blood, he would only have committed the petty crime, comparatively, of manslaughter.—Had he waylaid him and secretly blown his brains out, this at last would only have been murder. But he attained his purpose, and his purpose was otherwise unattainable. Was the end aimed at worth the risk of the most valuable life in Europe? If any man was ever qualified to answer this question it was Wellington; and he deliberately thought, decided, and acted on the opinion. His notes on the occasion, like all his other writings, are models of quiet moderation. The case may be referred to as embodying a reply to all the objections against the duel, as proving its relevancy, its adaptation, its effi-

ciency, its admirable propriety, necessity and usefulness.

Paley, in his Moral Philosophy, talks absurdly of the law of honor as "favorable to the licentious indulgence of the natural passions, because it lays no stress on the virtues opposite to these." As well might he say that the law of England favors idolatry, because it lays no special stress on the virtue of religious worship of the true God. But all law should be relevant, and if its tendency is in the right direction, it will, in a greater or less degree, effect its purpose. We deny, however, the truth of his allegation. The law of honor represses sedulously all violent indulgence of the passions. The offended principal places his case in the hands of umpires, supposed to be free from excitement and solemnly bound to fulfil equity. If the law of the land were perfect in its protection of the person, the law of honor would cease to exist, would soon become obsolete. The duel would be unnecessary and unheard of. So also, if obedience to the moral law were perfect, "whence come all wars and fightings?" Man does wrong to his fellow. Shall such wrong be restrained? yes, if we can restrain it. But if we cannot, shall it be borne or shall it be resisted? If *borne*, then there is no more war, public or private—no more litigation. When one cheek is struck, we shall offer the other. When our cloak is taken away, we shall give up our coat also. But, if it is to be resisted, how? A strong spirit will not half resist—resist ineffectually. It is unnecessary to speak of the general ineffectiveness of law, of its frequent practical injustice in reference to property, to rights, to privileges. Who will not acknowledge its insufficiency in relation to the person. An assault and battery is inflicted by a strong man upon a weak one; we select a coarse and palpable injury, but the case is much more impressive when an infringement of some one of the thousand intangible delicacies and refinements of social life has been committed, of which our boasted laws can take no cognizance at all. Damages are sued for by the injured party and assessed by a judge and jury. No great physical harm has been done, and the ordinary fine is levied, and the offender imprisoned, perhaps. In process of time, he is again let loose, and the parties, moving in the same circle, meet often. On one side, there is a sneering, scornful triumph; on the other, a deep sense of degradation. "A wounded spirit who can bear?" Who can change the animal instincts, which constitute so prominent a part of our nature, and which were destined not, surely, to be extinguished, but merely to be regulated. How feels a father towards a beaten son, how a son towards a beaten father? There is pity doubtless, and an eager desire to revenge and protect, which we must quench as we best may, for it is unlawful. How feels a mistress towards an insulted lover, a wife towards a degraded husband? Let nature, let female nature answer! Their ineradicable instincts lead them specially to admire courage and strength; their reason leads them to respect the same qualities, without which, in their defenders there is for them no safety, no protection. What then! let us thank the inventor of gunpowder and of the sword, which tend to equalize the oppressor and the oppressed.

And this brings us to remark upon the strange and obviously paradoxical objection against duelling, that it is cowardly to fight, that it implies a base and weak subjection to the opinions and feel-

ings of others. "Sire," said M. de Brissac to Louis XV, "I possess all kinds of courage except that which can brave shame!" "The fear of shame and ignominy," says Plutarch, "is an argument of a good and virtuous mind, and those who regard not pain and death, which are usually esteemed the most dreadful of evils, cannot endure the thoughts of an indignity."

It is true that a brave man may refuse to fight a duel and may deserve esteem for his refusal, if consistent with his principles, but we shall require some other proof than this refusal to establish his character as a brave man. An officer of the Guards, whose letter is given us by Millingen, commences his note declining a challenge with the following sensible and pertinent phrase: "Sir, I reckon it my peculiar happiness that I can produce the officers and soldiers who witnessed my behavior at Fontenoy, as evidence of my courage." A brave man may retreat from a field of battle, but not on the ground that it was cowardly to stay. If the argument be modified so as to maintain that no very great amount of courage is requisite for the duel, we admit its truth, and contend that this is an obvious and great advantage. It gives even cowards protection, by affording them an opportunity to become dangerous; for even cowards will fight when they must, and the boldest sane man is unwilling to risk his life unless for a sufficient consideration. And no man can venture to act upon an indifference, real or affected, to the good opinion of the community in which he lives.

If we are correct in this view of the duel, which, like chivalry, has had and still has its uses as an instrument and agent in advancing civilization, though like it, doubtless, inconsistent with the mild spirit of Christianity and with the institutions of a mature and perfected civilization, we may assume that it is destined to be abolished and to fall into entire desuetude.

It is not to be put an end to by any premature regulations, whether social or legislative, but wherever rendered necessary by the defects of law, will still continue, in the language of Bacon, "to affront the law." As it is an acknowledged evil, however, it is incumbent on every community to make every effort to remove or remedy it. And the means are obvious. 1st. Remove the necessity for it; supply, as far as may be, the defects of the laws. Protect the person and the reputation. Render them inviolable; and when society dispenses with bolts and bars, with prisons and gibbets, then we shall lay aside the pistol and the rapier. We fear that we shall scarcely do without them *until then*. 2d. Meantime, while the clergy are sustaining with the utmost of their ability the authority of the divine laws, and courts, judges, sheriffs, and other officials, endeavoring to enforce the laws of the land, let the law of honor be recognized formally, and maintained firmly by governments everywhere, and let courts of honor be established with definite powers and sanctions. To such tribunals alone can we look for any alleviation of the penalty attached to the breach of the laws of honor, or any other mode of obtaining obedience to them than the present appeal to arms. 3d. When a duel has taken place, let these courts make a careful and accurate investigation of the affair, and discriminate between the innocent and the guilty, and ascertain the degrees of guilt incurred.

The confusion now existing impedes inquiry; all present being alike amenable to the laws, declar-

ed to be equally guilty and liable to the same punishment, all fly or are silent. Surely, it will not be difficult to discover who was the aggressor, who assailed, who defended, who gave peaceful advice, and who urged on the quarrel to a fatal issue. One of the most burdensome penalties ever inflicted upon those engaged in a duel, fell, not a great while since, upon a surgeon, Mr. Heaviside, who attended merely in a professional capacity, and perhaps saved the life of one of the combatants. He suffered a tedious and ruinous imprisonment. If the facts be all clearly ascertained, if rational penalties be affixed, and a proper discrimination made, parties will submit, juries will find a true verdict now and then, (which they never do under the present system,) and the majesty of the law will be properly vindicated.

There are certain principles which should be regarded as important and essential in all codes of duelling. The law of honor, like other good laws, should, in its aim and essence, be preventive rather than punitive. It should never lend itself to revenge, but seek stern justice; it should endeavor to repress all passion. There are certain deadly offences with which it should have nothing to do. It must avoid taking cognizance of great crimes. Some of these, such as murder and rape, may be left to the law of the land. There are others shamefully slurred over in all civilized nations, such as seduction and adultery, for which no provision is made by these laws. Even with these, let it not interfere. Let the injured husband or the protector of the ruined woman, kill the offender, or, *if he please*, forgive him. The last is a lofty effort of mercy, nay, divine; the first is human, and where the provocation can clearly be made out, will not surely be punished by human law, a human jury, a human judge.

The seconds, the officials by whom the code of honor is to be administered, should always be men of unblemished character, free from any known bias, and from all prejudice or interest in regard to the point in dispute; never having had any previous quarrel with either party, and unaccused of ill will or ill feeling towards either; of cool judgment, and steady firmness; lovers of peace and good order. Each of them should be attended by a friend of similar standing and character, with whom he may consult and advise, and with whom share the difficult responsibility.

The object aimed at, the only admissible object in a duel fairly fought upon true and chivalrous principles, is the promotion of exact justice. "God prosper the right!" the old battle cry of the judicial combat, ought to be the sincere wish of all engaged. It would be too much to say that the means are infallible: we only ask what is their tendency. Society has found none better.

To effect its purposes, the duel must be regulated by known and uniform laws. No capricious or unreasonable deviation is to be permitted in regard to the national or familiar weapon, or the ordinary mode of using it, or the customary distance, because such deviation may affect the usual preparation, properly assumed to be within every one's reach, the attainment of which tends to equalize the risk of the combatants. In England and the United States the pistol is the only weapon recognizable, a point admirably argued by Gen. Hamilton, in the case of McDuffie v. Metcalf; in France and Russia, both pistol and small sword; in Germany, the

pistol, rapier and sabre, or broad sword. These weapons are familiarly handled by the youth during their physical education, and all men are competent to their adroit use.

Any natural defect must be compensated for as well as may be. Thus, Major S. complaining that being near-sighted he could not see clearly where the seconds had placed him, his antagonist, Captain W., called to him to approach until he was satisfied. Benjamin Constant and Des Issarts were seated, because one of them was a cripple.

Constitutional nervousness, nay, even an original defect of physical courage may be compensated for, or supplied by moral courage and a *strong sense of right;* without the support of which, no man should seek the field, and with which a woman or a child can die a martyr. Thus, then, the feeblest is guarded against a wanton assault, either upon person or reputation, when it is well understood that the assailant's life is in danger.

"Quisquis vitam suam contempsit," says Seneca, "vitæ tuæ dominus est."

DREAMS.

Who first said false as dreams? Not one who saw
  Into the strange, dim secrets of his soul,—
Not one who understood the mystic law,
  That fiction is but part of truth, the whole.

Else had he known that in the human breast
  Are thousand shadowy thoughts and fleeting gleams,
That, (passed unnoticed in the day's unrest,)
  Come out at night, like stars in shining dreams.

Or if one takes a shape, with horrid din
  Bursting the gates of sleep with iron keys,
It is the ghost of some forgotten sin,
  We failed to exorcise on bended knees.

Oh! ye night-visitors of Age and Youth!
  Your gods, your angels, fairies, demons, elves,
Are allegories with their roots in truth,
  That tell us solemn secrets of ourselves.

The strange fantastic pictures that ye spread,
  However gay, or quaint, or touched with gloom,
Are records of dim wishes long since dead,
  Or body hopes that live beyond the tomb.

And minds too active or too still to mark,
  Those thoughts that come and go like transient flowers,
By the wild spells ye conjure in the dark,
  Wake up at midnight with their folded powers.

Like that old fount beneath Dodona's oaks,
  That (dry and silent in the shameless noon,)
When the starred night arose with modest looks,
  Caught through the leaves the sparkle of the moon.

LINES.

"Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."—Psalms xix, 2.

Earth hath many varied voices,
  Speaking to the inmost heart;
Each created thing rejoices,
  Lessons sweet they all impart;
Mortal senses may not hear,
But upon the spirit's ear
Fall in voices not in vain,
Every different tone and strain.

Clouds at sunset hour that linger,
  Dyed with every magic hue;
Touched by God's almighty finger,
  Tell His love in colours true.
Silent though their witness be,
Yet the thoughtful heart may see,
Showing clear in every line,
Tokens of a Hand Divine.

Winds that oft at evening sighing,
  Waking music in the trees,
Far off echoes faintly dying,
  In the murmurs of the breeze;
Bringing back some lost delight,
Hours that seemed for earth too bright,
Mingling sadness with our joy,—
Earthly bliss must have alloy.—

Mountain tops with brows so hoary,
  Pointing upward to the sky;
Like a Christian crowned with glory,
  As his hour of death draws nigh;
Calm when all around is strife,
Hoping for eternal life,
Trusting in God's perfect love,
Soon to gain his home above:

Stars that with a holy beauty
  Gem the azure vault above,
Silently perform their duty;
  Witness God's eternal love;
Ever glowing with a light;
Cheering most in darkest night;
Speaking patience to the heart;
Strength anew their rays impart.

Waves upon the sea-shore breaking,
  With a deep and solemn sound;
Memories long forgotten waking
  From the spirit's depths profound;
Touching with a magic tone,
Thoughts that long have slept alone,
Waking yearnings wild and vain,
All these mysteries to explain.

But, ere long shall cease our dreaming,
  Soon the heart shall fully know
What to us are mysteries seeming,
  From eternal wisdom flow:
Let us then with patience wait,
Till we gain that heavenly state,
Learning better every hour,
God is Wisdom, Love, and Power.

ABERHOT KOSELHANTZ,

THE WIZARD GUNSMITH.

A STORY OF DUTCH FORK.

Some tales are lies frae end to end,
* * * * * *
But this that I am gaun to tell
* * * * * *
Is just as true 's the deil 's in hell,
Or Dublin City.—BURNS.

In this age of reason and doubt, it may be called superstition, but it was once the honest belief in Dutch Fork, that several of the original settlers of that portion of country knew a secret of dreadful potency, empowering the possessor to petrify, in an instant, any living creature, brute or human. This anomalous condition, it was said, could be removed only by the person inflicting it; the suspended functions were resumed as suddenly as they had been arrested; and the act, in the performance of which the sufferer had been seized, was completed, independently of any will or exertion on his part. Thus, if a poacher had been stopped, in this manner, while cautiously reaching out his hand to take a pullet from the roost, he would have been compelled to continue the theft upon the restoration of his powers of motion, even though a steel-trap had, in the meantime, been substituted for the object of his unlucky desire.

Many a hearty laugh has harmonised with the fire-side cheer, at the recital of Addaly Nicksnoot's adventure at Frederick Hexenmeister's, an old gentleman who had long kept the youngsters in dread of him, by his reputed possession of this terrible secret. Addaly's account of his mishap may be summed up as follows: He was in the act of leaping from a high fence into Mr. Hexenmeister's yard, partly for mischief, and partly to test the old man's powers as a wizard. Suddenly he became deprived of motion. His limbs grew rigid, though without loss of sensation; and his feelings were such as induced him to believe that he had been changed into a kind of coarse soapstone. This was accompanied with a dread of falling off from the fence, and breaking into fragments, from which he thought he was saved, by having his arm hooked around a fence-stake. It was a cold moonlight night in December, and Addaly saw old Fritz (as he was called) issue from his house, followed by his six immense daughters. They placed a huge empty hogshead immediately under him, and filled it more than half full of stale persimmon beer, the brine of sour crout, greasy dish-water, and filthy soap-suds. The spell was then removed, and Addaly declared that, in spite of all he could do, he was compelled to jump into the villainous mixture, where, owing to his prostration, he was forced to remain an hour, fruitlessly protesting his innocence, and offering to marry any one of the girls who would aid him in his escape.

But the story "that I am gaun

to tell" is more particularly illustrative of this necromantic practice.

Dutch Fork!—

It was sixty years ago, and Dutch Fork was different then from what it is now. There are those who remember it as a section of country covered with magnificent forest, and settled by none but Germans. I, myself, can look back thirty years, and dwell, with pleasure, upon dozens of nooky homesteads, tenanted by quiet, knee-buckled proprietors, and busy, short-waisted matrons. Between the dwelling and the little orchard was the invariable dirt-oven, resembling a huge terrapin. In the porch, hanging against the wall, could be seen the bags of garden-seeds, and bunches of red pepper, and above the towel, the festoon of bachelor's buttons. Upon the door-sill was ever nailed the horse-shoe, to the discomfiture of witches; while, higher up, attached to a nail, swung the dinner-horn, and throughout the whole house there was an odor of lavender and rosemary. In such retreats as these, the visitor received unstudied welcome and importunate cheer. It may be said that the people of Dutch Fork were not a God-loving people, inasmuch as they sometimes indulged in high-sounding Teutonic oaths, whenever it rained too long or too violently; but well do I know that no people ever made their parson pray more devoutly for rain, during a drought, than they did; and never lived there a man on Cannon's Creek, or Crimm's Creek, sixty years ago, who did not love his neighbor as himself. Now-a-days the boys pursue, with dog and gun, the beast that trespasses upon their father's pasture. Ah, this contrasts sadly with the olden times, when the stray horse, that jumped into the neighbor's field, was coaxed into the stable with a dozen ears of corn, and taken care of as a guest.

According to an old friend, rich in historical recollections of Dutch Fork, and who knew "Weems' Life of Marion" by heart, Aberhot Koselhantz settled near Crimm's Creek about the time that Sergeant Mc Donald played his famous trick upon the old Tory, at Monk's Corner. A careful reference to that work, however, has not enabled me to establish a precise date. His family was small — consisting of himself, his wife, and his daughter. Mr. Koselhantz's occupation was that of a gunsmith, at which he earned ample means for the support of his household. Indeed, his expenses were nothing—for Dame Koselhantz cultivated a garden, the possession of which all the neighbors envied her, on account of its luxuriance and variety. And then her poultry! Why, she had a greater number of chickens than could roost upon the fence enclosing her yard. The Koselhantz cocks were the first in Dutch Fork, to announce the approach of day, those of the neighboring farms taking up the proclamation, and telegraphing it, as if from head-quarters. Then the Koselhantz ducks! they were always so plump that they could not step over a tuft of grass without falling upon their backs; and never less than forty geese took their daily procession down to the little spring-branch pasture;—while the woods, behind the garden, were forever resounding with the gobbling of turkies, in a gang of such numerical strength as to afford a roaster for every Sunday and holyday in the year, to say nothing of the eight days between Christmas and New Year. A level wheat field (alas! it is now grown up in pines) produced the bullion for the minting of all manner of cakes, puddings, and pies; and

that kind of bread, which is no more the same bread when made beyond the bounds of Dutch Fork, than Scotch whiskey is the same exhilarant, when distilled in any other clime than that of Scotland. A potato patch, and orchard, were kept in complete order by the old man; and Betsy, his blooming daughter, managed the dairy with such success, that none of the luxuries properly belonging thereto were ever wanting.

Betsy Koselhantz! How shall I describe her? What can I say of the blue eye that played between two lids brimfull of tears, ready to gush over the cheek, should grief or joy add one superfluous drop? What of the mass of auburn hair, forever threatening to tumble into disorder, and yet maintaining unruffled its coil around the home-made comb? And what of the lips, from which one knew not whether to prefer a pout or a smile? Her teeth were pure and white, though such a thing as a tooth-brush, or a dentifrice was not to be found in the Koselhantz house; and her breath had the fragrance of mignonette, though, I am sure, there had never grown a bunch of it in the Koselhantz garden.

Of winter nights, Betsy patted, with her foot, the little old-fashioned spinning-wheel, in front of a cheerful fire; while her mother and father occupied the corners, the one plying her knitting needles, and the other examining into the defects of a rusty gun-lock. There are persons now living who are willing to avow their belief, that Aberhot Koselhantz never, in his life, spent more than four dollars ninety-three and three-fourths cents, and that sum he contributed to the fund for the erection of St. John's Church. He was a man of characteristic Germanic bluntness—regarded systematic courting as sheer idleness, and scowled upon Betsy's suitors so ominously that the young men, in course of time, were afraid to visit his house. One by one they relinquished all hopes of marrying his daughter, until she had but one aspirant left, a good natured, simple-hearted young fellow, by the name of Christian Kinkel, or, as he was more generally known, Kris Kinkel. He had offered himself as an apprentice to old Koselhantz, and his proposition was under consideration, when a discovery was made, which spread dismay through the neighborhood, and threw Kris Kinkel into a hard shaking ague, the first case of that disease ever known on Crimm's creek, so notorious in after years for its generation. The discovery was this: As Kris Kinkel was passing Mr. Koselhantz's orchard one morning, about the break of day, he saw three young fellows of his acquaintance standing near an apple tree, in attitudes that excited his astonishment. They were as stationary as the trees themselves, yet all seemed to be making great exertions. One was apparently trying to lift a large bag upon his shoulder; another to bite into an apple, but with no better success than if it had been stone; and a third was in the act of throwing a club into the branches of the tree. Kris watched them for a few minutes, and perceiving that they had no motion in their bodies, rushed off to acquaint Mr. Koselhantz with what was going on, or rather standing still in his orchard. He had proceeded but a few paces, when he saw the old man approaching. Hastily concealing himself, Kris heard him upbraid the young men for their dishonesty, and explain to them that he punished them not through vindictiveness, for the loss of his fruit, but because he detested the crime of theft. With a wave of his hand, he then

released them from their enchantment. Instantly, the fellow with the bag threw it upon his shoulder, and sank down exhausted under the weight of it; the one with the fruit bit a large piece out; and he with the club threw it against a limb of the tree, and was knocked down by a shower of horse apples. Kris could bear no more. He ran howling through the woods, and, when he arrived at his home, a chill had seized him, which returned every third day for a year, then changed to jaundice, with enlargement of the spleen and liver, and finally assumed the character of a fatal dropsy.

Poor Kris Kinkel!

As might be supposed, after it became known that old Koselhantz possessed the power of converting people into stone, few persons approached his domicil who had no special business to transact with him. He had, however, quite work enough, for a report reached the Dutch Forkers, that a large body of troops, under the dreaded Tarleton, were advancing towards Broad River, and the citizens, in the first paroxysm of alarm, carried their guns to Koselhantz for repair, not so much with a view of resisting, as not knowing what else to do.

Before I can proceed farther, it is necessary to introduce to the reader a character fated to play no unimportant part in my story. This was a turkey-gobbler, by the name of Spitzebulu. He was the only turkey hatched out of a setting of two dozen eggs, spoilt, some eighteen months before, by the concussion of a thunder storm. Consequently, he was brought up in the house by Betsy Koselhantz, and initiated into all manner of mischievous tricks. By a system of flogging with briars, he had been taught to take charge of large broods of young chickens, over which he would watch with affectionate care. Spitzbulu was, therefore, beloved by the Koselhantz family. Aberhot would have changed any one into flint-rock, who dared to injure a feather in his tail. No visitor could walk from the gate to the house door, without being assailed by this valiant gobbler. Of a summer morning, when Mrs. Koselhantz sat by the kitchen door manipulating her churn, Spitzbulu would swell out the feathers of his chest, drop his wings upon the ground, and relax his proboscis until it hung over the side of his bill; and then, with his head thrown back, and his tail spread into a gorgeous fan, he strutted about the yard, the very type of an arrogant fool. Cautiously approaching his mistress, while stooping over her churn, he had been known to fix his bill in the back part of her cap, and, without any provocation or warning, assault her, in a most shameful manner; and, notwithstanding her threat to "murder him," if he ever came within reach of her again, he would commit the same offence in less than half an hour thereafter. Although victorious in all his rencountres, Spitzbulu never forgot the Shakesperean maxim, that discretion is the better part of valor. He vanquished his old mistress, and put Betsy to flight so often, that it became monotonous to him; still he refrained from attacking Aberhot Koselhantz.

He was often seen advancing towards the old man, at work under his shade-tree, but he always managed, by throwing himself now on his larboard, now on his starboard tack, to round him, as cautiously as an East Indiaman would have weathered the Cape of Good Hope. There was something so stern about the gunsmith, that he was a terror to the whole animal kingdom.

Such was Spitzebulu. He deserved a better end than that herein to be recorded; for his fate goes to swell the tide of evidence that republics are ungrateful. Spitzbulu died fighting the enemies of his country, and no monument has been erected to his memory, nor mention made of his name, save in this transient record of the humble chronicler.

It was a bright day in the month of January, 1781. Mrs. Koselhantz was sitting in the sunshine, churning butter, while her husband was hammering away at an old blunderbuss, that probably had done service in the days of Wallenstein. Spitzebulu was making a dignified retreat before an allied force of thirteen guinea-fowls and a peacock, and Betsy was down at the milk-house skimming milk. She was very sad. Nobody wooed her now.

Kris Kinkel was past recovery. He displayed the complexion of an October cucumber.

It was too bad. Her love was wandering at random, with no object to arrest and engage it. She could not help knowing that she was lovely; the pot of milk, upon which she gazed, told her so from its pure surface; and she felt that, if somebody would only give her a chance, she could make him *so* happy. With a sigh, she looked down the road leading past her father's house, probably with the expectation of seeing some swain strolling along. Suddenly her countenance expresses great alarm. She shades her eyes with her hand—she drops the spoon—she utters a prolonged scream, and flies along the little path towards the house. Her cries ring through the frosty air, startling the neighbors; with a bound, she leaps the fence.

"Gott in Himmel!" exclaimed her mother.

"Wat de teffle is de madder wid you?" peremptorily demanded her father.

"Oh, good gracious! look down the road!" She answered, "look down the road! The redcoats—the redcoats are coming!"

It was a foraging party of Tarleton's army, about twelve in number, headed by a dashing young lieutenant, and followed by a corporal. They entered the gate, and halted in front of the old man, who had conducted his daughter to the place where his wife was still churning.

"Well, good beeples, wat do you want?" enquired Mrs. Koselhantz, in a tone of great kindness.

"Why, my old woman," answered the lieutenant, "we want several dozen of your best fowls, a couple of calves, and two or three fat pigs; besides *any* quantity of eggs and butter."

"Verfluchte Hunden!" muttered the old man.

"What's that you say, you old rascal?" exclaimed the officer, "talking Dutch at us, are you? What does he say Tousend?" addressing his corporal, a ruddy-faced Hessian.

"He says, zur, dat we be all a zet of tam'd onmannerly togs."

The lieutenant drew his sword, and advanced upon Koselhantz, with the design of striking him. His attention was, however, diverted by a most astonishing circumstance. Spitzebulu had seized upon the fringe of his sash, and was drubbing him, right and left, with a double flutter. In another instant the heroic gobbler's head was severed from his body by a sabre stroke. Then it was that Mrs. Koselhantz, unable to suppress her rage, flew at the lieutenant like a tigress, and struck him in the face with the paddle of her churn. It was enough; he furiously raised his weapon, and ordered his men to fire upon her, at the same time that

the gallant corporal caught Betsy in his arms, and attempted to kiss her. Koselhantz witnessed the insult offered to his daughter, saw the sword about to descend upon his wife's head, and heard the command to "riddle the cursed old hag; but he raised his finger and muttered one word. A groan—a shudder—and his foes stood before him as cold and stiff as so many statues. The lieutenant held his sword, in the act of striking a grey-haired woman. His men had their muskets presented at her, their left eyes closed, and the petrified balls of the sight glaring meaningless along the barrels. And there stood the jolly corporal, with his arms, from which Betsy had just extricated herself, in the same position as when they encircled her waist, his neck stretched forward, and his lips pouting out to their utmost extent. What a fine study he would have been for the statue of a Tarquin!

Mrs. Koselhantz walked to and fro, in front of the prisoners, and poured forth her wrath.

"Yes," she vociferated, "vy don't you rittle de tam'd old hag now? eh!"

Her husband was speechless, but his purple countenance, and flashing eye indicated a dreadful accumulation of anger. He debated, in his mind, whether he should plant the men around his house, as posts for a paling he had in contemplation, or break them into fragments for a material with which to build him a kitchen chimney!"

The wretched subjects of this curious enchantment, stood in their positions from the early morning until late in the afternoon. But the spirit of forgiveness had already manifested itself in the Koselhantz family.

Betsy was the first who yielded to the promptings of humanity. She sat upon the door-steps, with her face concealed in the palms of her hands, and cried bitterly.

"Oh!" she sobbed, "this is just the way now. Ever sence folks has found out that dad—dad—daddy was a witch—nobody has cum to court me; and now—when this here feller—this here—here—here p-o-o-r feller only tried to kiss me, just see what he is got to suffer! Oh, Lawdy! I wish I was dead!"

She wept so long and so piteously, that her mother, after giving the officer another piece of her mind, set her arms a-kimbo, and told her husband it was time to release them.

"Wat!" exclaimed the old fellow, in a tone of voice not far short of a moderate clap of thunder. He had just resolved to plant the lieutenant and the corporal, face to face, for gate-posts, calculating upon the breast and left knee cap of the former, as suitable places to fix hinges for the gate, and the mouth of the latter as a very good socket to receive the bolt for latching it.

"Yes," answered the old woman, "don't you know dat if de sun sets upon beeples in sich a fix, dat it is onpossible to pring e'm to rights any more, and dey has to keep on a bein' rocks de pallance of dere lives?"

"Yes! I does know dat—dey shall pe sich rocks as de teffle himself can't purn."

Here a quarrel commenced between Mr. Koselhantz and his wife, which raged terribly for twenty minutes. It is entirely impossible for me, without the convenience of stage arrangements, and the aid of an orchestra, to convey the faintest idea of this domestic broil. Suffice it to say, that the gunsmith, growing weaker and weaker, capitulated, upon seeing Betsy advance upon him, as a *corps de reserve* to her mother, and catching a glimpse of the sun, that frowned upon him

over the top of the forest, as much as to say—"for shame, Aberhot Koselhantz!"

Conducting his family to the rear of the strangers, he once more raised his finger and muttered one word. It was followed by a deafening volley, and the men were all dashed to the ground by the recoil of the guns. (The prints of the bullets can be seen to this day, upon the front of the old house yet standing in the valley of Crimm's creek.) The lieutenant's sword descended with such force, that it flew out of his grasp, and stuck into the ground; and the corporal, the jolly corporal, hugged his arms together, and smacked his lips so loudly that Betsy uttered a suppressed shriek.

The large black camphor-bottle was brought out, and handsful of the strong spirits thrown into their faces. In ten minutes they were all able to regain their feet. The lieutenant, for himself and his men, begged the old man's pardon and permission to remain in his yard, until they should be able to march. But before he had got through with his apologies and petitions, Betsy had seized Spitzebulu by the legs and disappeared with him into the kitchen; the old man, taking up a huge butcher's knife, had sprung over into a hog pen and dispatched a pig, fattened to such a degree that life had been a burthen to him for more than a month; and the old lady had her dirt-oven smoking like a volcano, and was up to her elbows in a mass of dough sufficient for eight loaves of bread.

—The sun had set; a steam of savory odors enveloped the house, and the fright of the bewitched men began to give way to hunger. Betsy arranged a long table with the whitest of table-cloths and brightest of pewter plates. Then, in rapid succession, came the platters of sour-crout, dishes of roast pork, and ducks, and chickens, and spareribs, and eggs—back bones, and turnip-greens, puddings and pies;—and up at the head of the table, with a murderous carving knife near by, lay, upon a broad, flat dish, the lamented Spitzebulu, baked to a luscious brown, with his liver clasped under the right, and his gizzard under the left wing. Mr. Koselhantz then rubbing his hands with great glee, exclaimed in a loud voice,

"Now, good beeples zet down, and help yourselves!"

The lieutenant took the head, and the corporal the foot of the table, with their men on either side; and I must say, that if Spitzebulu had been foully dealt by in the yard, he had ample justice done him on the table; for not an inch of his osseous system remained unscraped. It was night, before the cloth was removed, and Mr. Koselhantz, bidding his wife and daughter take themselves off to bed, drew from behind the door a five-gallon double-handled jug, and planted it in the middle of the table. The corporal now made known to Mr. Koselhantz that he, himself, was a German; that his name was Tousend Sapperlot; and that he had not tasted a drop of anything worth mentioning for five days. Then was old Aberhot in his glory. Here was a man fresh from the fatherland, a genuine German like himself. Sapperlot took two pipes from his knapsack, and handing one to his host, they separated from the rest of the company, and smoked and talked German with a vehemence totally indescribable. The double-handled jug was so vigorously beset, that when the first Koselhantz cock flapped his wings and proclaimed the approach of day, Tousend Sapperlot and old Aberhot were the only creatures in the room retaining any marks whereby they

could be classed as members of the human family; the rest of the company had subsided under the table into an undistinguishable mass.—But they, in their turn, yielded to the potent liquor, and after reeling to and fro each in his chair for some time, their heads came in contact with such violence, that Sapperlot was tumbled backwards on the floor. Mr. Koselhantz then, with the perseverance characteristic of the German, arose from his seat at the twelfth attempt, and going up to the loom which stood at the far end of the apartment, he drew off his coat and shoes, and threw himself, as he thought, into his bed, but, alas, he fell down among the loom-treadles, with a horrible crash. The wizard Gunsmith had put a spell upon his guests and himself, which was utterly beyond his control.

Dame Koselhantz and her daughter arose early, and prepared for breakfast. Old Aberhot was dragged from under the loom, and made sensible of the great error he had committed; after which, he aroused his companions. The double handled jug was again applied to, and in an hour they were all seated at table, with a hot breakfast before them. When they arose, refreshed by the substantial meal, their knapsacks were filled with the daintiest of viands. The lieutenant shook hands with his host, again asked his pardon for the outrage he had attempted, and thanked him cordially for his hospitality. Tousend Sapperlot's heart was too full to speak; so he shook his friend's hand in silence, and gave Betsy a tender look, that called up all the roses to her cheek. This Sapperlot was certainly a very handsome and daring fellow!

The sun was scarcely two hours high, when the foraging party had disappeared behind the woods, and the Koselhantz farm was again quiet. The "gude wife" resumed her churn; Aberhot's rasp again shrieked in his shop; Betsy was once more at the milk-house, skimming the milk, with as little hope as ever of getting married, and Spitzebulu—alas! poor Spitzebulu!

Now, were it not for Betsy, I should here end my story; but the poor girl wishes a husband, and she *shall* have one before I drop my pen.

It was a cold night in February of the same year. The ground was covered with snow, and the sleet was beating a chilling tattoo against the house. The Koselhantz family were sitting before the fire. The little, old-fashioned spinning-wheel hummed away under the manipulation of Betsy; the knitting needles were keeping up a brisk fencing match between the hands of Mrs. Koselhantz; and old Aberhot was busily engaged in making a new pair of treadles for the loom. Suddenly they heard a sound, as of something heavy falling against the door. This was followed by a groan. Mr. Koselhantz snatched up a torch and ran to the door. Upon opening it, a man, with his head bandaged, and his clothes stiff with congealed blood, fell forwards upon the floor. He was dragged to the fire-place, and soon became so far restored that he could sit upon a chair. The bandage was unwrapped from his head.

"Oh, mercy! it is Tousend Sapperlot!" screamed Betsy.

"Ei! du alle Welt! It is Tousend Sapperlot!" exclaimed the old woman.

"Did de teffle ever see de like!" chimed in the old man. "Vy, it *is* Tousend Sapperlot."

"Yes, it *is* Tousend Sapperlot," said the wounded soldier; "what is left of him."

The valiant corporal then favored his hearers with the particulars of the battle of Cow-Pens, in which, according to his account, he had figured conspicuously: he had been cut down, and narrowly escaping with his life, had been placed in a cart; conducted from the field; had his wounds dressed; and was passing near his countryman's house, when he conceived a plan for deserting. He had waded through the snow from Broad River to Mr. Koselhantz's, and there he was. He hoped his old friend would not deliver him up to the British, as he was tired of fighting.

"Deliffer you up to de Pritish? By Gott, I would like to see about dirty dousant of 'em dry to dake you!" exclaimed the old fellow; and Tousend Sapperlot felt secure.

In two weeks Tousend was as sound as a dollar, and that very spring — need I say it — married Betsy Koselhantz. There was this peculiarity, however, about the marriage—instead of Betsy's taking the name of her husband, Tousend Sapperlot, either by the command of his father-in-law, who desired to perpetuate his own name, or for fear of being discovered and shot as a deserter, assumed the name of Koselhantz; and from him are descended all the Koselhantzes who have so nobly aided in sustaining the reputation of Dutch Fork for cheerful industry and unsophisticated hospitality.

UNUTTERED FANCIES.

They flit around my brain by day
  On wings of downy feather;
With lulling music, like a brook,
  Singing in summer weather:
But when the Night's imperial eyes
  Mourn o'er her earthly daughter,
They brighten, like the fire-fly swarms,
  Beside the twilight water.

And still, in gaily flashing rings,
  Above my pleasant slumbers,
The pretty Ariels come and go
  In undiscovered numbers:
They whisper secrets in my ear,
  They purge my mortal vision,
And ope, a little space, the gates
  That guard the realms Elysian.

Then when my heart o'erflows with song,
  My brain with fair Creations,
Whose hands could pour on music's shrine
  A cup of rare oblations:
Then when the golden Fancies tamed,
  Sing for me, joyous-hearted,
Some demon breaks the spell of sleep,
  And the bright dream 's departed.

SCHAFF'S GERMANY.*

A REVIEW.

THE author of this work is a native of Germany, who has, as we learn from the dedication and preface, been for twelve years Professor of Divinity in the Theological Seminary of Mercersburg, and has lately returned from an extensive tour in the fatherland, where he has formed or renewed acquaintance with almost all the orthodox professors of theology, of whom that country of professors can boast. The book is divided into three parts, the first of which contains an exceedingly meagre account of the universities themselves, abounding in statistics and descriptions, which the reader will find much better in any encyclopedia or travelling-companion, and the style of which has often forcibly reminded us of Mitchell's School Geography. Of Halle, we learn, for instance, that it is one of the ugliest "cities" (it is only a town) of Germany, full of old fashioned, uncomfortable dwellings, narrow, crooked streets, wretched, muddy pavements, gloomy air, and intolerable smell, arising from peat bogs, and salt springs which yield 250,000 to 300,000 hundreds-weight of salt annually.—His description of Jena, the learned Professor commences with the euphoneous sentence: "Jena is a *little* town, in the *little* grand duchy of Saxe-Weimer," and of Gottingen, we hear that it lies on the river Seine, and is the seat of the Academia Georgia Augusta, whereupon Mr. Schaff quotes a garbled account of it from the "Reisebilder" of the poet Heine, in which the gentle reader is informed "that it is famous for its sausages and university, belongs to the king of Hanover, and has four classes of inhabitants, differing but little from each other, viz: students, professors, philistines, and cattle; the last being the most important." *But*, adds Mr. Schaff, Gottingen took its place formerly amongst the very first literary institutions of Europe.

But, besides its trivialities and puerilities, this first part of the Professor's work abounds also in mistakes, which sometimes are merely ludicrous, as when, describing Wm. Von Kaulback's celebrated frescopainting, of the Destruction of Jerusalem, in Berlin, he says that the high-priest, in the central group, is "thrusting the dagger *through* the golden breast-plate; a feat which would have been rather a difficult one, even for the chief priest of Israel;" or when he states that the present inhabitants of the kingdom of Saxony are filled with a deep feeling of regret and humiliation, because their fathers, in blind obedience to their misguided king, fought (in the battle of Leipsig) under the banners of Napoleon, against their own countrymen and fatherland; while everybody knows that the poor Saxons could not help themselves, surrounded as they were on all sides by the French, and that they took the first opportunity which presented itself to go over to the allies, and thus contributed not a little to the defeat of the French Emperor. At other times, however, Mr. Schaff's

*Germany, its Universities, Theology, and Religion, etc. By Philip Schaff, D.D., Professor in the Theol. Seminary, Mercersburg, Penn. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blackinston. 1857.

blunders reflect seriously on the heads and hearts of those of whom he speaks. For instance, in his lengthy and altogether uncalled-for history of the "Burschenschaft," he says, that the celebrated Dr. De Wette, in a private letter to Laud's mother, attempted to excuse the murder of Kotsebue, on the ground that "even an erring conscience is binding, and must be obeyed." If Dr. De Wette had taken this ground, he would have been either a rogue or a madman. We happen, however, to be accurately informed of the whole transaction, which cost Dr. De Wette his professorship in Berlin, and can assure Mr. Schaff, that Dr. De Wette, in his letter, merely endeavored to console the bereaved mother of Laud, by arguing that, as her son had been impelled to the unhappy deed by conscientious and patriotic, though mistaken motives, he was not a base murderer and common criminal, and had, no doubt, found mercy and forgiveness from God.—Speaking of Alexander V., our author tells us, among other things, that Humboldt "dines almost daily with the king of Prussia, and performs, contrary to the wishes of his royal friend, the duties of Chamberlain in his turn, *refusing the indulgence of a chair!*" After such twaddle, he makes "the melancholy reflection that such a master of all the mysteries of nature, the daily companion of a pious king, etc., should, like Germany's greatest poet, Goethe, content himself with the wonders of nature, without rising to nature's God, etc." He then adds, "I may do him injustice, but"—Well, so you undoubtedly do, Mr. Schaff, both to Humboldt and to Goethe; if you possibly can do injustice to such a giant of intellect as Humboldt, and on so serious a subject as his religious belief, and if you have nothing better to base your unfavorable opinion upon than the worthless fact that you "*do not remember*" ever to have read the name of God or Christ in the three volumes of his Kosmos, then it is the greater shame that you have said anything at all about it, because the greater the individual, the more important is it to the world to be accurately and reliably informed of his religious convictions, and his position in regard to revealed religion.

We might point out more errors and absurdities, such as the hope and desire that Mr. John B. Gough would go to Germany, to convert the students from enjoying their glass of "lager bier;" or the assertion that the Germans worship three idols, Luther, Frederick II, of Prussia, and Goethe; while, in fact, the Lutherans, or at least Protestants only, revere Luther, the Prussians only Frederick the Great, and the most intellectual classes, with liberal principles—Goethe.

But we will pass on to the second part. In it Mr. Schaff professes to give an account of the German Theology and Religion of the present day, and it forms by far the most elaborate, as it is also the most important portion of his work. The American reader will find in it a great deal of interesting information in regard to the relative position of the German Protestant parties from the Reformation to the present time, and especially, the religious contest which has divided Prussia since 1817, on the question, whether the Lutheran and Reformed Confessions ought or ought not to be united into one Evangelical Church, has been described with much clearness and knowledge of the subject. But, in his account and estimate of the different schools of theology, as they now exist, Mr. Schaff has, we

think, been often led into injustice and uncharitableness towards those who differ from him in faith. He evidently belongs to the ultra-pietistic school, as it has reached its height at the court of the King of Prussia, a school whose illiberality, bigotry and fierce hatred against all opponents, is only equalled by their re-actionary, aristocratic and despotic tendency in politics; hence the reader need not expect to meet with much impartiality in the statements of the professor, whenever he gives more than generally recognized historical facts. Mystics, pietists, and kindred sects are of course lauded to the skies, whenever an opportunity offers, their piety, sincerity and catholic Christian spirit is never doubted, their ministers and professors are all more or less eminent divines, but those who stand in any manner in doctrinal or ecclesiastical opposition to the high church clique in Berlin, or their friends and sympathizers throughout Germany, are very summarily packed together and despatched as rationalists and infidels, who are beyond the pale of Christianity, and unworthy of either regard or protection. We have no sympathy with rationalists, who really deserve the name, but we know, (and we are sure, any one who has but a moderate knowledge of the religious life in Germany, will bear us witness,) that hundreds and thousands of clergymen, not to speak of the laity, in open and declared opposition to the pietistic and mystic school—men, who, if that only choice were left to them, would rather be called rationalists, than be ranked among mystics and "muckers"—not only hold all the fundamental truths of Christianity and shame not the name of Luther, in whom they glory, but also, both by their preaching and lives, bear ample testimony that the leaven of the gospel and the spirit of Christ has reached and penetrated their hearts, not less than those of the "Christian aristocracy of Berlin," as Mr. Schaff *very significantly* calls the Prussian court-clique, and the worshippers of Hengstenberg's and Stahl's Kreurzeitung. It is always easy to call bad names, and so our author has employed the terms infidel parsons, refined heathen, atheists, and pantheists liberally and in every direction; even that pious Christian gentleman, Chevalier Bunsen, though Mr. Schaff claims him as his "esteemed friend," is, in his opinion, a dangerous neologist and unsound latitudinarian, "who spreads the mantle of Christian union so far, that Luther, Lessing, Hegel and Gœthe may dwell under it in peace, and commune at the same table of the Lord," and it is by no means with the rebuke, which Hengstenberg's wicked and unchristian denunciation of Bunsen deserves, that our auihor gives an account of it. "Hengstenberg," he says, in his Voswort, for 1856, treats the Signs of the Times "as a perfectly worthless book, filled only with idle wind. He calls the author an apostate from Christianity to radicalism and pantheism, applies to him the passage of the unclean spirit, who returns with seven others worse than himself, compares his Christian phrases with the kiss of the traitor, and yet calls on him in conclusion to repent." "This is strong enough, in all conscience!" are all the words which Mr. Schaff has to say for his "esteemed friend." However, it is not our intention to discuss the professor's religious opinions. We are neither inclined nor prepared to break a lance with him on that ground; but, with a hearty dislike, as we have said before, for that German radicalism and infidelity that strips the Bible of its inspiration

and Christ of his divinity, we have thought it our duty to protest against that tendency to sweeping condemnation of all those who refuse to rally under the standards of mystics and "muckers," which the author exhibits.

The third part is composed of biographical sketches of those professors and divines with whom Mr. Schaff has become acquainted on his recent tour, and who belong, of course, without exception, more or less, to his own school. Some of them we even did not know by name, and can, therefore, not express an opinion; whilst others, such as Neander, Tholuck and Wichern, have received, and no doubt fully deserve all the praise which the author has been able to bestow upon them.

THE CHARACTER AND SCOPE OF THE SONNET.

The Sonnet has never been a popular form of verse. Those who maintain that the poet should address himself to the popular heart alone, may regard this as a significant fact. We are not, however, so disposed to consider it. As far as we know anything of that interesting organ, the popular heart understands very little about poetry, and cares less. The audience of the poet, "fit, though few," is even more limited than that of the musician. As there are a great many persons wholly unable to enjoy the music of an overture, or an opera, so there are a still greater number who are equally incompetent to appreciate an epic or a sonnet. We appeal to the experience of every earnest lover and true critic of poetry. How often have his sensibilities been shocked while reading to divers representatives of this popular heart, some noble passage which has stirred his own soul to its very depth. The subtle melody has fallen on deaf ears. The deep thought, the lofty imagination have not been comprehended at all. "Very good, I dare say, but—I am no critic," or, "quite pretty, but after all, give me a song of Moore's." The enthusiastic reader shuts the book with an internal malediction. In truth, we are not inclined to regard this popular heart as a human heart at all. It is only a mean, narrow, unintelligent thing, which beats sometimes under fine broadcloth, and sometimes under coarser textures, to the tune of dollars and cents. Where, since the time of Milton, has the reputation of every poet, with the single exception of Burns, commenced? Not with the multitude. A few cultivated persons explain their admiration to the popular heart, which echoes it much as an empty room echoes a voice. Even the popularity of the songs of Burns and Moore we are disposed to attribute rather to the airs to which they have been married than to the excellence of their poetry.

It is not our object, in this essay, to argue the sonnet into popularity. The attempt would be not less absurd than that of the foolish fellow who tried to teach an ape to read. We only design to answer some of the objections urged against this form of verse by people who should know better. There is Rogers. That complacent poet has remarked that "he had never attempted to write a sonnet, as he could see no reason why a man, who had anything to say, should be tied down to fourteen lines." He adds, somewhat condescendingly, that it "did very well for Wordsworth, as its

strict limits prevented him from lapsing into that diffuseness to which he was prone." That a poet who was wont to confine himself to four couplets a day, as much we suspect from actual sterility in word and thought, as with any design of polishing his verse, should speak in terms of such cool disparagement of the style of Wordsworth, is amusing enough. But with the banker's strictures upon the author of Laodamia, we have nothing to do. What shall we say in reply to that objection which turns upon the impossibility of compressing the thoughts of Mr. Rogers within the compass of fourteen lines. The answer lies in a nutshell. It is plain that Mr. Rogers had never reflected upon the nature of the sonnet. He did not know that it partakes—with certain differences which will be soon alluded to—of the nature of a stanza. We can give no reason wherefore, in the spenserian stanza, the verse should always, and the sense generally conclude with the ninth line, except that the nice ear of the poet, by whom it was invented, so determined it. The poets who followed the inventor finding the stanza to be one of great variety, sweetness and strength, adopted it, without inquiring why it might not consist of eight or ten lines. In the same manner, the sonnet was the invention of some other poet of happy taste; and this little harp of fourteen strings, after having been swept with great effect by the hands of a few great masters, has been accepted and approved as one of the legitimate instruments of poetry. There are certain ears on which music of every kind—Mozart's as well as Milton's—can fall only in parts; and to such ears it is not surprising that no sufficient reason can be given why the sonnet should never transgress or fall short of the limits which have been assigned it. But the educated poetical ear, capable of appreciating the music of the sonnet as a whole, will detect in it a strain of melody, which, like an air that has been played out, comes naturally and easily to a close at the fourteenth line. We do not say that this effect is always produced, but it will be always produced whenever the sonnet is properly written. And the poet who complains of the shackles that bind him, lacks either skill or genius.

An objection will be suggested to the above remarks by that which constitutes the difference between the sonnet and the stanza. The latter often leaves the sense incomplete, and may run into a succeeding stanza; while the sonnet, even when used as the stanza of a long poem, (as in Wordsworth's poem on the river Duddon, and in his ecclesiastical sonnets,) must be at the same time a complete poem in itself. This objection is of course no answer to what we have urged as to the musical effect of the sonnet as a stanza, but points only to the additional trammels which it imposes on the poet. That it does impose such additional trammels we acknowledge at once. But what then? The poet finds ready made to his hand, an air of exquisite sweetness to which he may set his thought, and to which, if he possesses the due degree of skill, he may, by means of pause and cadence, give the most delightful variations without destroying or marring the effect of the original melody. Must he refuse to employ it simply because it is difficult? That many poets have written bad sonnets only proves a difficulty which nobody denies, and which those poets had not the ability to overcome.

It is not long since we heard the

law of the sonnet ascribed to the same caprice which once led men to write verses in the shape of triangles and other geometrical figures. That that law depends upon something more than caprice, we think we have already said enough to show. But the remark could scarcely have been made in earnest. No apology whatever could be forged, by the most ingenious critic, which could justify in the slighest degree the freaks of pedantry alluded to. But it will not be denied that the sonnet admits at least of a very plausible defence. No good poetry that we have ever heard of has been pressed into the figure of a trapezoid. But it will not be denied that much noble poetry has been given to the world through the medium of the sonnet.

The sonnet has been called artificial. It *is* artificial, but only as all forms of verse are artificial. There are persons who imagine poetry to be the result of a sort of mystical inspiration, scarcely to be subjected to the bounds of space and time. Others regarding it as the outgushing of a present emotion, cannot conceive how the poet, carried on by the "divine afflatus," should always contrive to rein in his Pegasus at a certain goal. All this is simply ridiculous. If the poet have his hour of inspiration (though we are so sick of the cant of which this word has been the fruitful source, that we dislike to use it) it is not during the act of composition. A distinction must be made between the moment when the great thought first breaks upon the mind,

> —— "leaving in the brain
> A rocking and a ringing,"

and the hour of patient and elaborate execution. It is in the conception only that the poet is the *vates*. In the labor of putting that conception into words, he is simply the artist. A great poet has defined poetry to be "emotion recollected in tranquility." No man, with grief in his heart, could sit straightway down to strain that grief through iambics. No man, exulting in a delirium of joy, ever bubbles in anapæsts. Were this so, the poet would be the most wonderful of improvisators; and, perhaps, poetry would be no better than what improvisations usually are. There can be no doubt that much of the most passionate verse in the English, or any other language, has been

"Thoughtfully fitted to the Orphean lyre."

The act of composition is indeed attended with an emotion peculiar to itself, and to the poet; and this emotion is sufficient of itself to give a glow and richness to the poet's language; yet, it leaves him at the same time in such command of his faculties that he is able to choose his words almost as freely, though by no means so deliberately, as the painter chooses his colors. We are inclined to think that the emotion of the poet somewhat resembles in its metaphysical character, those inexplicable feelings with which we all witness a tragic performance on the stage—feelings which, even while they rend the heart, are always attended by a large amount of vivid pleasure.

It would be easy to multiply quotations in confirmation of our remarks. Wordsworth speaks of himself as

> "Not used to make
> A present joy the matter of his song;"

and Matthew Arnold separates, as we have separated, "the hour of insight" from the hour of labor.

> "We cannot kindle when we will,
> The fire that in the heart resides,
> The spirit bloweth and is still,
> In mystery our soul abides:
> *But tasks in hours of insight willed*
> *May be through hours of gloom fulfilled.*'

Is it not also a significant fact that the best love verses have been written by men who, at the time of writing them, had long passed that age during which love is warmest, and the heart most susceptible. The songs of Moore's middle age are far superior to the Anacreontics of his passionate youth.

We confess we are unable to see the stigma conveyed in the term artificial, as applied to the sonnet. The poet is an artist, and, we suppose, he regards every sort of stanza but as the artificial mould into which he pours his thought. The very restriction so much complained of, he knows to be, in some respects, an advantage. It forces him to condensation; and if it sometimes induces a poetaster to stretch a thought to the finest tenuity, what argument is that against the sonnet? As well might Jones object to the violin of Paganini, because his neighbor Smith is a wretched fiddler.

The sonnet is designed, as it is peculiarly fitted for the development of a single thought, emotion, or picture. It is governed by another law not less imperative than that which determines its length. This law the cavillers have not as yet interfered with, doubtless, because they know nothing of its existence. Yet, perhaps, it is that which constitutes the chief difficulty in the composition of the sonnet. We do not know how else to characterize it but as the law of unity. In a poem made up of a series of stanzas, the thought in the first stanza suggests the thought in the second, and both may be equally important. The concluding stanza may have wandered as far in its allusions from the opening stanza, as the last from the first sentence in an essay. In other words, the poet has the liberty of rambling somewhat, if his fancy so dispose him. In the sonnet this suggestive progress from one thought to another is inadmissible. It must consist of one leading idea, around which the others are grouped for purposes of illustration only. Most of the sonnets of Wordsworth meet this requirement exactly. Whatever be the number of the images they contain, they are usually perfect in the unity of the impression which they leave upon the mind of the reader.

At some future time we shall return to this subject, and passing by many cavils equally as trivial as those we have discussed, we will examine and illustrate more fully the laws which govern this department of verse. At present we will only say that we claim for it a proud distinction, as it is represented in English literature. We believe that we could gather from it a greater body of tersely expressed and valuable thought, than from any equal quantity of those fugitive verses, the laws of which are less exacting. It abounds in those "great thoughts, grave thoughts," which, embodied in lines of wonderful pregnancy, haunt the memory forever. Brief as the sonnet is, the whole power of a poet has sometimes been exemplified within its narrow bounds, as completely as within the compass of an epic. Thought is independent of space, and it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the poet—the minister of thought—enjoys an equal independence. To-day his "stature reaches the sky," to-morrow he will shut himself up in the bell of a tulip, or the cup of a lily.

ARCTIC EXPLORERS.

Events of unusual interest, transpiring within our own day, have lately turned the eyes of all Christendom towards a quarter of the globe whose inhospitable lands have until but yesterday, as it were, refused the pressure of a foreign foot, and whose frozen zone has hitherto set a bound to the steady advance of human science, and baffled the most skilfully directed efforts of human inquiry.

The annals of maratime enterprise occupy no meagre or unattractive space in the history of past achievement, but future generations may exhaust its records in vain to find a nobler page than that upon which is inscribed the illustrious names of the latter-day heroes of the Arctic world. We linger with enthusiasm over the exciting lives of those early adventurers, who, fearlessly following the impulses of dauntless hearts, found ever in toil and danger their native element, and their most congenial tasks amid pursuits attended always with peril, often leading to death; but admiration kindles into love, and wonder becomes reverence as we read the story of their lives and prowess, who, at the promptings of duty only and a single-hearted benevolence, have calmly fronted, and bravely endured sufferings more terrible far than death itself.

Doubtless "they builded better than they knew," and we owe them a lasting debt, who, launching upon unknown seas in quest of unknown lands, revealed to mankind by their providential discoveries, the countless blessings and hoarded wealth of newer regions; but these hardy mariners were impelled only by the instincts of a restless activity, and had ever before their eyes the hope of happening upon some elysian land in tropic seas whose waters would be turbid with pearl and gold, and its plains teeming with luxurious and unsown harvests. The Phœnician abandoned his native shores to replenish from Spanish mines his exhausted treasury; the invincible Northman hoisted his pirate flag, and gave his careless sails to any wind that would waft him to wealth or beauty, heedless of the danger and courting the death that came amid storm and battle, since it brought sweet revenge over slaughtered foes, and splendid companionship with ancestral heroes, and triumphal feasts in the halls of Odin. A new world beckoned Columbus across the Atlantic; it was in search of a perpetual fount of life that Ponce de Leon wasted his youth, and gold no less than glory tempted De Soto and the chivalry of Castile through the wilds of this western continent, to perish broken hearted upon the banks of that great river, whose waters more precious than the famed ores of Peru and Potosi, were to them only a grave in which to bury their disappointed ambition and shattered fortunes.

But he must have indeed had "oak and triple brass about his breast" who first sought amid the frozen horrors of the Arctic Circle, a passage to Cathay. These Hyperborean realms were visited by no balmy airs, and yielded no harvests but such as were plucked, at the risk of life, from the niggard hand of a churlish host; not health, or ease, or gain, but toil, privation and peril, demanding the highest qualities of hardihood and courage, were the almost inevitable rewards of him who dared invade them.

And yet, despite all this, not a few have boldly accepted the trial, and resolutely gone forth to meet its consequences; some, it is true, influenced by partly selfish motives, but many at the call of science and humanity alone, in utter abnegation of self and unstimulated by the specious promises of aggrandizement and profit. If the material results accruing from these Arctic explorations have been comparatively small, we cannot but think that the important lessons they enforce have been cheaply purchased, even at the cost of extreme personal hazard and considerable individual sacrifice; if the discomfiture and loss attending them have been before unparalleled, they have at the same time (to say nothing of the valuable additions made to science in regard to astronomical, thermal, tidal, magnetic, and other phenomena) educed the loftiest examples of moral heroism, and the purest patterns of unselfish philanthropy that have ever been held up for the admiration of the world.

It is the fashion of some minds who are incapable of appreciating the true proportions of great deeds unmagnified by the distorting mists of time, to speak lightly of the moral force of the age we live in, and to affect to treat with contempt its justly advanced claims to lofty chivalry of aim and action. Let any one who is tempted to join in this shallow cant turn to that page of history which these Northern heroes have made immortal, and as he cons the record of their purpose and achievements, their energy unsurpassed, their perseverance tenacious even unto death, their uncomplaining and uncrowned martyrdom, and above all, their firm reliance in an Almighty protecting power, let his lips be dumb with the silence of reverential awe, lest his very words rise up in judgment against him and out of his own mouth he be condemned.

To determine the precise date at which Arctic explorations properly commenced is extremely difficult, but careful research has left little doubt as to the fact that Greenland and the northern coast of America were visited by the old Norsemen as early as the ninth century. Stones bearing Runic inscriptions have been lately discovered upon some islands in Baffin's bay, and numerous relics found by Buchan and others on the shores of Greenland and Spitzbergen render it highly probable that before the year 1000, A. D. Danish colonies had been established in these places. Certain it is that intercourse was kept up with Europe by them until the commencement of the fifteenth century, but after this date, owing either to the increased rigor of the winters, or the violence of the native tribes they seem to have disappeared, and the records of their voyages and settlements have perished with the bold adventurers who made them.

About the close of this same century, a spirit of active enterprise seems to have been awakened throughout all Europe, and in 1497 we find the younger Cabot a suitor, at the court of Henry VII, begging permission and means to test the practicability of a north-west passage to India. Two small vessels were fitted out at the royal expense, and embarking with these, after discovering Newfoundland, he landed at Labrador "eighteen months before Columbus saw the main land of tropical America." From thence he sailed up the coast to 67½° of North latitude, but his contemplated voyage to the pole was a total failure. From this date, until the middle of the seventeenth century, unremitting efforts were made by the English, French, Spanish, Dutch

and Russians to ascertain the possibility of avoiding the long and dangerous route to India by the Cape of Good Hope. Sir Hugh Willoughby perished, ice-locked, with all his gallant comrades, on the coast of Lapland. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, after a most eventful voyage, foundered on his homeward passage, sitting calmly, as we are are told, in the stern of his ship, with a book in his hand and the brave exclamation on his lips, "Courage, my lads! we are as near heaven at sea as on land!" and the names of Frobisher, Davis, Hudson, Baffin, and Behring are as familiar as household words to all who have followed the fates and fortunes of the pioneers of Arctic discovery. Most of these early expeditions were the results of private subscriptions, gotten up by merchants engaged in the India trade—but though prosecuted with singular skill and perseverance, so far as regards their main object they all met with the same ill success.

Thus discouraged, renewed attempts to solve the long abandoned problem were not made until the year 1773, when Barrington, after assiduous efforts to procure all the then extant facts relating to the navigation of the Arctic seas, and the possibility of forcing a passage from Baffin's bay to Behring's strait, laid the results of his investigations before the Lords of the Admiralty. Upon their recommendation, two vessels were equipped at the cost of government, and placed under the command of Captain Phipps, who succeeded, at great hazard, in penetrating to the eightieth degree of north latitude. Here, however, immense ice walls reared their impassable barriers, and baffled in every effort to force his way beyond them, he returned home, bringing with him the future hero of Trafalgar, who, though then a mere boy had accompanied the expedition. This failure may truly be said to have dissipated the last vivid dream of a practicable "Northern passage," for although McClure may justly claim the honor of having discovered it, his own voyage demonstrated with equal force its total unfitness as a channel of communication between the East and West. Doubtless, ere long the demands of commerce will be answered, when American civilization, shall have gained a firmer footing on the Isthmus, and linked ocean to ocean with iron bands.

However this may be, the special glory has been reserved to the nineteenth century of exhibiting the true proportions of man's energies when put forth in the simple service of humanity, and of illustrating this ennobling truth—

"That to the hearts and hands of resolute men,
God aiding, nothing is impossible."

What the art of over three hundred years had failed to do, a nobler impulse has achieved within a single generation. Before the vigorous assaults of a God-like philanthropy the time-built walls of the old ice king have crumbled, and through their shattered gates the children of a common mother, animated by a heroic purpose, forgetting the strifes and passions of a by-gone day, have passed shoulder to shoulder, driving before them the demon legions of fog, and wind, and snow, and storm, and darkness, which in those inhospitable lands work with fiendish glee the will of their cruel master, assaulted and carried the very citadel of the monarch, dragged him by his congealed beard from his crystal throne, and beneath that star which from all time has hung immovable, above the battlements of his palace erected the emblem of the Christian faith, and unfurled the banner, whose signal

word ADVANCE proclaims their prowess to the ages, and beckons the on-coming generations to further conquests.

It would, of course, be impossible within the limits of a magazine paper to give even a brief *resumé* of the numberless expeditions sent to the north pole within the past few centuries; our intention is merely to take a very superficial glance at those with which *His* name is more immediately connected, the efforts to solve the mystery of whose fate has lately invested this particular field of enterprise with unwonted importance.

In the year 1818 two expeditions were sent out by the commissioners of the Admiralty, with instructions to force a passage, if possible, to the open water supposed to exist beyond Lancaster sound, and thence proceeding along the northernmost extremity of America, to reach the Pacific by way of Behring's straits. Special encouragement in favor of making the attempt at this particular time was derived from reports made by whalers of the unusual quantity of ice which for several preceding summers they had noticed floating down into the Atlantic. Geographical and hydrographic observations were also to be recorded, and particular attention given to variations of the needle, and the force and direction of currents. At the same time every means was to be used, by the collection of specimens, etc., to enlarge the domain of natural history. For this purpose four vessels were procurred and equipped at a large expense. Two of these, commanded by Ross, were to proceed up Davis' straits, and the others, under the charge of Franklin and Buchan, between Greenland and Spitzbergen; both having a common end, the discovery of an open polar sea, and a navigable passage between the two great oceans. Capt. Ross has published a very meagre official account of his voyage, which in fact accomplished little and was marked by no adventure of unusual interest. Proceeding along the western shore of Greenland, he entered Lancaster strait and sailing up this, was finally checked in his progress by the imaginary range of "Croker's Mountains,"* which he supposed stretched across the bottom of the bay in continuity with the mountain ridges on either side. Baffled, as he concluded he was, in finding an outlet in this direction, and convinced of the connection between Greenland and the north-eastern extremity of the continent at this point, he again turned south, and exploring in his progress the shores of Baffin's Bay, reached home in November of the same year, having effected little of material worth, if we except the correction of a few charts, the trending of the coast now known as Prince Williams land, and some valuable magnetic observations, due to the skill and labor of his associate, Capt. Sabine.

His coadjutors in this expedition, though experiencing little better success, were subjected to hardships and dangers which he happily escaped, and which had well nigh ended in the total destruction of both vessels and men. The Trent and Dorothea, the former commanded by Franklin, the latter by Buchan, after encountering a gale which tested severely their seaworthy qualities, and the ability of their respective officers, arrived off Chevie Island—formerly noted for its extensive walrus fisheries—on

* So called after the Secretary of the Admiralty. It is scarcely necessary to say that this suppositious mountain range has no existence.

the 24th of May. Here commenced a tedious and hazardous struggle through drifting bergs and extensive floes, during which they were often compelled to await some change in the position of the latter to release their ice-locked barks. At last, in a violent storm of wind and snow, Franklin parted company with the Dorothea, and on extricating his vessel from the immense field of ice in which he found himself on the abatement of the gale, rejoined his consort, and, in company with her, entered the appointed *rendézvous* at Magdalen bay, on the 3d of June. During their short stay at this place they made a careful survey of the harbor, and on the seventh of the same month, their bows were once more turned northward, to be buffeted by the frozen sea in which they were now completely encased, and through whose sinuous channels and crashing masses a heavy swell drove them relentlessly on. "The pieces at the edges of the pack," says Beechy, whose narrative is as replete with interest as Ross' is barren, "were at one time wholly immersed in the sea, and at the next raised far above their natural line of flotation; while those farther in, being more extensive, were alternately depressed or elevated at either extremity as the advancing wave forced its way along." Through this confused and moving mass, in imminent danger of being submerged at any instant should one of the overhanging bergs topple down upon their decks, they slowly pushed their way, and finally succeeded in clearing this belt of *brash ice*, with which the sea for miles was covered to the depth of several feet. On gaining open water they shaped their course westerly, and passing round the north-western extremity of Spitzbergen, steering between the land and ice, rose one morning to find themselves completely hemmed in, without being left the choice of retreat or advance. Crushed by the advancing ice their vessels received such serious damage that at one time they were on the point of taking to the boats as the only hope of safety. The deck of the Trent was split fore and aft, her planks doubled up, her timbers cracked to a fearful extent, and some of her beams sprung by the unremitting pressure. At last, by dint of incessant effort, and labor sustained almost without any interval for nine successive days, they succeeded in extricating themselves, "Thinking he had given the ice a fair trial here, the commander determined upon examining its condition towards the eastern coast of Greenland, and in the event of finding it equally impenetrable there, to proceed round the south cape of Spitzbergen, and make an attempt between that island and Nova Zembla." Another gale, more furious than either before encountered, overtook them on the thirtieth of July, and becoming separated for a second time, they were driven to take refuge once again, as the only alternative, in the immense pack which was driving furiously down upon them before the increasing storm. Fenders were hung out around the vessels, the masts secured, the hatches battened down, and every precaution taken that ingenuity or experience suggested. These were scarcely accomplished before the pack was upon them. "No language," says the narrator, "can convey an adequate idea of the terrific grandeur of the effect now produced by the collision of the ice and the tempestuous ocean. The sea, violently agitated and rolling its mountain waves against an opposing body, is at all times a sublime and awful sight; but when, in addition, it

encounters immense masses which it has set in motion with a violence equal to its own, its effect is prodigiously increased. At one moment it bursts upon these icy fragments and buries them many feet beneath the wave, and the next, as the buoyancy of the depressed body struggles for re-ascendancy, the water rushes in foaming cataracts over its edges; while every individual mass, rocking and laboring in its bed, grinds against and contends with its opponent, until one is either split with the shock, or upreared upon the surface of the other. Nor is this collision confined to any particular spot, it is going on far as the sight can reach; and when from this convulsive scene below the eye is turned to the extraordinary appearance of the blink in the sky above, the unnatural clearness of a calm silvery atmosphere presents itself, bounded by a dark stormy line of clouds, as if to mark the confines within which the efforts of man could be of no avail." But their promptitude and boldness were equal to the crisis; the first shock of the encounter staggered, but did not overwhelm them, and crowding all sail, they gradually forced a passage between the opposing fragments, and finally embayed themselves in the very heart of the field. Here they were tossed from mass to mass, and, unable to render the ship the least assistance, calmly abided the issue. But the same Providence which had before watched over them provided here also a way of escape. On the subsidence of the gale they were able to regain the open sea, and after refitting their shattered hulls, though Franklin urged strongly to be allowed to prosecute the still unexecuted survey, the condition of the Dorothea was such as to render it unsafe for her to return alone, and in company they turned their faces homeward, and reached England about the middle of October.

Nothing daunted by his former ill success, Franklin the following year took command of an overland expedition, which was to proceed on foot from Hudson's Bay to the northern shores of America, for the purpose of exploring the north-eastern portion of the continent and determining the latitudes and longitudes with more accuracy than had previously been done. Dr. Richardson and Messrs. Bach and Hood, all of whom afterwards proved themselves in every way worthy of the high confidence reposed in them, were placed under his orders, and he was instructed to procure sixteen Canadian *voyageurs*, and two or more interpreters from the Hudson Bay Company. These, with one seaman and a clerk of the N. W. Fur Company, constituted the party which, scantily provided both as to clothes and provisions, left Fort Providence on the twenty-ninth of July, for Fort Enterprise on Lake Winter, their head-quarters for the ensuing cold season. Their first work at the latter place was the erection of two log houses to shelter them during the months of cold and hardship, and the stowing away of such provisions as they had been able to procure from various sources, *en cache*.

The first winter was occupied by expeditions in different directions, some successful, and all severe and trying. By dint of close economy, and the additions of such game as from time to time they could kill or capture, they managed to make their feeble stock hold out until spring again opened the river, and their before useless nets now procured them a grateful but scanty subsistence. Early in June, a party, under Dr. Richardson, set out on foot to commence the regular explorations, each man carrying on

a sledge or his back, besides his personal effects, about eighty pounds of baggage. A few days later, Franklin, in company with a few Canadian and Indian hunters, followed with the canoes, and overtook the Doctor on the twenty-second. On the twenty-fifth they resumed their journey and proceeded by slow stages down the Coppermine river, whose mouth they reached in the month of August, after traversing a distance of three hundred miles, over one hundred and twenty of which they were compelled to drag their boats. Several weeks were now consumed in coast surveys, and at the end of the month, with barely sufficient food to last them a week, they started to return. The rest of the narrative relating to this desperate adventure, is but a detailed account of sufferings, met with heroic fortitude and self-reliance. By day dragging their frozen limbs and bleeding feet, with painful steps, over the blistering ice and jagged rocks, and at night crawling into their stiffened blankets under a thin canvass tent, vainly striving to forget their wretched fatigue and the pangs of hunger in fitful and delirious sleep. Living at first on the marrow they could procure from bones which the wolves and vultures had already picked clean, or gorging themselves greedily when fortune threw in their way the putrid remnants of a carcass from which these daintier hunters had turned in disgust, they were soon driven to fill their craving stomachs with burnt leather, or skins boiled into soup and flavored with the scanty lichens they managed to scrape from the rocks, and at last gnawed, in very despair, their worn out shoes and useless gun-covers. Finally, after months of such misery as humanity is—thank God!—seldom called on to endure, with voices sepulchral from famine, and ghastly faces, and wasted frames, whose emaciated skeletons were a mockery of life, the remnant of this ill fated band, dragged themselves back to the point from which three years before they had set out full of strength and hope, and poured out their thanks to Him who had restored them to their friends, and enabled them in safety to look back over a journey of nearly six thousand miles, whose terrible hardships they had borne without a murmur.

Three years after, Franklin with the tried companions of this expedition, undertook another survey in the same quarter for the purpose of examining the coast line between the Coppermine and McKenzie rivers, and westerly from the latter, as far as Icy Cape. The company upon reaching that part of the Mackenzie river, where its stream splits into several channels, divided; one party commanded by Franklin, pursuing the route along the western branch, while the boats under Dr. Richardson descended the eastern. After an eminently successful voyage of nearly three thousand miles, during which Franklin wellnigh lost his life in an attack made upon his boats by some thieving Esquimaux, they had the happiness of rejoining each other at Fort Franklin, in the latter part of September. Here they passed the ensuing winter, adding to the stores of natural history and botany, obtaining valuable and satisfactory proofs of the solar influence on the daily variations of the needle, and enlivening the dark winter months by attending a course of lectures on practical geology, delivered by Dr. Richardson.

In 1844, the return of Sir James Ross from his successful and brilliant navigation of the Antarctic ocean, reawakened the long slum-

bering desire to discover a northwest passage, and the incessant and earnest pleadings of Barrow, Sabine, and others, determined the Lords of the Admiralty to make one last grand attempt to overcome the obstacles which had crowned only with disaster and failure all former efforts. The Erebus and Terror, famous in Arctic service, were the chosen ships; Sir John Franklin, the great hero of the Polar world, was offered the command of the enterprise, and undeterred by the remembrance of previous hardships, he eagerly accepted the office. His instructions were minute and full; every contingency that could possibly be foreseen was provided for; every provision that experience suggested as necessary for comfort or safety, in the frozen regions they were about to visit, was made; and on the 19th of May, 1845, with stores for three years, and one hundred and thirty-eight picked and resolute men, Sir John sailed out of the Thames for that unknown land, from which no word has ever yet come back to inform the wondering world of his experiences and his fate. Expedition after expedition has been despatched in vain quest of the lost navigator and his men. England and her people have alike united in untiring attempts at rescue. Touched by the pathetic appeal of his widowed consort, a citizen of another land has with a large hearted liberality placed at the disposal of his government the means of aiding in the humane search, but despite the lavish expenditure of life and wealth, despite the energy, hardihood, skill, desperation almost, with which the pursuit has been prosecuted, no traces of the unreturning voyager, his whereabouts or condition, save a few sad memorials of his dead, have yet been discovered.

Lingeringly the hot cry of chase has died away in the slow wane of years; fagged out, dispirited, discomfited, the foiled hunters have, one by one, returned; sadly and slowly the fires of hope have flickered out, and with a prayer for his soul upon our lips, we have scattered their ashes to the winds, a peace offering to his manes. When all else despaired, one heart still cherished strong faith in his ultimate safety. "My mind," says Dr. Kane, "never realizes the complete catastrophe, the destruction of all Franklin's crew. I picture them to myself, broken into detachments, and my mind fixes itself on one little group of some thirty who have found the open spot of some tidal eddy, and under the teachings of an Esquimaux, or, perhaps, one of their own Greenland whalers, have set bravely to work, trapped the fox, and speared the bear, and killed the seal, and walrus, and whale." Clinging to this one, ever-present idea, we have seen this brave man put forth all the energies of his great soul to accomplish its earnest hope. The plan and progress, and results of his expedition, are familiar to all. The time has not yet come when we can speak calmly or impartially of himself or his noble effort. In the shadow of his sad fate we cannot see to criticise. Every one has read the unadorned story of his toil and sufferings, and accomplishment, magnified by such heroism as the world seldom sees, told with the honest frankness and fervent simplicity of a little child. Every one has followed him in that perilous contest where the stake was life, and the dice men, and seen him win the game with all the chances against him, and at fearful odds.

Whether whipping his dogs over the smooth floes in the frozen moonlight of the Arctic winter, to mark out work for the coming

spring, or with scurvied knees and blistered feet, delirious with intense cold and prolonged fatigue, bearing relief to his perishing comrades; whether through the blank hours of the weary polar night, sustaining his dispirited companions by word and example, performing amid the superhuman tasks he imposed upon himself the lowliest duties, administering to their necessities, solacing their grief, lightening their burdens, and cheering their broken hearts; whether planning an escape from terrible imprisonment grown fatal, or successfully executing it in the face of obstacles the most formidable, and by "exact discipline, rigid routine, and perfectly thought-out organization," restoring the famine wasted and disease stricken survivors to civilization and their firesides, he is still ever the same imperturbable, self-reliant, provident, hopeful, active leader, the same tender, sympathizing, loyal friend. The days of our mourning are not yet ended, and our cheeks are still wet with tears shed over this gallant spirit, which, unbroken by the disastrous fortunes of a brief yet crowded life, sacrificed to the promptings of the purest benevolence, has so lately passed from time to eternity, and exchanged this earthly scene of his labors and his sufferings for the heavenly rewards of the tried and faithful servant. It is consoling, even in our affliction, to reflect that not amid Polar snows, far from his home and friends, and family, but soothed by the gentle ministrations of loving kindred, and on the same soil which urns the ashes of the renowned discoverer of the American Continent, he who has so worthily illustrated the American character was permitted to consummate the last act that closed the drama with his life.

[The following lines were handed us the other day by a friend, who requested our editorial opinion as to their authorship. We have never met with them among that writer's published verses, but to us they smack strongly of Robert Browning. They have all his characteristic clearness of thought and felicity of expression.—EDITORS RUSSELL'S MAGAZINE.]

OTHERWISE.

Ah! me, how sad the emmet stirs i' th' dust!
The owl in midnight puts her trust
With a low and sad perplexity!
Far in the deep intense
Glows a meteor, whence
A halo, æther-born,
Sheds over nothingness
A breath of morn!
She loved me? Yes! In her distress
From anguished silence torn,
When the shaded ringlets on her brow,
And the whispered foldings of her dress,
Sank into my heart; but now,
'Tis different now!

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S "TWO YEARS AGO."*

A REVIEW.

There is an old song, which has a good deal of sense in its sprightly words. Two of the lines run thus:

"'Tis a pity when charming women
Talk of things which they don't understand."

We will all agree to this, but if it be a pity that these sweet creatures sometimes chirp nonsense by intermeddling with subjects beyond their comprehension, how much greater cause have we to hold up our hands and sigh, when men—men whose brilliancy and intellectual power have filled us with delight and wonder—suddenly grasp at things placed, by circumstances, out of the reach of their knowledge, discuss them with a learned air, show an ignorance and a blind belief in their false convictions, perfectly unwarrantable, and end by covering themselves with ridicule.

Here is the Rev. Charles Kingsley, the author of "Alton Lock," "Yeast," and "Hypatia" the historian of Amyas Leigh, the poet who has recently made us shiver and glow over the martyrdom of Saint Elizabeth, of Hungary—the noble, one would almost say, the inspired writer of that grand strain "The Day of the Lord at Hand," here he has come, taking pride and pleasure in upsetting our belief in him. Why, we should be ashamed now to feel our hearts melt and our eyes moisten under the influence of what we once considered his magic pen. We have been taken in—we have been duped.

"No merry brown hares" ever "came leaping"
Over the crest of the hill"———.

It's all a mistake. The Reverend gentleman is very imaginative. If he now gravely sets down such stuff which we know to be as false as it is foolish, why may he not have been doing this all along, only we had not the necessary knowledge to detect where truth ended, and where fancy and a heated brain took facts and probabilities into their unreal region.

But it is not so much the propagation of untruths, or the pandering to popular taste, which must anger us in the author whom we "delighted to honor." He may believe, the worthy gentleman, all that he says; it may be that to utter what he thinks right, and not to get a larger sale for his novel, he has plunged into the slavery question. We are willing to look upon him as sincere, but we never shall forgive Charles Kingsley for making himself absurd—for writing such pages of silliness and mawkish sentiment.

He has wilfully thrown himself from the pinnacle on which he stood as the creator of his former works, tempted thereto by the Devil, whom we suspect in the shape of ——— no matter whom—for we cannot but believe that this story of "Two Years Ago" has been only interlarded with these objectionable and preposterous passages very recently; that the "lovely *Marie*," and the "high-toned *Stangrave*," have been inserted here and there as particularly fine plums in Mr. Kingsley's last pudding to suit some palates, and in no wise contemplated in the original stirring-up of the mixture.

* "Two Years Ago," by Rev. Charles Kingsley, author of "Amyas Leigh," etc. Boston, Ticknor & Fields.

"Two Years Ago" is not likely to remain as an article of merchandize with our booksellers, so that it is doubly advisable to give a sketch of the characters and their doings, to prove what we assert.

Thomas Thurnall is the centre piece of the picture. He is drawn as our author is able to draw, strong, jolly, intense, earnest, true, faithful; "in his own way an altogether accomplished man of the world, who knew, at least in all companies and places where he was likely to find himself, exactly what to say, to do, to make, to seek, and to avoid." Under a rough and cynical exterior he has the kindest and gentlest heart. He is "a godless réprobate" as regards church going and the ordinary standard of religion; he does his duty by his neighbor, but he is very faulty in his acknowledgment of what he owes to Almighty goodness. His father, Dr. Thurnall, is a practising physician in the little town of Whitbury, in Berkshire—a worthy man of science is the Doctor, who, after bestowing an education and an insight into his profession upon his son, permitted him to wander off to complete his studies in London, Paris, or wheresoever his roaming propensities should carry him. Tom leaves his father to the care of Mark Armsworth, banker and great man of Whitbury, who is an honest and hearty Englishman of the "old squire" stamp, a widower like the Doctor, with an only daughter.

This is sixteen years ago, and is but an introduction to the events of "Two Years Ago," at which period the story fairly commences. Tom has got to Australia, after having run over the whole globe; he has paid a visit or two to his old "daddy," as he calls him, and has seen sights generally." He gets a letter from Mary Armsworth, telling him that his last surviving brother is dead, his father gone blind, and all his little property lost. This is the moment to be jolly à la Mark Tapley—and Tom rises to meet his cares. He works harder than ever, scrapes together fifteen hundred pounds, and starts for home—is shipwrecked off the western coast of England, and is saved from drowning by the courage and presence of mind of the school-mistress of the village of Alevalva, near which spot the "Hesperus" goes to pieces. Grace Harvey is beautiful and good, and rather mysterious, and of course very poor. She falls in love in a modest way with this stray waif of a wild Englishman, whom she thinks God has sent to her; but Tom had put his money in a leathern belt around his waist when he jumped overboard, and it is not to be found, and he suspects Grace of having it, and admires her only in a contemptuous way, which she soon discovers and bears meekly and uncomplainingly.

Tom stays at Alevalva, partly to get hold of his belt, partly because he has nothing else to do. He turns doctor in right earnest; warns the villagers of the approach of the cholera, does all the good that he can—is a keen naturalist—ingratiates himself with everybody, and, in spite of himself, ends by desperately loving sweet Grace Harvey, who is a saint and a pearl.

There are beautiful descriptions in this portion of the work, and in fact throughout the volume, of the glories and wonders in earth, sea and sky. Tom talks rational theology with the curate, Frank Headley, and in the mouth of his hero, Mr. Kingsley puts wise and good and comforting words, for which, all who read should thank him.

In Penalva Castle, the property of Viscount Scoutbush, Lord of the village of Alevalva, resides the Vis-

count's sister, who has married a poor and vain poet, in whom Tom soon recognizes, under the name of Elsley Vavasour, a certain John Briggs, his quandam playfellow and student in their native Whitbury. This couple furnish many chapters of wholesome counsel and interesting reading, and all womankind may make their prettiest and most grateful courtesy to the author for this sentence, which Tom mutters when he hears of the petty squabbles and incessant bickerings between the late John Briggs and his high born Mrs. Elsley Vavasour: "I flatter myself I know a little what women are made of, and this I know, that when man and wife quarrel, even if she ends the battle, it is he who has begun it. I never saw a case yet where the man was not the most in fault, and I'll lay my life that John Briggs has led her a pretty life."

If space permitted, we could give many and many passages of sound truth and of exquisite delineation, but we must proceed with the story. The cholera came, and after its ravages were over, Tom leaves poor Grace with a heavy heart. He fairly runs off from the temptation of marrying her; the war is raging in the Crimea; Lord Scoutbush is going to it; Frank Headley, who has won the heart of the other sister of the Viscount, the charming Valencia St. Just, is going too. Tom determines to take his chance in the same venture. Everybody rushes to London en route for the battle field, and there they are delayed by the sudden freak of the *soi-disant* Mr. Vavasour, who gets most causelessly jealous of his dear little wife; takes to laudanum, abandons his family, and these warriors, martial, spiritual and medical must all stop and hunt him out, before proceeding any farther. Tom catches him at last, takes him down to Whitbury, brings in his wife to see him die, buries him, and so ends the episode of a small, petulant genius, with a soul above the gallipots to which he was born, and not heroic enough to battle against the great world.

Mark Armsworth offers Tom his plain little daughter Mary and her fifty thousand pounds: Tom gratefully declines,—prefers the Crimea in the present, and the memory of Grace for the past and future.

He disappears in the East, and never was heard of or from until last Christmas, when he walked into his father's house, as quietly as if he had left it the day before, and there discovered Grace Harvey, who had been tending the old man like a daughter for fifteen months, and wore tied around her heart, eating into it like a snake," Tom's belt, which she had found in her own mother's possession a week after Tom left Alevalva.

She makes him promise that he will never ask who stole the belt; Tom tells her that he wants to be a "thorough Christian now; that he has had time for meditation shut up in a Tartar prison, and that she must teach him about their Father in Heaven,—as his wife."

They fall into each other's arms, "and so the old heart passed away from Thomas Thurnall; and instead of it grew up a heart like his father's, even the heart of a little child."

Now, this makes a very complete story, and a very interesting one when told in Kingsley's grand way; although it has not the power nor the originality of some things which have gone before, still it would have been welcomed with joy by the world-wide circle of his readers. But possessed by some evil demon, the Rector of —— has destroyed, utterly destroyed his work. It is as if some skillful hand, after mixing a grateful and cooling salad, should suddenly inundate the bowl with

a steaming nauseous mixture, giving those who had hoped to partake of it, only the melancholy satisfaction of picking out a scrap here and there uncontaminated by this unnecessary and disagreeable addition.

Mr. Kingsley first prefixes what he calls an introductory chapter, presenting to our acquaintance Claude Mellot, an artist, and Stangrave, "a native of the model Republic and sleeping partner in a great New York merchant firm."

They are talking over the recent defeat of Fremont, while journeying to Whitbury just before last Christmas, and Mr. Kingsley is unjustifiably absurd through his mouthpieces in his hopes, fears and wishes, not to mention that the Christianity which he advocates in every other human case and cause, he sets aside, to preach damnation to slaveholders, in this fashion:

"My dear Claude, our loss is gain. The delay of the next four years was really necessary, that we might consolidate our party. And I leave you to judge, if it have grown to its present size in but a few months, what dimensions it will have attained before the next election.—We require the delay, too, to discover who are our really best men,—not merely as orators, but as workers; and you English ought to know, better than any nation, that the latter class of men are those whom the world most needs; that though Aaron may be an altogether inspired preacher, yet it is only slow-tongued, practical Moses, whose spokesman he is, who can deliver Israel from their taskmasters. Beside, my dear fellow, we really want the next four years to look about us, and see what is to be done. Ere four years be over, we will have a 'positive platform,' at which you shall have no cause to grumble."

"I still think with Marie, that your 'positive platform' is already made for you, plain as the sun in heaven, as the lightnings of Sinai. Free those slaves at once and utterly!"

"Impatient idealist! By what means? By law, or by force?—Leave us to draw a cordon sanitaire round the tainted States, and leave the system to die a natural death, as it rapidly will if it be prevented from enlarging its field. Don't fancy that a dream of mine. None know it better than the Southerners themselves. What makes them ready just now to risk honor, justice, even the common law of nations and humanity, in the struggle for a new slave territory? What but the consciousness, that without virgin soil, which will yield rapid and enormous profit to slave-labor, they and their institution must be ruined?"

"The more reason for accelerating so desirable a consummation, by freeing the slaves at once."

"Humph!" said Stangrave, with a smile. "Who so cruel at times as your too-benevolent philanthropist? Did you ever count the meaning of those words? Disruption of the Union, an invasion of the South by the North; and an internecine war, aggravated by the horrors of a general rising of the slaves."

"It is dreadful, Heaven knows, even in thought! But, Stangrave, can any moderation on your part ward it off? Where there is crime, there is vengeance; and without shedding of blood is no remission of sin."

"God knows! It may be true; but God forbid that I should ever do aught to hasten what may come! O, Claude, do you fancy that I, of all men, do not feel at moments the thirst for brute vengeance?"

Claude was silent.

"Judge for yourself, you who

know all—what man among us northerners can feel, as I do, what those hapless men may have deserved! I who have day and night before me the brand of their cruelty, filling my heart with fire. I need all my strength, all my reason, at times, to say to myself, as I say to others, 'Are not these slaveholders men of like passions with yourself? What have they done which you would not have done in their place?' I have never read that key to Uncle Tom's Cabin. I will not even read this Dred, admirable as I believe it to be."

"Why should you?" said Claude. "Have you not a key to Uncle Tom's Cabin, more pathetic than any word of man's or woman's?"

"But I do not mean that! I will not read them, because I have the key to them in my own heart, Claude; because conscience has taught me to feel for the southerner as a brother, who is but what I might have been; and to sigh over his misdirected courage and energy, not with hatred, not with contempt; but with pity, all the more intense the more he scorns that pity."

These deferential allusions to Marie, he then explains by interweaving his story with the episode of the loves of "a colored girl from Georgia" with Stangrave. Tom Thurnall has been the instrument of her release from tortures and disgrace. He helped her off from bondage to Canada, having promised a southerner, whom he met dying in the East, to protect this, his lady-love, from harm.

While Tom is waiting at Alevalva, he gets a letter from his protégé; a decidedly funny epistle, in which she tells him that she is to be a great actress, that she has been performing in New York to crowded houses, and now she is coming to London to snuff up incense and snuff out all rivals on the boards.

As if this is not enough folly for one book of 500 pages, Mr. Kingsley brings the young "colored person to the centre of civilization, and under the name of "La Cordifianna," she takes court and city by storm. All London lies panting at her feet; she goes to live with Claude Mellot and Salina his wife, and her regal loveliness and dignity are the surprise and wonder of those who cannot guess whence sprang this Phœnix. Among the prostrate, grovels Lord Scoutbush. Now, really, Mr. Kingsley may be a raving red Radical, but, positively, he ought to have dealt more leniently with this bud of the aristocracy; he should not have made a respectable young man so ridiculous. The Viscount's interviews with "the colored girl from Georgia" fill several pages; weary of the adulation she receives, anxious to rid herself of a suitor who cannot go in "quest of the Sangreal"—she tells her noble suppliant that she is a runaway slave; to which he answers that this is only another good reason for marrying her; "if you become my viscountess, you take my rank."

"But public opinion, my lord?"

"Why, madam, you don't know England; no one is a slave in England." Why, madam, you will have all London at your feet the more they know your story." "Marie was deeply affected. Making all allowances for the impulses of youth, she could not but see that her origin formed no bar whatever to her marrying a nobleman; and that he honestly believed that it would form none in the opinion of his compeers, if she proved herself worthy of his choice." So that Mr. Kingsley wishes the ignorant to understand that the illegitimate daughter of a mulatress would be consid-

ered the most eligible match for a British peer and honorable gentleman.

But it is in vain that the worthy Scoutbush pleads to the high-souled Marie; she dismisses him, and quarrels with Stangrave because he, too, is a little backward in accepting the "quest of the Sangreal," and in fact, fights shy when he suspects her equivocal descent — a proof of dastardly and pitiful meanness which cuts Mr. Kingsley to the quick.

The American escapes to the continent, racked with love,— Marie falls on Salina's neck and "sobs out the story of her life." What it was, need not be told. A little common sense and a little knowledge of human nature, will enable the reader to fill up for himself "the story of a beautiful slave."

I own to a malicious disappointment: I would have liked to see Mr. Kingsleys "story of a beautiful slave." Like Mr. Pecksniff, when he sentimentalizes over Martin Chuzzlewit's plans for a grammar school, "I must confess it would be an amusement to me" to see what Mr. Kingsley would make of "the story of a beautiful slave." Judging by what he has already done, I am sure it would have been *unique*. And, by the way, there is a hint thrown out that Salina likewise told *her* story to Marie, and it does not come to light either. As Mrs. Mellot was even more good than Marie and almost as handsome, her mother possibly was jet black, for histories seem latterly to show that the infusion of African blood is a help to beauty and a main-stay of goodness.

Salina takes Marie to the Rhine for their mutual benefit; they meet the fugitive Stangrave; Tom (on his way to the Crimea) joins the party; Stangrave confesses—"If I have wronged her, I have offered to right her; if I have left her, I have sought her again; and if I left her when I knew nothing, now that I know all, I ask her here, before you, to become my wife.

Tom looked enquiringly at Marie.

"Yes, I have told him all, all"— and she hid her face in her hands.

"Well, said Tom, Mr. Stangrave is a very enviable person," with which remarkable avowal we close the conversation, and we need not enquire, as Mr. Kingsley don't tell us what the "all" was, and as Tom thought Stangrave "enviable," of course he must have been.

To criticise more elaborately such a work as this would be time and indignation thrown away. Had "Two Years Ago" emanated from a common pen, we would have said "let it *lie* in its own mire," but Mr. Kingsley owed it to his fellow men not to disgrace himself thus. He had won a proud reputation—his words were trumpet-tongued, and what he had written entitled him to be read again, no matter what the subject—but he had no right to bury his talents in such a napkin as this, and under such foul earth.

TEA AND TEA DRINKERS.

Tea drinking is inseparably associated in our mind with bright fires, cheerful faces, innocent mirth, and the glad welcome and divine music of female affection. The tutelary Deity of the gentle narcotic should be painted as the fairest of the Penates—a woman of serene presence, and loving eyes—

"Upon whose forehead many graces sit—
Under the shadow of her even brows."

Without the tea-kettle "sounding its steamy notes of preparation," the circle of domestic enjoyment is incomplete. It has no equal, it admits of no substitute. A monarch in its own domain, the tender despotism of its rule laps us in a pleasant Elysium. To all but the coarsest nerves, the genial warmth of the spirit that sings within is a very *elixir vitæ*. Care, fatigue, every "shadow of annoyance" is subdued by its penetrating and diffusive virtue. Its delightful excitation, crowned with silvery clouds of the fancy, flushed with an aurora of sweet thoughts is followed by no throng of gross and turbid sensations, no "stumbling upon dark mountains," no "uneasy perturbation in head and stomach," which Charles Lamb tells us is "so much worse to bear than any definite pain or ache." No! the genius that lurks in the cup which "cheers but not inebriates" is an honest, kindly, amiable spirit. Delicious are the spells, irresistible is the witchery which steals away our griefs, but she does not come with comfort and peace in one hand, and Remorse—as in a famous painting of Corregio—bearing a viper in the other. It is true, that Tea, like every virtuous and excellent institution in this world of slander, has met with detractors. Men who pretend to science, (for be assured, it is all pretension,) have been known to deny its efficaciousness altogether; to proceed even so far as to declare it absolutely noxious—a deceitful herb sowing the subtle seeds of a slow, but sure destruction. We scorn the imputation, we despise the calumniator. What! because certain lean, and fretful creatures, whose pampered peevishness is a tribulation to all their acquaintances—choose to attribute their wakefulness "o'nights" to *tea*, instead of the true cause—conscience, and late suppers—are *we*, whose conscience troubles us not, and to whom late suppers are an abomination, to be frightened into abandoning the best and tenderest of friends, the faithfulest of companions, the most soothing, joyous, delectable sprite that ever descended from the "colors of the rainbow and the plighted clouds," to sanctify a lower element, and to bestow upon mortals a benison of enchantment? We venture to say that every loyal tea drinker treats the insinuations of these pseudo physicians with contempt Are they not the very monsters who convert the bowels of their suffering patients into wholesale apothecary emporiums, and whose impudent faces not unfrequently glow with the blossoms of Bacchus? Avaunt, Sathanas!

"'Twas the fiend that spoke."

We would not be understood as utterly depreciating all other stimulants. Our devotion is not so narrow-minded and exclusive. We take pleasure in acknowledging our occasional indebtedness to Coffee.

a excessively cold weather, and
r a reasonably hearty dinner,
eded by a walk of ten miles or
eabout, we have found this
erage (especially if served in a
cate cup of French manufac-
) highly palatable and invigo-
ng. A cigar, none of your
npery "oak leaves," but a real
anos—may at such a time be
n with advantage. It should
moked in an easy chair, next
fire, with the interlude of a sip
r each protracted puff. Nor
l we pretend to be particularly
idalized, if in place of the cof-
you pay court to the "straw-
red hock-flavored Carolina Ma-
a," that is, if you are a prudent
, and happen to have a friend,
ally prudent beside you. There
certain seasons when (with the
viso we have mentioned) a little
al indulgence of this kind is
ly not amiss. Even Milton in-
s his friend Cyriak Skinner to
e such social reunion—

day deep thoughts resolve with me
o drench
irth *that after no repenting draws.*"

gain, the same great master, in
inet of the most genial spirit,
perfect melody of numbers,
to another friend, Lawrence
elieve,

it neat repast shall feast us light
id choice,
Attic taste, *with wine*, whence we
ay rise
ir the lute well-touched, and art-
l voice
ble immortal notes and Tuscan
."

fter all, there *may be* danger
best of us, even in the hu-
hock-flavored Madeira, and
not upon the wine" whether
ed, opal, golden, or of the
ellow. lustre of the dying
t, is perhaps a wise warning
uld all obey. But, for TEA,
indulge our fondness with-
ar, and without reproach."

From humble bohea to exquisite hyson, the quintessence of fragrant delights—not excepting the intermediate classes of *congo*, *carapo*, *souchong*, *pouchong*, *hyson skin*, *young hyson and twankay*—we need not fear to quaff deeply of them all, but with due deference for the illustrious authorities on the other side, we give it as our decided judgment, founded upon long experience, whose *data* have been carefully husbanded, that the *black teas* are preferable for general use, sprinkled, if the tea-lover so wills it with a moderate contribution of gunpowder. Hazlitt, who was drunk, (we grieve to say it,) for three weeks after the battle of Waterloo, but whose affections, thereafter, were fortunately centered with an undivided passion upon tea, was accustomed to partake immensely of this identical mixture. Somebody (Talfourd perhaps) declared that it destroyed him; for our part, we believe that the destruction was confined wholly to the gentle liquid, and that Hazlitt, like Doctor Johnson, derived new strength and youth from its tender inspirations. We scruple not to confess that we are somewhat *dilletanti* in the choice of our teas. The knowledge of this weakness, if so it may be called, prompted a friend (instigated likewise without doubt by the devil,) to practice upon us, not long since, a base deception which we have tried to forgive, but can never forget.

This friend—we rank him as a simple acquaintance now—is the proprietor of a large wholesale grocery, and is frequently in the way of trade, brought in contact with foreign merchants and the captains of vessels. Upon a fine morning last spring we visited him in his store for the purpose of examining a rich assortment of teas just imported. Among the boxes

was one very curious chest, oddly ornamented with preposterous hieroglyphics which we were given to understand contained *imperial pekoe*, the rarest, and most precious tea of the first class. Wistfully, and with moistened eyes we lingered over the treasure.

"That box," said our friend, "I have procured from Capt. Wilson, just in from China, who assures me that he seized it in the royal grounds during the late insurrection which uprooted the ancient dynasty of that country. It is very expensive —three dollars a pound—but let me see, yes, I think I can afford to *give* you half a pound, as you're a regular customer, and so exceedingly fond of the article." And thereupon he weighed out, and neatly folded in a piece of yellow-paper the quantity designated.

We bore it home with rapture. That very night, five of our friends, staunch tea-drinkers all, assembled in our comfortable sanctum to discuss the imperial pekoe. A large silver urn of our grandmother's, used only upon memorable occasions, hummed its dreamy tune upon the hearth. The silence of expectation brooded over the company. At length the fascinating liquid, spouting and bubbling, was poured out into six of our handsomest China cups, and handed round by the butler, with an air of vast gravity and importance. And now, after the process of sweetening and stirring, there was a general pause—that strange preface of anticipation, in which the human mind is pleased to indulge upon the brink of a great delight. And then, six silver spoons simultaneously sought the depths of as many cups, and brimming with the smoky nectar, were slowly carried to six eager lips. There was an expression of blank amazement, rapidly succeeded by unequivocal symptoms of anger and disappointment. "Camomile!" said one, "quassia!" cried another, "ipecachuana!" groaned a third, and without more ado, the five guests rose solemnly to their feet, and bestowing upon us a withering look, left the apartment. None of those gentlemen have ever crossed our threshold since. Alas! the instability of friendship! yet let us confess it, their exasperation was but too natural under the circumstances.

TO HENRY WARD BEECHER, D.D.

O, Reverend Mr. Beecher—Henry Ward,
(With all the lettered sentinels that rise,
And o'er your name and fame keep jealous guard,)
There's many a man whom many men call wise,
And great as wise, and good as wise and great,
Who all your thousand sins doth recognize,
And at their worth your dozen virtues rate:
But there's a witness of another guise—
A crowd, a mob, a world *ignobile*,
Whose trade is not in wherefores or in whys,
Whose gospel creed is what it seems to see;—
What then?—*i, deus, i*; no one denies
You *are* an "ornament" to little *eyes*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

In making up the Editor's Table for the present month, we feel bound to return to the entire press of the South, and especially to the press of South Carolina, our cordial thanks for the hearty greeting with which the first number of RUSSELL'S MAGAZINE has been unanimously honored.

The difficulties belonging to the inception of a literary enterprise like ours, are everywhere considerable, but amongst us, owing to circumstances, it would be useless to specify, they are peculiarly discouraging. Nevertheless, believing that an organ of Southern genius and opinion was imperatively demanded, and confident that the people were ready and eager to sustain it, we have undertaken to supply this great want, and from all sections of the country, through public and private sources—unsolicited, spontaneous, sincere, a universal "God speed" has cheered our labor, and furnished us with the brightest auguries of final and complete success.

A periodical, which shall be truly representative of the mind, the morals, the social and political position of a nation, cannot certainly, be established in a day. It must win its way slowly through serious trial, many heavy, and sometimes—to all appearance—insurmountable obstacles, until it has so fixed itself upon the regards of the community, and become so thoroughly identified with the popular thought and sentiment, that, upon all subjects vital to the general welfare, it may unhesitatingly claim to "speak with authority." To secure an influence thus wide and undisputed, it must be understood at the beginning, that the periodical owes no allegiance to cliques, sects or parties, that it designs to be catholic and conservative, as fulfilling the only conditions whereby it may become *representative*.

No other policy can command, or should deserve, the approval of the people, and upon *such* a policy the editors of RUSSELL'S MAGAZINE have determined. They look with confidence to the issue. Year after year, under the pressure of foreign insolence and outrage, the Southern States have been drawing closer the bands of a common brotherhood, and developing in self-reliance, energy, courage, and all the resources of independent nationality, they are rapidly aspiring to the station which God designed that they should occupy and adorn.

Growing out of this development, a genuine taste for art and literature begins to display itself. Authors by profession are no longer wholly unrecognized. The bread of wise council, thrown by thinking men upon the waters, is returning to them after "many days."

The literary pioneers of the South—those who have been working "with darkness compassed round," may now hail the glimmer of a true light—faint, doubtful, struggling, but still broadening up towards the morning. To aid in the spread of intelligence and knowledge, to embody the thought and philosophy, the wit, wisdom, and genial taste of our section of the republic, is not, we trust, so ambitious a purpose as to be beyond the reach of steadfast and conscientious effort.

With us, it is a work of love—no less than of patriotic duty. We shall not lightly or willingly abandon it.

A brilliant superficiality is the characteristic of this age. Not that we would be understood as denying that scholarship as comprehensive and profound as any that has ever existed or may be attained by man, is to be met with now as formerly; but we mean that of the thousands who pretend to scholarship, there is probably but a fraction who, in view of any high and just standards, are able to make these pretensions good. As for mere *amateur* students, "their name is legion." The thousand periodical publications of the day have placed it within the power of any one of ordinary capacity, to acquire an inkling of all science and learning, and furnish, we are free to say, in connection with synoptical compendiums and Encyclopædias, a standing temptation to Charlatanism. Thus, the distinction between the true scholar and the people, is becoming daily less marked. How often do we see in society, the flashy egotist, of ready tongue, and quick memory, take precedence of men of incomparably higher attainments, who are thus forced to tolerate a flood of jargon, the more revolting, from the air and manner with which it is accompanied. A shallow Electicism reigns triumphant. Dogmatism of assertion is

all that is necessary to gain a man the reputation of being a philosopher. If the immense multiplication of books and periodicals has extended the circle of general information, there can be no question that it has fostered, in equal degree, the natural human propensity to arrogance and vanity.

Every schoolboy who has studied Blair's Rhetoric, and Everett on Versification, claims to be as good a Rhetorician, and Prosodist as his master. Gentlemen in trade, who subscribe to *Putnam's Magazine*, and really imagine that modest Monthly to be an authority in criticism, talk with glib confidence about the "old style novelists," and the "melodramatic *cleverness*," of Bulwer Lytton, and other writers of that "school." They will also inform you, that "Genius can no more produce an unworthy work than the Sun rise without shining," and that Tennyson's "Maud," and Walter Scott's "Count Robert, of Paris," are admirable art-products, and fair exponents of their authors' ability. Even those who possess leisure and opportunity, are not above this wretched second-hand purchase of opinion. Now, we submit, that Knowledge is not a shuffling retail pedler, disposing of her favors as Jews dispose of old clothes, hawking them about the streets and thoroughfares, and readily accessible to whomsoever may give her a moment's attention, but a retiring goddess, to be worshipped in solitude and with painful and protracted vigils. Her requisitions are stern and unbending. The midnight lamp, the travail of the mind, somewhat even of the bloom and buoyancy of health, she may justly demand of her votaries. How then can your literary Joseph Surfaces expect to be regarded by the scholar as otherwise than quacks and pretenders, of the most insufferable class. Pretension is always, and *per necessitatem rei*, disgusting, but pretension in all matters appertaining to letters is doubly nauseous, because of its effrontery. But, apart from literature, the languages, *belles lettres*, etc., is it not demonstrable that even in the professions where the line of study is rigid and special, Quackery, gravely habited in black, with sententious speech and solemn visage, imposes upon half the world, and jostles merit and honesty out of the way.

Pycroft, in his sensible work upon "English Reading," makes the following just remarks, *apropos* of this subject:

"Supposing men born with minds literally a blank sheet of paper, and that these tablets were required to be laid open for the inspection of their neighbors, should we not find how little there was to be seen on topics with which individuals are supposed to be well acquainted, and how indistinctly and inaccurately, even that little is often inscribed.

"Were the minds of many thus laid bare, all that at the moment remained for judgment *would seem less the acquisitions of a life, than the desultory reading of an hour.* Oh! if the pale patient, blistered, bled, and reduced, could so read his physician; if the client with his estate in chancery, could so pry into the narrow *data* on which his lawyer founds such broad conclusions—if those who dream of the unlimited powers of ministerial sagacity, could so prove "with what very little wisdom the world is governed," many would agree that the goodness of Providence is in no way more remarkable than in this, that in the wise economy of creation, all disturbing causes are so nicely calculated and balanced, that busy man has even less power to do mischief than he imagines to do good."

In the pages of the old Charleston *City Gazette*, published upwards of a half century since, we find a curious letter from a French engineer, (Campenas,) directed to Napoleon, while he was general in chief of the army of Italy. It seems that the patriotic man of science, who lived in Paris, hailing the triumphs of "citizen" Buonaparte, with the enthusiasm common at the time among his countrymen, had racked his brains to discover some means by which the French should go on from conquest to conquest, with this difference only—that victory in future should be bloodless upon their part. At length, he fell upon a plan so profound in its conception, so grand in its detail, that we cannot help quoting the ingenious engineer's words, which will do more justice to his magnificent idea than we could possibly do by any partial description of our own.

"The only enemy," (says he, addressing Napoleon,) "which remains for you to combat, is separated from us by the sea. Finish in the wise manner in which you have begun the work of a continental peace, and then come and repose yourself awhile among us under your laurels. * * The artist who addresses you, filled with the most lively gratitude, will erect, if the means of execution be afforded him, a vast edifice, whence at the conclusion of his labors there will issue an aerial vessel, capable of carrying up with you more than *two hundred persons*, and which may be directed to any point of the compass. You can thus without any danger, hover above the fleets of the enemy, and thunder against them like a new Jupiter, merely by throwing perpendicularly downwards

fire-brands, made of a substance which will kindle only by contact and percussion at the end of its fall, but which it will be impossible to extinguish. * * The period of this enterprise—if my humble voice can be heard—is not far distant. A single campaign would be sufficient to realize the whole of my plan. * * Perhaps you may think it more prudent to begin at once, by forcing the British Cabinet to capitulate, which you may easily do, as you will have it in your power to set fire to the city of London, or any other of the maritime towns of England."

It was fortunate for the "fast anchored Island" that this stupendous scheme was not carried out, or where now would be the British name and glory? The Commander-in-chief, being a great genius, was of course an eminently practical man, and most probably threw cold water upon the scheme, or at any rate refused to throw money to the inventor, which was much the same thing. Suppose, however, that by some strange combination of circumstances, accident, chance discoveries, or whatever you please, such a design *could have* been successfully executed; what a change it would have made in the aspect of affairs! The picture of an awful and disastrous march through Russian snows—of a great humiliation—an ignominious exile—a brief return to better fortunes—the final overthrow—and the lingering death—all these would have found no place in History, but instead of them, we should have before us—Napoleon flying comfortably through the "upper air" with several score of his favorite friends, drinking coffee and playing at *ecarte*, while a body of experienced engineers and marksmen let fall their fiery missiles upon British ships or cities, totally unable to defend themselves, and in the last state of perplexity and terror. Further, we may imagine the "Second Jupiter," stepping to the edge of the balloon, and turning his glass downward, exclaiming in a tone different from that he used at Waterloo.—"*Ha! les Anglais, les Anglais!*"

Turning over the pages of a back number of the New York *Crayon*, (the ablest Art journal in the country)—we happened upon a review of Lewes' life of Goethe, whose unusual originality and force of analysis, must rivet the attention of every cultivated reader. It will be observed that the author thinks most decidedly for himself. His views may not, perhaps, be considered orthodox, but we are not disposed to question them upon *that* account. Heterodoxy is not unfrequently the beginning of wisdom.

"Genitally considered, Goethe would seem, in a measure, to have been rather baptized than immersed in the flesh—having drawn vigor of body and mental balance from his father;—a happy disposition and the rudimentary forms of a winged imagination from his mother:—a butter-fly love of woman and a collateral taste for the æsthetics in dress from his ancestors. What an embryological preparation and capital for a long and happy life—broad-set sails, with all but plethoric winds—needing no orthodox blessing to spin it out to the harmonious tenuity of an evening shadow—its two poles having vigorous root in heaven and earth.

"The youth of Goethe has no marked features of interest, save his great linguistic aptitudes, which bordered on abnormal precocity—too frequently the sure index of a defective growth. His filial relationship to his father was purely mechanical, and cerebrally cold; and that to his mother—notwithstanding its juvenile dash of spontaneity—was not morally subordinate enough to give that maternal supremacy, so beneficial in its results, where not vitiated by incapacity. For his sister, Cornelia, his attachment, though strong, was not such as to leave any visible or permanent impression on his character or conduct.

"It is only through the heart that we hold fellowship with our kindred—that we form manifold links of sympathy with our fellow men, in every stage of life, and form bonds of union with them, too strong to be broken by the material and moral vicissitudes to which we are all so painfully subject in this world.

"What a striking exemplification of this does Goethe give in his intercourse with other boys. With them he is heartlessly fastidious, narrow and selfish—finically elective where he should be spontaneously liberal and general in his likings—unable to make up in intensity what he lacked in expansiveness. It is due to this that his world-life had but few more edifying ramifications than his family-life—that his experiences hung but upon a segregated few of the innumerable and varied links in the great chain of human existence. Coiled up within his own regal individuality, and knit to a few stems of aristocracy, he was ignorant of the great, though lowly, souls of humanity, which spiritually throb in countless numbers through the intermingling substrata of humble life.

"Into the deep, broad heart of Germany, Goethe never fully entered, but into its intellect he not only penetrated thoroughly, but reigns there paramount.

* * * *

"Goethe would have been an organic master-piece of our race, if the *spiritual*

impulses of his heart had been in fitting harmony with the broad, penetrating, and brilliant qualities of his mind. It would have been well for Mr. Lewes if he had fully recognized the greatness as being alone possible from the moral hymen of these two great factors of our nature. Failing to do so, his conception of Goethe's greatness is feeble, fragmentary, and imperfect, and leaves his general estimate of him, however genial in its nature and spirit, very partial and unsatisfactory.

* * * *

"As a friend, Goethe, from a liberal point of view, is a blank, a mere ephemeral spark, springing out of a dead mass of cold indifference, painfully apparent in the effort itself of his biographer to render him otherwise. To him, *humanity was but a fragment, detached from its infinite base, and solitarily hung up in the narrowly exclusive temple of the intellect.*

"As a lover, he is an amphibious animal, with a cruel capacity of locomotion, but none for heart-anchorage, ingeniously covering the barrenness of his heart by the plenitude of his brain, and cleverly concealing the struggling cross-currents of his passions under the rich hues of an impulsive imagination. His intellect was a *kind of amorous trap*, into which he pressed the young, the innocent, and the beautful, coldly drawing out the perfume of their affections, using it, and then callously committing it to the winds. Nothing but the engulphing surges of selfish passion could lead a man of serious studies, personal gravity, and of great social dignity, like Goethe, to embitter so many hearts, and to use all the forces of his versatile nature to entangle and win affections which he doomed to sudden death. How many an angel of purity has been swept away in the hurricane of passion by mistaking it for affection! Passion in Goethe supplanted love; poisoned his moral nature, and partially left him a stranger to the tender and mollifying influences of true social connections."

An awful picture this is, but one upon whose truth, or falsehood, we are not prepared to pronounce. In connection with this subject, however, we wish to bring before our readers some remarks of Mr. DeQuincey upon Goethe's intellectual position, embodying an opinion of that great man, which must cause a German to stand aghast. They occur at the close of a critique upon Coleridge:

"Both are now gone, Goethe and Coleridge—both are honored by those who knew them, and by multitudes who did not. But the honors of Coleridge are perennial, and will annually grow more verdant; whilst from those of Goethe every generation will see something fall away, *until posterity will wonder at the subverted idol whose basis being hollow and unsound, will leave the worship of their fathers an enigma to their descendants.*"

He is safe whose prophesies stretch so far into the future—but we have such an abiding conviction—notwithstanding our profound veneration for Coleridge—that the above is a mere paradoxical *dictum*, that we would urge upon some one of our contributors, whose line of study may lead him in such a direction to favor us with an essay on this subject.

* * * Of all the fresh, genial, and delightful essayists of whom our literature can boast, honest Kit North is surely the prince. His wisdom, and expansive benevolence are *antithesised* by the keenest wit, and the most effective sarcasm—which last, however, always has a tincture of kindliness and good humor.

He says, somewhere in his "Recreations":—

"Byron's exquisitely sensitive modesty was shocked by the sight of *waltzing* which he would not have suffered the *Guiccioli*, while she was in *his* keeping, to have indulged in, *even with her own husband!!*"

Speaking of Byron, we are reminded of the solemn letter which his Lordship, when in Italy, received from his anxious and moral friend, Anacreon Moore:

"Beware, my dear Byron," says the exemplary Tommy, "beware of that *infidel* Shelley."

If Crocker's *exposé* of the little Irish bard's peccadilloes be one-tenth of it true, nothing certainly can surpass the absurdity of this sententious warning.

* * We find in one of our northern exchanges an article of considerable pretension upon what the author chooses to call the modern "fashionable school of poetry," from which we quote the following:

"Who does not admire the clear sense and easy flow of Pope, the majestic imagination of Milton, the fire and passion of Byron, and the universal excellencies of Shakspeare? But with these, as with most other classic English poets, the poetic element co-existed with such a clearness and directness of expression, that the dullest minds readily perceived the meaning, though they might not appreciate the beauty. The same simplicity appears to have been considered a merit in the great poets of antiquity. *But when I am called upon to admire the poets of the present age—Tennyson, Browning, and others—I find that the*

difficulty of understanding their meaning destroys the pleasure I might otherwise derive from their beauties. Why are not poets now required to observe what has always heretofore been considered necessary to excellence—clearness and simplicity?"

Not content with prefering a *true* charge against Browning, the author of this criticism, must needs bring a *false* one against "*Tennyson.*" He says, "when I am *called upon* to admire the poets of the present age, *Tennyson*, &c., I find that the difficulty of understanding their meaning destroys the pleasure I might otherwise derive from their beauties." The man who must be "*called upon*," to admire Tennyson, and whose appreciation of that exquisite poet is not spontaneous and hearty, and above all critical *dicta*, had better not write about poetry at all; besides, it is absurd to affirm that an author's *faults* "*destroy* the pleasure derivable from his *beauties.*" It is impossible to be at the same time, musical *and* rugged, vigorous *and* obscure; i, e. beauty of thought or style, possesses entity, wholeness, and inasmuch as it stands by itself, should engage our admiration no matter how execrable *that* may be, which precedes, or follows it; or rather, the beauty is the more remarkable, which appears in the midst of what is crude or forced, or incomprehensible. But to return to the question of Tennyson's obscurity. Is there ground for the charge? We reply that if search had been made among the vast body of English Poets (that "cloud of witnesses" to the resources of the Anglo-Saxon mind, and language) from Chaucer downward, this caviller could not have selected an author whose writings are more distinguished for consistent, unvarying, wonderful clearness—clearness of design, diction, imagination, metaphor, and allusion—than Alfred Tennyson. Even in "*In Memoriam*," where the thought often sounds the depths of remote metaphysics, and gathers up, and reasons upon the most intricate clues of philosophy and speculation, there is not a stanza, hardly a line that could have been made more lucid, or which—[the character of the subject being taken into proper account,] any reader of ordinary reflective and appreciative powers, may not readily understand. Upon those *extraordinary* readers, who undertake to be critical on the mere strength of audacious obtuseness, everything which constitues high poetical excellence is thrown away, and when such persons talk about "the majestic imagination of Milton," and the "universal genius of Shakspere," it is ten to one, they are only repeating a sort of orthodox formula of admiration, counting the beads, so to speak, of a faith without knowledge, and in simple obedience to the requisitions of conventional taste.

* * * In nothing which relates to literature is the superiority of the present to former times more apparent than in the wonderful advance displayed in the character and purposes of criticism. What was once an expression of erratic and vague opinion, of inapplicable classical rules, or of mere individual taste, supported by neither rule, nor reason, has now been elaborated into a *science* of comprehensive inductions and profound analysis. Works of fiction are no longer viewed as *ephemera*, wherewith to relieve the monotony of a summer's noon, or a winter's evening by the fire, but as productions which, if worthily wrought out, demand for their due appreciation, a certain portion of the care and study, originally employed in their conception. Thus, the criticism devoted to *belles lettres*—has been steadily gathering vigor, and moulding itself into a concrete system—a complete speciality, as decisive in its requisitions as the demands of any of the departments of creative art. Look at the critiques upon Shakspere alone. Compare the loose dogmatism of Johnson and Pope, with the annotations of Coleridge, and the Lectures of Mr. Hudson. The former seemed to have played with Shakspere in an easy nonchalant way, to have discussed his claims "with the walnuts and the wine" after dinner, and to have regarded him with some contempt as an uncultured genius who ignored the *unities;* but we picture the latter approaching the subject with reverence, devoting years of meditation to a single play, and *then* throwing out their remarks—as Mr. Hudson expresses it—"rather as suggestions, than as settled convictions."

Johnson actually prefixes to Macbeth, an apology for Shakspere's "Magic." "A poet," says the wise Lexicographer, "who should *now* make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural agents, *would be censured as transgressing the bounds of probability*, be banished from the theatre to the nursery, and condemned to write fairy tales instead of tragedies." It is evident that a *critic* who should *now* publish such appalling nonsense as this, would be censured as utterly incompetent, and removed from the seat of judgment to the cucking-stool.

The "magic" of Shakspeare, as displayed in the creation of the Weird Sisters, is somewhat more justly comprehended by Mr. Hudson. "They (the

Sisters) are the very purity of *sin incarnate; the vestal virgins*, so to speak, *of hell;* radiant with a sort of inverted holiness; fearful anomalies in body and soul, in whom everything seems reversed: whose *elevation is downwards;* whose duty is sin; whose religion is wickedness; and the law of whose being is the violation of law." These two paragraphs are sufficient to show how great is the difference between the critical canons of Johnson's time, and those of our own. No one will pretend that the author, whom we have just quoted, is possessed of the comprehensive natural endowments of Dr. Johnson, and the reason of the former's superiority in critical acumen is clearly the result of the general enlightenment upon this subject, which we owe to the study and right appreciation of criticism as a science.

How tame and spiritless are the social *re-unions* of our day compared to those so graphically pictured in the "Spectator," or in Boswell's Life of Johnson.

Petit soupers are, it is true, still common enough and if an extraordinary passion for oysters and champagne could stand in the place of wit, and learning, and "brilliant fence" of argument, and rare communion of intellectual brotherhood, then could there be no cause for regret—no opportunity for odious comparisons." The era of clubs and taverns has passed by. *Our* matrons would look with horror upon those smoky dens of learning and license; our dinner parties are frigidly ceremonious, and uncomfortable. Etiquette, and the modern dress coat would be enough to murder the geniality even of that Prince of conversationalists—Asmodeus himself. While upon this topic, we must not omit to quote from a "leader" in one of last year's *London Quarterly's*, this "leader" being an article of superior merit entitled "Table Talk."

"It would be unpardonable to omit mentioning the Table Talk of the ancients. In fact, it was one of the points in which they had an advantage over us; for though they were less domestic, they were more social. The absence of printing imparted to their conversation the same superior importance which it gave to their oratory. A modern philosopher lives like a hermit, and publishes in quarto; the ancient one carried his philosophy about with him and propagated it in the market place, in shops, and at suppers. The Table Talk of an age was its wisdom. The whole state experienced the effect of oral teaching through all the veins of its moral being. From the lips of the reverend seniors of the state, the Roman youth learned what reading alone could never have taught him. His first step from home was to the house of the statesman or orator, by whom he was generally initiated into the duties of life, and in whom he was to see the living image of that which a book can but faintly reflect. Cicero appears to have thought that his own hilarity at the banquets of his political friends was really a public service at periods of public despondency. We cannot but profoundly regret that the 'Liber Jocularis,' or collection of his jokes made by Tiro, has not been preserved; for he was as thorough a table-talker as Socrates himself, and his *mots* preserved in Plutarch, Quintilian, and Macrobius, show that with Burke's eloquence he combined Canning's wit."

After a discussion of the merits of Xenophon's "Memorabilia" of Socrates, and an allusion to other collections of "Table Talk" to be found in Athenæus, Macrobius, Plutarch, and Aulus Gellius, the essayist goes on to say:

"In these old store-houses we shall find more than one *bon-mot*, which now adorns the brazen front of the plagiary. There are few better sayings attributed to Foote than his reply to Lord Stormont, who was boasting the great age of the wine which, in his parsimony, he had caused to be served in extremely small glasses,—'It is very little of its age.' Yet this identical witticism is in Athenæus, where it is assigned to one Gnathæna whose jokes were better than her character. Cicero relates that Nasica called upon Ennius, and was told by the servant that he was out. Shortly afterwards Ennius returned the visit, when Nasica exclaimed, from within, that he was not at home. 'What,' replied Ennius, 'do not I know your own voice?' 'You are an impudent fellow,' retorted Nasica;' when your servant told me that you were not at home, I believed her, but you will not believe me though I tell you so myself. This, in modern jest-books, is said to have passed between Quin and Foote. Wit, like gold, is circulated sometimes with one head on it, and sometimes with another, according to the potentates who rule its realm. Few situations are more trying than to sit at dinner and hear a *raconteur* telling 'the capital thing said by Louis XIV,' to so-and-so, with a distinct recollection that the same thing was said by Augustus to a provincial. You cannot quote Macrobius without the imputation of pedantry even if you were capable of the cruelty; and you grin pleasant approbation with the consciousness that you are a hypocrite."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Lectures on the British Poets. By Prof. Henry Reed, author of "English History," "English Literature," &c." (Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia.")

The system of collegiate instruction in the United States has always appeared to us deficient, because of the minor and subordinate position invariably given to the department of English *Belles Lettres*. In our southern colleges this important branch of study is utterly neglected, unless we carry our liberality so far as to concede that a very superficial study of Blair and Kames, (the one an unphilosophical rhetorician, and the other in the full noon of the profounder principles of such writers as Coleridge, the Schlegles and DeQuincy—an essentially unreliable critic,) is all that is needed to afford to the student an insight into the beauties of the English literature and language.

There is scarcely an institution of learning amongst us which cannot boast of a Professor of Metaphysics or Political Economy; specialities, and those ready to expound them, we find in abundance, always excepting the speciality of our own literature, the noblest and most comprehensive in the world. The office of developing *this*, of analyzing and setting in clear order the riches of its genius and feeling, its thought and its philosophy, is not unfrequently appended to the duties of some other Professorship—annotated, as it were, upon the main text of the (so-called) cardinal branches which complete the sum of modern "liberal education!"

Now, such a system would be simply absurd, did it not unfortunately involve with it the basest ingratitude to our own authors, and in addition, the exposure of that conventional complacency which is satisfied with the collegiate fiction known as the "acquisition of a taste for the classics!"

No one, we trust, will so misapprehend our meaning, as to impute to us the presumption of undervaluing those classical attainments recommended by the wisdom of all enlightened times; but we dispute the propriety, the justice, or even the expediency, of sacrificing English literature to that of Greece and Rome.

That such a course is short-sighted and unnecessary—that there is no real antagonism between ancient and modern literature—that the man unfamiliar with the one cannot be a master of the other—that all ART, especially art founded upon processes of the imagination, has its common root deep in our common human nature, is cyclical and not partial, harmonious and not fragmentary, would seem to be a self-evident truth; and yet the "learned Thebans" constituting our college faculties are eternally inculcating by inference, if not by positive precept, an absolute and undivided attention to the *classics*. And what is the result?

As we refuse to foster in our youth a taste for letters, by introducing them primarily to the authors of their own tongue and race, we build up between them and the delights of intellectual appreciation, that barrier of impatience and aversion which generally accompanies the task of mastering a dead language, before the student has dreamed of the advantages of *learning itself*, the rich compensations to heart, soul and reason, which follow the effort to assimilate the thought, or to grasp the wisdom of the teachers, "whose immortal countenances look out upon us from books." Thus to many (how many!) the college course is a tedious revolution around a fixed centre of formalism. There is little provocation to the exercise of original reflection to the development of any of the higher faculties of analysis, judgment or imagination, and the student finally graduates either a dry, technical plodder, incapable of rising above details, or (and this is the more common case) he is a mere smatterer, whose information is eclectic only in its crude variety.

If what we have stated be true—if it even approximate the truth—the system referred to imperatively demands *reform*.

Beginning from the period when the mind has attained to a normal capacity of receiving instruction, let the foundation of Catholic literary tastes be laid in a reverence for the productions of our "English undefiled." Thence, a superstructure of knowledge shall arise, lasting, solid and liberal. In doing homage to Æschylus, we shall not forget that a "greater than Æschylus is here"—here close beside us, and appealing to

the profoundest sympathies of man, in the accents of our "mother tongue." The majesty and the terror of Orestes may not blind us to the pathos of Lear. * * * * * *

We have been led into this train of remark by the recent contribution of three important works to the literature, and more particularly the educational resources of the country, by the late Professor Henry Reed, of Philadelphia. These consist of—1st. A series of general Lectures upon the whole body of English Literature. 2d. Lectures on English History, as illustrated by Shakspeare; and 3d. *Lectures upon the British Poets*, in which are included an elaborate *Essay on the English Sonnet*, and a Critique on the Writings of *Hartley Coleridge*. It is to this last work that we desire to solicit the reader's attention. A production so clear in style, so just in taste, and so philosophical in its general conclusions, ought at once to be made a text-book in all of our literary institutions. Instead of the unmeaning, commonplace and bald generalizing of many of the authors now used as standards of correct judgment, Mr. Reed goes to the heart of his subject, and, standing upon incontrovertible first principles, has succeeded in evolving a system of criticism, depending on analysis, which is reliable, thoughtful, appreciative, and pre-eminently lucid and direct.

His lectures, though possessing large elements of popularity, are still always philosophical. They do not, of course, claim to be profound, but nevertheless the author's perceptions are so keen and active, so delicately alive to the beautiful and the true, that not unfrequently we meet with remarks embodied in language of the utmost simplicity, which surprise us by their depth and vigor.

But the chief value of these volumes lies in their systematic, earnest, conscientious protest against that materialism which, in one shape or another, covertly implied or boldly expressed, is the chief curse of our age. It has been maintained, and maintained *publicly*, by men whose dogmatism on the subject is worse than folly, that the necessity of the times—especially at the South—is *practical improvement*—that from this practical improvement, when it has reached a certain stage of progress, art and literature are sure to spring. When the whole land is girdled with railroads, and every available stream shall have been made to contribute its quantum of water-power to the operations of manufacturing establishments, THEN we shall be in a condition to originate, and foster a native literature; that is, after the spirit of material progress has become strengthened, intensified, ineradicable, spiritual and intellectual expansion will surely commence! "As the twig is bent, so will the tree grow," we have hitherto considered a wise proverb. It is necessary now to modify the opinion! Let us, however, see what Mr. Reed has to say to the utilitarians.

"We live" (he observes) "in an age whose favorite question is "What is the use?" The inquiry is a rational one, and equally rational is the conclusion, that what is useless is contemptible. But the notion of utility is very various, and we must be cautious that we are not condemning by a false standard. In the common business transactions of the world, men are very careful as to the weights and measures they are dealing with. * * * * Now, when we return from the world of trade, to the inner world of moral and intellectual operations, you will see men weighing and measuring out their judgments and sentiments with all the confidence of logical deduction from their premises, not dreaming that often in those premises lies the fallacy of a false balance, and a crooked rule.

"Thus, things are judged by standards never meant for them—a process as senseless as if one sought to measure by a balance, or weigh by a foot rule. * * * Of course, the moment you begin to apply to any one thing the standard proper to another, then comes error, with confusion on confusion. Especially is this the case with regard to literature, and most of all to the higher departments of imaginative composition.

"The question to be discussed, in its most striking form, comes directly to this: "What is the use of Poetry?" Now, when a question of this sort is made, the answer must depend very much upon the temper and tone in which it is propounded. If it comes with a self-sufficient defiance of reply, with that scornful materialism which recognizes no standard of value but what affects the outward man, then the question, like Pilate's, had better remain unanswered; for, *the very faculties, to be addressed are torpid or dead*, no more able to take cognizance of the loftier aims of literature than the deaf to delight in music, or the blind in colors." p. 26, vol. 1. * * * *

—— * * "Let us observe what is the mode of thinking prevalent in the estimate of poetical composition. I do not mean opinions expressed in the shape of deliberately formed propositions, but a state of opinion which, while rarely venturing on such expressions, will yet betray itself in numberless indirect forms equally significant. If any one will be at the trouble of observing these, he can scarcely fail to perceive signs of a low appreciation of the imaginative department

of literature, whether considered in comparison, or positively.

"It is betrayed either by absolute neglect, or by what is far more injurious, because more plausible and offensive—*the habit of alluding to poetry as a mere matter of sentimental recreation, or, at best, a species of elegant trifling, congenial to effeminacy, or immaturity of mind, rather than to the robust and manly energy of a ripened intellect.*"

How these popular sotticisms originated, and the plain refutation of them, are next discussed with Mr. Reed's usual force of argument and clearness of illustration. He shows that a conception of what Poetry really is, has never dawned upon the masses; that they are continually confounding newspaper doggerel with the inspirations of the "divine afflatus," mistaking the judgments of a dull, partial, and misty sensualism, for the dictates of the highest reason. But, here we must pause. We have not the leisure to follow our author. These extracts, brief and imperfect as they necessarily are, show, throughout, a breadth of view and justness of appreciation which it would be difficult to commend too highly. In an estimate of the tone and character of Mr. Reed's mind, we would say that an exquisite geniality, a marvelous quickness of sympathy, constitute its crowning excellence. He has thrown his whole soul into all that he has written, never advancing an argument for the purpose of effect, but reverencing the truth for the truth's sake, and ever careful to examine the grounds of his conclusions, he has elaborated a body of critical opinions, well illustrated, closely reasoned, and at the same time instinct with the purest enthusiasm and love of art.

Art and Nature, at Home and Abroad. By Geo. W. Thornbury, author of "Monarchs of the Main," "Shakespere's England:" 2 vols. Hurst & Blackett, London.

This is a book full of gorgeous word-painting, of pleasant philosophising, and of rich and graceful poetic thought.

The author, every page of whose writings proves him to be an artist of healthful and quick perception, says in the Preface:

"The following chapters are the result of notes made on the back of my passport during many of my tramping-artist tours.

"For a few, I went no further than a Cheapside walk, or a turn under the shadow of the great, black dome, where the breeze blows so freshly even in the dog-days."

We have in these brief sentences an outline of the scope of the work.

Wherever, in human character, in the scenes of nature, or the creations of art-power, there came to the author's observation things salient or pathetic, picturesque, humorous, or poetical, immediately he took care to record his impressions, warm and life-like as such impressions naturally were, and these rounded and filled out by after-study, have resulted in some of the most genial essays in the language, sketchy, without being superficial, miscellaneous, and yet possessing a certain unity of their own.

Mr. Thornbury's style is glowing and vigorous; sometimes too redundant and lavish in rhetorical display, but always manly, harmonious, and *English*. But we must permit the author to speak for himself. The following is from a chapter on "the poetry of London:"

"What! poetry in London? Yes! poetry in London, brimming over, good measure; a poetry deeper than that of modern Rome, fuller than that of old Athens.

"Where to begin? aye, that 's it; where to begin, and then, where to end? eternal difficulty of writers!

"Do you know a city, reader, with miles, thousands of miles of streets, with houses, huge blocks of brute matter, pierced with holes—no more, as far as regards any hidden laws of beauty—*yet at twilight toning down into grandeur, and at midnight massing into mountains of black marble, with a monotonous splendor of repetition worthy of Hades, and not to be matched this side of purgatory.*

"For buttresses of shadow, and rank and file of collossal darkness veiling life, is there anything to equal London at night?

"It may be ruin—it may be dead empire—but there it is, eluding the eye, mocking the sense, and filling the brain with a repetition which is incontestably sublime.

"Talk of Paris, with its glittering whiteness, its fountain squares, its columns and arches, its monster domes, its swift, narrow river, chained and subjugated with bridges, its stainless, sapphire air, and light, laughing, restless crowds; what is that to London on a bright March, blustering day, with its million chimneys, each one with its own banner of white smoke, its torrent rush of endless throngs, rough and tumultuous, and its *great canopy of vapor, fire-veined, now sun-smitten, now driven up in tempest heaps, now thinning, and growing glorified with light.*" p. 3, vol. 1st.

The reader cannot fail to note the sensuous richness of the language italicised. Only a painter, whose "soul was steeped in the luxury of all bright hues," or was sensitively alive to grand contrasts, could have written thus. As

exemplifying powers of a different kind, we quote from an article on "English and French Manners"—

"I never saw the English supercilious stare to more perfection than once at Padua. I was nearly last at the *table d'hote*, and was placed opposite to a party of four—an English bride, her husband, and two friends; one, I should say, a barrister; the other an officer, though not in uniform. The latter icily ordered expensive wines, iced them with care, and drank them with iced indifference. I, finding wines exhorbitantly dear, contented myself with a bottle of *vin ordinaire*. This forbearance, I suppose, arrested my friend's attention. He eyed me from head to foot with such an air as a Duke de Millefleurs would have assumed towards the meanest serf in his stables; but my revenge was at hand.

"On watching the group, I discovered that the last act of a genteel comedy was playing. The lady was evidently an old love of the captain. I could see that by his scowl, and the sneering aversion with which he regarded the handsome, *debonair*, white-toothed, smiling husband. The lady was coquette enough to enjoy the scene, and yet a little afraid of what might happen. The barrister was peace-making, prudent, arbitrary—but still of the lover's party, and a cold despiser of the handsome husband; quietly attentive to the lady, and cold to her companion. The husband was perfectly uneasy, desirous to be friendly, deprecating and loud-voiced; afraid to appear alarmed, and yet indignant at the voice and manner of his old rival. The captain hated his opponent—hated his glossy hair, and red and white face, and bright teeth, and curled whiskers; hated his bad jokes, and bantering manner. * * * * * Personalities and recriminations soon followed. The lady turned from one speaker to another, pale and flushed, smiling or sarcastic. * * What torture they all suffered; and I left them in it, to go out and think of Shakspere.

"In the rough old times, the two would have grappled at the third word, and burst, at once, into open, armed enmity. In this Christian age they stabbed each other with poisoned words, and smiled, and muffled up the wounds, entering their number and their depth in a secret, dark tablet of their minds.

"This is an age when men have grown too prudent, and too Christian to fight duels, but not too Christian to lie away a woman's fame, and a friend's honour; too Christian to prove their words life to life; but not too Christian to swindle, and seduce, and cheat, and sneer, and slander.

"Out on this safe sort of Christianity; that is, Christian when the pistol touches their teeth, but atheistic when the reputation is to be spoiled, and vitriol thrown over the stainless ermine of a virgin name. Better than THIS, the snap of fire, and the quick death-sting of the bullet that never hits but once." p. 99, vol. 1st.

These extracts are but fair specimens of Mr. Thornbury's talent, and of the exceedingly graphic manner in which his views are embodied and enforced. His book is delicious after-dinner reading, and taken with the accompaniment of a mellow Havanna, (alas! that mellow Havannas are "so few and far between!") and a glass or two of old Amontillado, will, we warrant, prove a sovereign cure for *ennui*, heart-ache, and general intellectual prostration.

The Fraserian Papers, by the late Wm. Maginn, L. L. D., annotated with a Life of the author. By R. Shelton MacKenzie, D. C. L. Redfield, New York.

Never, perhaps, has there lived a writer of such varied genius, as that unquestionably possessed by Dr. Maginn, who so squandered the resources of his mind and learning, leaving finally, to borrow his own language, so many "quibbles, and clenches, macaronic verses, whimsical parodies, odd rhymes, sutures and mock-poetry of all kinds, with elaborate discussions upon aorists, paulo-past futuras, dialects and dochmaics," at the expense of the permanent reputation to be secured only by some work, consistent, original, and sustained, for the preparation of which the Doctor was endowed with every necessary faculty, innate and acquired. The contents of the volume before us fully illustrate our opinion. All of these, especially the inquiry "did Hannibal know the use of gunpowder," are exceedingly clever *jeus d'esprits*, sparkling with wit, and adorned with various learning, but so loaded with contemporary and local allusions, as not (even with the editorial notes) to be clearly comprehensible at the present day. Of course we except the thoughtful and suggestive essay upon the character of *Hamlet*, which, as the editor informs us, belongs properly to Maginn's "Shakesperian papers."

These papers, together with the "Homeric Ballads," are destined to perpetuate their author's reputation, and *these* alone.

Almost everything else that he has written is in one way or another, ephemeral, and carries with it the seeds of its own destruction.

And yet even in his squibs and lampoons, prepared avowedly for mere temporary or party purposes, the wealth of

illustration and grace of diction are frequently inimitable.

The main point of interest, in the volume particularly under review, is, we think, Maginn's biography. This is composed elaborately, and with great spirit. We cannot regard it as philosophical, or impartial, but few lives are more entertaining, or can show a larger mass of *recherche* and really valuable information.

It is worth all of Maginn's "Fraserian Papers" put together, and should certainly commend the work to general patronage.

The House by the Sea. A Poem by Thomas Buchanan Read. Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia.

The New Pastoral. By Thomas Buchanan Read. Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia.

Sylvia, or The Last Shepherd; An Eclogue, and other Poems. By Thomas Buchanan Read. Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia.

Among the younger Poets of the country who have won reputation, Mr. Read is particularly distinguished for wealth and beauty of fancy, an artist's passion for Nature, and a vein of touching and pathetic sentiment, which in some of his minor poems, such for instance as the lyric beginning "*Some things love me*," has found expression in language of singular sweetness, grace, and harmony.

His general style and tone of feeling are subdued and equable, with nothing, however, of monotony, far less of tameness, or dearth of inventive fluency. All that he has written is the offspring of a susceptible, and high-toned intellect, upon which the heart, and the sensibilities are duly permitted to re-act, and whose results, if they display less of the cold coherency of Art than the works of some among his contemporaries, are far more direct in their appeal to the finer instincts of the soul, and the affections. His pure and delicate genius seems to have received but little aid from scholastic attainment, and there is about his poems less of the classical force and impress than is usual in the poetical contributions of this age. But what is lost in correctness is gained in ease, and direct spontaneity of feeling. And thus Mr. Read is one of the most natural, healthful, and *popular* of our poets. His works are universally appreciable. They are not addressed to any special class, or clique. They are neither elaborately learned, nor sublimely transcendental, but appeal to the common heart of men, to the intelligence and insight of the least ambitious reader, as well as to the *dilettanti* critic, and the fastidious scholar.

Such being the qualifications of Mr. Read's Muse we are not surprised that her genial inspirations have been favored with a warm and ample recognition on both sides of the Atlantic.

The *North British Review* first called the attention of the public in Great Britain to Mr. Read's poetry by a long, and highly laudatory notice of his first volume published in Philadelphia in 1853. The critique was an able one, but we fear that its effect *in this country* was partly nullified by the Reviewer's injurious, and uncalled-for comparison between Read and Longfellow. The *latter* was absurdly underrated, and in terms almost of abuse, while there can be no question that in the zeal of partisanship the former was elevated to a position scarcely his due.*

The dictum of no critic in the world could establish the superiority of the "Closing Scene" (exquisitely graphic and beautiful as that poem undoubtedly is) to Gray's masterly "Elegy," and the attempt was in very bad taste, and must have been so considered by Mr. Read himself. We wonder when critics will learn the simple lesson that overpraise is worse than the most virulent depreciation. We always suspect the reviewer of being a charlatan who deals wholly in superlatives.

If our author's characteristics of mind and style are such as we have described them, it is evident that in the choice of a subject like that developed in "The House by the Sea," he exhibits a remarkable want of self-knowledge. Mr. Read is at home in the autumn woodlands, among the "stout harvesters, tossing the grain;" in the quiet of lowly hamlets, and the interpretations of household sorrows and affections. But the "House by the Sea" is a tale of terror, and mystery, and witchcraft. It deals with dark passions, and supernatural phenomena and is painfully forced, and melodramatic. We cannot help thinking that the *first part* is very much of a failure. The very metre—or *melange* of metres which he has chosen, seems to us unfortunate.

This poem continually offends us by abrupt transitions, and a rhythm often forced, and *occasionally* wholly false, and indefensible. Who can make anything of such lines as:

"While the thought of pain which shadowed her brow,
Said, Roland! ah! Roland! *thou lovest me not now.*"—p. 55.

* It turns out that this critique was written by Mr. Coventry Patmore, the author of the two strange poems, entitled "The Betrothal," and "The Espousal," republished in this country by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields.

"The monk bent soothingly over her form,
And said, be calm my child, it is only the storm."—p. 75.

"Though I die it shall vanish!" the *desperate* man cried."—p. 78.

"Oh! ho! I'll be bound
That you thought I was drowned
Because I plunged overboard into the dark."—p. 110.

If anything is more dismally flat than this last flat line it is the usual character of the poetry which adorns the pages of the New York "mags."

The second part of the "House by the Sea" is superior to the first, and goes far towards redeeming the work from the charge of insipidity in the midst of the extravagant, and the *bizarre*. It is full of passages of real vigor, and striking description, and every now and then the reader is charmed with a return, on the author's part, to his old delightful touches of pathos, and heart-music. The following extracts commend themselves:

Still humming a scrap of maniac tune
The maiden stood like frenzied May,
At the close of her last sweet day,
Casting all her blossoms away
Into the burning lap of June!
Stripping herself of every flower,
She shed them all, a fiery shower,
Over the lady, till she was bright
As a statue decked with lamps at night;
Those little lamps of various hue,
Scarlet, purple, green, and blue,
Which in myriads star the dark
In a royal festive park."

* * * * * *

"The Lady shone as gorgeous and gay,
As if she were decked for a Queen of May
In a fiery tropic far away."

* * * * * *

"The Lady's fingers, like swift wings,
Over the flashing cordage stirred,
Till music *like an answering bird,*
Suddenly leaped from out the strings.
Round and round the cadence flew,
Sailing aloft, and dropping low,
Now soaring with the wild-sea mew,
Flushing its breast in the sunset glow,
Then slowly dropping down the air,
Wailing with a wild despair."

"But still he labored—and a form divine,
Such as an angel clothed in sunshine hath,
Glimmered before him, walking on the brine—
Slow leading shoreward in a golden path."

We might quote many other passages superior even to these, but still the result of the poem *as a whole* is unpleasing, and we trust that Mr. Reed will not be again decoyed by the general smooth laudation of the critics into any such dark, and morbid vein of invention (at war with the very spirit of his genius and endowments) as that to which "the House by the Sea" owes its origin.

The transition to "The New Pastoral" from the gloom and magic of the preceding poem, is like the sudden emergence into a fresh spring morning after a night of horrible dreams. This is the longest of Mr. Read's productions, and to our mind the most charming. It is a simple story of country life, whose faithfulness of description, and idylic grace, and sweetness, have been rarely surpassed; and are likely to survive a hundred phantasmagoric crudities like "The House by the Sea." It is in the true sense of the term *an American poem*, and should have taught the ecstatic critics of "Hiawatha" that they were publishing very great nonsense when they termed that *laborious, and excellent vocabulary of Indian names*, an *American Epic*.

We have room but for a single quotation from the "New Pastoral," but that we are sure will be quite sufficient to convince our readers that we have not been indulging in vain panegyric:

"Now bloom the orchards, and the noisy bees
Sing like a wind among the snowy limbs;
The occupants of neighboring garden hives
Are there in full communities to mine
The odorous El Dorado; and the wasp,
Dropping his long legs like a flying crane,
Lights on the flowers, and with his ready sting
Threats the intruder: There the bumble bee
Comes booming, and departs with laden thighs.
The yellow-jacket, small, and full of spite,
Bedecked in livery of golden lace,
Comes with the fretful arrogance of one
Who plays the master tho' himself the slave;
And over all, the Tyrant of the hour,
The kingbird, hovers, darting on his prey;
And takes the ventured argosy of sweets,
Then boasts his conquest on the adjacent branch
Where *like a pirate hauled against the wind,*
He waits another sail. From limb to limb,
The birds which here delight to build their nests,

The blue bird, and the robin, and the small
Gray wood-pecker—now flit among the flowers,
Until the year is full of life and song,
As it is full of perfume———."

With "*Sylvia*," our author's latest poetical performance, we must confess that we have been thoroughly disappointed. It is inferior to his first volume, and, indeed, to everything previously written by him, displaying less grasp of thought, affluence of fancy, and propriety of expression than his former poems.

Indeed, we are inclined to think that the contents of this volume must have been composed by Mr. Read at an early age, and that he has now injudiciously published them, upon the strength of an imperfect revision.

My Last Cruise; or, Where we Went, and What we Saw—being an account of visits to Malay and Loo Choo Islands, the coasts of China, Formosa, Japan, Kamtschatka, Siberia, and the mouth of the Amoor River. By Lieut. A. W. Habersham, U. S. N., late of the North Pacific Surveying and Exploring Expedition. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo.*, *pp.* 507. *Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

By all who have felt any curiosity in regard to that strange and so long secluded nation, the Japanese, and who may have yet been deterred, by want of time or inclination, from attempting the perusal of Commodore Perry's mammoth work, this volume will be hailed with special pleasure. Written by an eye witness of the scenes described, and by one familiar from actual contact and experience with the peculiar people it treats of, the narrative has all the fidelity and trustworthiness of an official document, while a due admixture of anecdote and personal adventure happily relieves it of the dullness so usually characteristic of a mere report.

The surveying expedition of whose objects and results this work is a *resume*, was the memorable one which sailed from Norfolk in 1853, under the command of Ringgold, consisting of five vessels, one of which, the ill-fated Porpoise, has never returned; having foundered, as it is supposed, with all her crew, in the channel of Formosa. The purpose for which it was sent out by the United States Government was, we are told by the author, "to test the accuracy of charts extant, to prepare others of unknown coasts, to follow the trackless path of the wayward current, to lift the veil that hung between civilization and the customs and habits of isolated tribes and nations, and to collect data from unfrequented parts of our globe for the advancement of science." The extent of its explorations, the greater part of which were made under the superintendence of Commander Rogers—Ringgold having been ordered home by Perry, on account of his feeble health, soon after arriving at Hong Kong—is sufficiently indicated by the title page of Lieut. Habersham's book, and its details, as furnished by this accomplished officer, will, we are sure, be studied by every one, with pleasure and profit.

The author's style is clear, simple and graceful, his perceptions acute, his observation keen and varied, and his selections from the mass of material accumulated during a three years cruise are carefully and judiciously made; in a word, the interest excited by the ample promise of the caption, is fully sustained to the last page of the work. We predict for it, confidently, a most favorable reception from all who are interested in the history of American enterprise by sea or land. The volume, which is a royal octavo, neatly bound in cloth, is copiously and handsomely illustrated, and the paper and type are excellent.

Inaugural Address, by N. Russell Middleton, L.L.D., on being inducted into the Presidency of the College of Charleston, delivered during the commencement exercises, at Hibernian Hall, Charleston, S. C., on Tuesday, 31st March, 1857.

This is a philosophical, closely-reasoned, and frequently eloquent address, the production evidently of a thinker and a scholar.

Its views of education are enlarged, and judicious—embracing not only the moral and intellectual, but the *physical* development of youth. Mr. Middleton eschews that hollow transcendentalism which affects the wretched cant that the body is nothing, the soul everything, as if these did not grow, increase, and languish together, as if there *could be* any subtle, and powerful mental activity, where the free current of the blood is impeded, the nervous fluid exhausted, or any essential vital agency rendered torpid or ineffective. Upon this point he says:

"Few with whom we are likely to have any controversy confine their views to the merely animal part of our nature. 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,' is a suggestion which we scarcely need combat upon this occasion. Yet, even here, it may be proper to say a word in vindication of a very important element in the constitution of our complex nature. We may be in no danger of worshipping, but are we in no danger of *despising* the beautiful structure, 'fearfully and wonderfully made,' by which we develop and display the work-

ings of our inner being? Is there no danger that when we come to present to the world the result of mental toil and spiritual struggle, there may be such a failure of the instrument through which, alone, that exhibition can be accomplished as to produce a pitiable abortion? The body must not be neglected or abused. In vain shall we seek to build up and beautify the mind, in vain shall we endeavor to regulate and cultivate the feelings, if, in the process, we shatter and mar the rich and delicate encasement."

Having demonstrated the importance of physical training, Mr. Middleton proceeds to discuss the "principle of self-culture *as an object of absolute rather than of relative consideration.*" This may be regarded as the central thought of the discourse; it is evolved with considerable force of moral insight, and is variously and aptly illustrated. Ambition, when confined to the desire of excelling merely, of arriving at a certain goal in advance of our fellows, degenerates into licentiousness of spirit. "Why," Mr. Middleton further remarks, "should we make supremacy an object of desire? What right have we to constitute superiority to our fellows—the end and aim of our existence? Where is the justice, the modesty, the charity of such a condition of mind? It is this mad and selfish struggle for pre-eminence that has seared and blasted the earth, and kindled and fed the flames of hell. In every region, and in every age, weak, vain, ambitious men have desolated the world, upturned society; crushed beneath the iron heel of despotism all that is fair and beautiful and heavenly around them, in order that they might occupy some petty eminence of cold and joyless exclusiveness; in order that, under the guise of political, or social, or religious order, they might indulge that childish vanity in our nature which leaves to man no consciousness of self-respect, unless some external index of dignity re-assure the misgivings of conscious insignificance.

Humanity occupies but one platform. Accident, necessity, established organization locate individuals in various regions, and temporarily and superficially upon different elevations; but the true dignity of his nature undergoes no change as man rises or falls upon the scale of those adventitious elevations. So long as he remembers and cherishes his manhood; so long as in the diligent, rational, conscientious culture of that manhood, he lifts up his head in the presence of his Maker for correction, for reproof, for enlightenment, thrones cannot elevate, nor serfdom degrade him. It is only when, having forgotten his true destiny and his true dignity, he consents to veil his manhood, to cast his crown of divine affiliation from his brow, and sell his birthright for a badge, that man becomes that lowest of all created beings, a self-made slave.

"*Absolute* self-culture," therefore, that sort of education which "looks primarily to truth, to real, and ultimate results," which disregards convention, and sacrifices sordid personal aims to a great principle, it is the chief object of this address to magnify.

It might perhaps be objected that Mr. Middleton has somewhat under-estimated the force of that instinct, the almost universal characteristic of vigorous natures, which pants after conquest and supremacy because of the triumph, the delicious intoxication of self-praise connected with them. If so, he has erred upon the right side. No doubt the *utter* subversion of the instinct to which we have referred, would be disastrous. Like every other normal component of the mind, it has its uses. Subordinated and controlled, it stimulates to due activity and persistency of effort. But, as the sole condition of moral elevation, enlightenment, progress, such subordination is imperative. This we believe to be the *juste milieu* of opinion, and here, if we rightly comprehend him, Mr. Middleton is content to rest his argument. As a literary performance, his address is admirable. The style is compact, vigorous, and spirited. Several passages possess the glow of genuine eloquence, and indeed the production throughout is learned, discriminating, and acute.

We congratulate the Trustees of the College of Charleston upon their success, in securing the services of a President so eminently capable as Mr. Middleton—one, who in the midst of the duties of an arduous business-life, has always fostered the keenest taste for art and literature, and sympathised in every effort tending to the intellectual progress of the State, or of the South.

The Sacred Poems, and Private Ejaculations of Henry Vaughan—with a Memoir by Rev. H. F. Lyte. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

We do not believe that there is a Poet in the English language of the unquestionable ability of Henry Vaughan, who has been so systematically neglected by critics and literary compilers.

Bell, Anderson, and Chalmers ignore his existence altogether, and in the "Specimens of the British Poets," by Thomas Campbell, he is damned with very faint praise—we are confident that Campbell did not take the trouble to study his productions; he spoke the

opinion of Vaughan's contemporaries, an unrighteous judgment, which it has been reserved for the present age to reverse. The cultivation of what has been absurdly called "French correctness," which rested like an incubus upon the public taste from Dryden's time to Cowper's, consigned to temporary oblivion many among the minor poets of the country, which, as Mr. Lyte observes, sufficiently accounts for the fact that so many smooth rhymsters, such as Promfret, Golden, Landsdale, &c., have been placed on the august list of classic authors, while Lord Brooke, the Fletchers, Withers, Herrick, Habington and Quarles have been excluded from it. But fortunately for intellectual merit, Time quite as often acts the part of the Restorer, as the Destroyer. It sifts the claims of presumptuous mediocrity, and winnows away the chaff of idle reputations; it pushes pretension from high places, and adorns neglected Genius with the laurel and the crown. There is a strong tendency in cultivated societies—no matter how outrageous the critical insanity of particular eras—towards right principles of taste—principles which, sooner or later, must decide upon the claims and the position of all literary aspirants. Thus we have ceased to refer poetical compositions solely to the standard of Pope. We have come to understand that whatever the peculiar excellencies of that school, it is not the highest, nor *among* the highest systems of versification or poetic thought. The genius, and the capacities of the English language are no longer crippled by shallow conventional usages, and a transparent verbal trickery, which once passed for Art—the art of those poetasters who, as Keats feelingly expresses it,

"Made great Apollo blush for this, his land,
Men deemed wise, who could not understand
His glories; with a puling infant's force
They swayed about upon a rocking horse,
And called it—Pegasus"—

Many writers, therefore, of the time of James and Charles I, who had fallen into disrepute, or been wholly forgotten during the subsequent rule of "French correctness," have been returned to their legitimate positions—and not the least worthy among these is the subject of the present notice.

Henry Vaughan was born in Wales, in 1623, received a liberal private education, went at an early age to Oxford, where he soon became noted for his scholarship, and a "pretty knack at verse-making"—was compelled, prematurely, to break off his studies upon the occurrence of the great rebellion, in which there is good reason to suppose that he took an active personal part on the King's side—retired to the country during the Protectorate, where his naturally devotional turn of mind was confirmed by illness and domestic calamities, and finally died there, (after forty years of comparative literary inactivity,) at the ripe age of seventy-three. Such are the meager outlines of Vaughan's uneventful career. His *inner* life, as revealed in his poems, is more interesting. In "Silex Scintillans"—a work altogether of a religious cast—and made up of miscellaneous verses, we are presented with the most favorable specimens of his powers. These were characterized by a warm and exuberant fancy, a subtle individuality, a genial wealth of emotion, with just enough of quaintness and conceit, to impart a delightful piquancy to his style. George Herbert was his model—a model, however, whom in some respects he surpassed. He is far more natural, and his appreciation of harmony superior. In all he has written, the thought is "close packed," and running over. He is never commonplace, and occasional roughness and obscurity are the consequences simply of undue compression. No single poem of his is equal in sublimity to Herbert's lines upon "Man," but his general elevation of thought and diction is more sustained, and pleasing. "Rules and Lessons"—notwithstanding its prosaic title—is a singularly striking production. While containing an epitome of the "whole duty of man," it is not coldly philosophic like Pope's "Essay," but burns with imaginative vitality. Only a true Poet and philosophic thinker could have written it.

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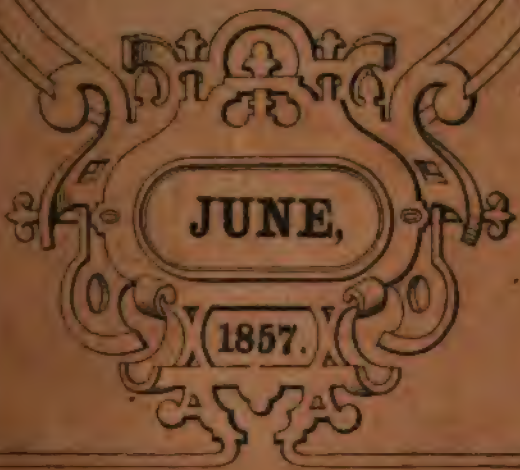

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THE AGGRESSIVE NATURE OF CHRISTIANITY.

Among the phenomena which have appeared in the development of the drama of human history, there is none more marvellous in its origin, progress, and existing effects than that of Christianity. Whether it be regarded as an imposture, a fanaticism, a philosophico-mysticism, or a revelation, (in the vulgar acceptation of this term,) it cannot be overlooked by the attentive student of the past, or by the philosophic speculator upon the future. Judging from its present position in the most civilized parts of the world, there is every reason to presume that it will long continue to exercise an immense influence upon civilization. It becomes, therefore, an interesting question, to single out the peculiar feature in Christianity, which gives the philosophical key to its past success, its present domination, and its future continuance.

The pious divine will at once resolve the whole question by a reference to divine agency or providence, in furthering and sustaining the revelation of salvation. The sceptic, modeled upon certain schools of the past, will solve the question by the superstitions of man worked upon by priestcraft. The learned critic of more formidable schools will find the solution in the laws of human nature and of the growth and power of myths. But still the question will recur, what is the element in Christianity *itself*, which makes any of these solutions possible or improbable? The most ultra view of revelation must admit that Christianity does not *contravene* the laws of human nature and human development. The most ultra attribution of merely secondary causes to the progress and position of Christianity, cannot deny—certainly cannot disprove—that there must be something *in Christianity itself* which gives it a power and command over human nature. Whether, then, Christianity be a revelation (in the divine's sense) or a natural product from the ground of human nature, like Buddhism, it still must contain some *intrinsic* character, which, whether natural or supernatural, presents the key to

its wonderful *historical* position. This fact has been too often overlooked by both friends and opponents of Christianity; and it demands an impartial investigation, from a point of view equally removed from blind and uncritical partisanship and from prejudiced hostility—a point of view, in short, from which Christianity must be examined as to its internal character, with a sole and unbiased regard to the phenomena which it presents.

In view of the profound conviction which science has produced in all soundly constituted minds, that fixed and harmonious laws govern the universe, the appearance of contradiction in phenomena, instead of producing superficial and hasty scepticism or rejection of the facts, leads to deeper investigation, in order to discover the higher synthesis which solves the apparent contradiction. In Christianity, viewed purely as a historical phenomenon, such an apparent contradiction presents itself. No pretended system involving a *real*, and, therefore, irreconcilable contradiction, could maintain itself for any length of time. Such a self-destructive element in its bosom would soon prove it to be no *system;* and a mere aggregate of contradictory dogmas would destroy each other, and never be able to conquer a real historical position. As Christianity, however, viewed from whatever point, presents a real historical position—maintained for centuries and still asserting itself—notwithstanding the self-contradiction which it seems to exhibit, it is evident that investigation must direct itself to that point of seeming contradiction in order to discover the solution of the problem which has been stated.

Christianity presents itself, then, as a religion of peace and love, while, at the same time, it is absolutely intolerant of any other religious development. It claims to be gentle, and it shows no quarter to what is not "with" it. "He that is *not with* me is *against* me." It proclaims universal brotherhood, and rejects friendship with everything which does not submit to its authority. "He that *gathereth not* WITH ME, *scattereth* abroad." It professes to come to save men, to unite, to humanize, to advance the world towards a millenial condition of harmony, and it proclaims, in the person of its founder, "think *not* that I am come to send peace on earth; I came *not* to send *peace*, but a *sword*."

In the resolution of this seeming contradiction will be discovered the energetic element which accounts for the influence which Christianity has exerted, and still maintains, in its historical position.

This AGGRESSIVE NATURE of Christianity, so startlingly and unqualifiedly announced in the words last quoted, has been sometimes reproachfully adduced, as an evidence that this religion introduced an uncalled-for element of additional strife and confusion, into a world already too unhappily involved in contest and perplexity. There might be some plausibility in a part, at least, of this accusation, if it were proved that either the design or the nature of Christianity was calculated to increase the perplexity and confusion of man's religious notions. But if all history proves that truth and progress can only be achieved through contest and successive conquest of error and opposition; then, even if Christianity has occasioned strife, and even if it were designed to do so, it would be necessary to prove that it has not furthered the cause of truth and humanity, before it could be pronounced an uncalled-for element of strife. The moral as well as the physical atmosphere

needs to be cleared and purified by storm; and we can pronounce no great battle for principle and the advancement of civilization, morals, liberty, intellect, and religion, an uncalled for or unnecessary cause of strife. To any one who knows the condition of the world when Christianity came upon the stage, the aggressiveness of this religion will appear perfectly justifiable and beneficial, whether it be regarded as a revelation, or only as a natural human development of new and vigorous phenomena of man's religious, moral, and social nature.

Now, if the founder of Christianity possessed the information, the knowledge of human nature, and the sagacity which almost every remarkable founder of a great and powerful and enduring system has possessed, he must have seen clearly that not only would the promulgation of Christianity in opposition to the passions and lusts of men, give rise passively to persecution and discord, but that the preaching of the doctrines of the "Gospel" would actively attack and wound the heart, and provoke by challenge, strife, and persecution. Indeed, it seems most probable that with profound wisdom and unsurpassed foresight he intended, or at least contemplated, the promulgation of his religion as a seed of contest and a sword of wounding; a healing balm and a probing weapon; a harbinger of peace and yet a provoker of strife. At all events, this is a more manly and rational view, than the feeble and timid endeavor which some professed friends of Christianity make, to shuffle off the whole difficulty upon the evil passions of men; thus sinking the striking saying, already quoted, "I came not to send peace, but a sword," into the feeble truism that human perverseness would make Christianity a cause of contest and wretchedness, by perverting and abusing it. It is undoubtedly true that such has been the case; that the venerable name of the Christian religion has been abused and perverted to the sanction of the grossest and most unholy crimes. But if the founder of Christianity possessed the sagacity which we have no right to question that he did, and if he comprehended the import of his own remarkable language, he must have designed and sent forth his religion to be a new element of strife and pain in the already faction-torn and bleeding world. In justice, however, to the character of the founder of Christianity, so far as even the existing imperfect traditionary records enable us to comprehend it, we must confess that we see nothing in the view just presented of his design, incompatible with his essentially peaceful character; and so far from seeing any ground therein for the slightest justification of sectarian violence, or religious (?) persecution, or civil cruelty under the name of religion, we are very willing to admit that in order to subdue the world to *peace* it was *necessary* for Christianity to be not only persuasive, but energetically aggressive.

Undoubtedly much depends upon the nature of this aggressiveness, and the weapons with which it wars, in order to its being compatible with a mission of peace and healing; but the fact of the aggressive nature of Christianity—and hence of its being sent forth as a designed element of strife—has been admitted or recognized, in some form, by both friend and foe. It becomes, therefore, to the impartial and philosophical enquirer a subject worthy of consideration how these two, apparently contradictory aspects of Christianity stand harmoniously reconciled.

Now however imperfect and un-

historical in many respects the records of the "Gospels" may be, yet dealing with them philologically in the same spirit of fairness with which we are bound to deal with Herodotus or Plato, we at once feel constrained to admit, that, when the Founder of Christianity is represented as declaring, "think not that I am come to send peace on earth—I came not to send peace, but a sword"—while, at the same time, in the very same discourse, he is represented as also commanding his "apostles" to be harmless as doves, and to let their peace come upon the worthy house—he could not have been so silly and short-sighted as to have involved himself in a palpably absurd contradiction, but that he must have meant, that he came to send no *such* peace as would be incompatible with his "Gospel's" proving a sword. *What* kind of peace, therefore, and *what kind* of sword he contemplated, is an interesting problem, the solution of which will best appear from the further development of the subject.

Two general propositions are involved in the remarkable words which put forth Christianity so decidedly as an aggressive element. The one is, the historical fact that Christianity would be the occasion of strife, persecution and woe, by coming in conflict with paganism, the vices of the world, and the hostility of men to its principles, as well as by the perversion of its sanctions to the designs and corruptions of tyranny, fanaticism, and superstition. Upon this proposition it is needless to dwell; every one but moderately acquainted with history can recall an abundance of examples, and no candid person will charge these unhappy consequences, springing from the perversity of man, upon the nature and character of Christianity itself. It must never be lost sight of, that the nature and character of *Christianity itself* are not only perfectly distinct from every system put forth by men or churches, but are sometimes diametrically opposed to *every* existing system of divinity and church interpretation. The other proposition is the fact, that Christianity was designed and sent forth to be an element of strife—a disturbing force—an aggressive power. To this we will devote our consideration.

In both its individual and social application, an important truth can be discerned in this aspect of Christianity. Let us examine this, first, with regard to the social state of man, not by details, but by a few very general considerations.

Had Christianity presented its truths to the world in such a garb as would have permitted them to be received into the bosom of existing opinions, without disturbing the prevailing system—in other words, had the peacefulness of its truths been of such a character as to have enabled them to assume a quiet place, amidst the established elements of the social and religious condition of the times, it is evident that instead of regenerating society, they would have been absorbed into the general corruption, and would, at most, have cast but a faint and transient halo over the dying moments of the ancient world. No such feeble and mistaken benevolence—no such false and fatal conception of peace actuated the Founder of the Christian religion. He designed to introduce a living principle of truth, which should elevate society and direct civilization, and which, despite all obstacles and opposition, should gradually reduce to harmony the conflicting elements in the life of man. It could not, then, have been a principle which was merely to insinuate itself where it was admitted,

and to contemplate no strife but that which hostility to its nature would excite; it was not merely to refuse yielding before such hostility, and to endure and prevail by a kind of passive perseverance alone, but it was to grapple with error—it was to assail the warring elements in the moral and religious world—to contend with the lethargy of habit, and to break up that false conservatism which would fetter humanity for all future time to the received custom and dogma of the day.

It was such a vital principle as this which Christianity was designed to introduce into the world, and plant in the heart of that civilization which it was intended to fashion; a principle so energetic and expansive, that, having once taken root, nothing could eradicate it or prevent its conquests. Repressed, even stifled, it might be in certain regions and in some communities; but it was meant to go on, nevertheless, battling in the world, and ever extending more widely its influence over social relations, laws, international intercourse, education, literature, learning; and it was to carry these same principles—designed to mould civilization and revolutionize social life—to plant their vitality among new nations, under the banners of Christian commerce and missionary enterprise. Did opposition encounter them? They were not only to endure, but to assail; not only to establish their own claims, but to disprove the grounds of existing error and false religion. Did erroneous theory and misbelief seek to decline the contest, and, in making way for Christianity to achieve what conquests she might, ask only to be let alone in their retired enjoyment of unobtruded opinion? Christianity was not to accept the compromise. She was not, like the olden philosophies, to leave the popular mind to what beliefs might be most acceptable, provided the theories of the philosopher were left undisturbed in their own private domain; but she was to invade the closet—she was to penetrate the adyta, and compel the private theory to a trial of its strength—she was to disturb the philosophic peace of the double-doctrined priest and the doubting sage, and with her own good sword deal hearty blow for blow, and give no rest to the world until she subdued it to the acceptance of the glorious peace which she brought. She was to penetrate the lurid atmosphere of vice and crime; and while, like the pure sunbeam, she could not be sullied by the impurity which she revealed, she was to pierce with her sword the encrustation of sin, and, in laying bare the ulcers of society, she was commissioned to remedy and heal its social woes.

This vital, expansive, aggressive principle of Christianity, has remarkably manifested itself in the history of the church. It has proved the keenness of its sword, not only in the early controversies with paganism and the dauntless enterprises of missionary zeal, but it has aroused a purifying strife within the bosom of the church herself, when she has fallen behind or opposed the living spirit of Christianity. Particular churches may fall into languishment and lethargy, perhaps beyond all reasonable hope of restoration, but the immortal fire with which the Promethean touch of Christianity has vitalized the heart and mind can never be quenched; and when the ecclesiastical power sinks from the honorable office of preserving moral purity and fraternal harmony; when it degrades its high prerogative of leading onward the course of humanity, and seeks to rivet the deadly chains of intellectual and spiritual

bondage, the vital spirit of Christianity will burst forth and rend asunder the fetters, and will clear around itself a large area for the development of its spiritual freedom. Then will the sleeping priest find that he has been cradled in a peace, such as "the Lord did not send," and that there is unsheathed in the church that conquering sword of truth, which was sent upon the earth to subdue it to the only true peace.

When we consider the constitution of man and the nature of human society—the various and often conflicting elements of which it is composed, it seems not unreasonable to suppose that no really wholesome social peace can exist, without a harmonious subordination of those different elements to some such principles as Christianity (distinguished from divinity-systems, churches, and sectarian interpretations) proposes in the Gospels—interpreted by unprejudiced common sense. Now, it appears to be one of the distinguishing and most remarkable features of Christianity—one which especially attests the profound insight of its Founder into human nature—that it aims at effecting no mere external semblance of unity, no mere peace of despotic coercion, but that in subduing sin and eradicating error, it aims at replacing them by infusing holiness and truth; and that instead of reducing all to one arbitrary measure, it is wonderfully adapted, and able to provide for the just development of individuality in its multiform phases, while infusing a common ruling principle of faith and love. When we reflect, however, on the other hand, upon the tendency of man to require the sacrifice of individuality to a rigid and unelastic system, to reduce everything to procrustean rule; and when we see through what strife and bitter experience it is necessary for man to learn the fallacy and evil results of this radical principle of controversy and schism, it does not appear singular that the Founder of Christianity (admitting him to have possessed the sagacity and the experience of a great and philosophical reformer) should have declared that he came not to send peace but a sword, since his "Gospel" will even yet have many a battle to wage, before it shall subdue men to the recognition and practice of the only principles upon which the truest peace can be established. And, doubtless, for the benefit of humanity those battles will be waged, since the independent spirit which Christianity has introduced, will ultimately compel the church to recognize the free development of the individual, intellectually and spiritually, in the harmony of subordination to the spirit and principle of Christian morality and love, as the only true basis of enduring social and ecclesiastical peace. Then only will a true unity arise from the informing spirit; otherwise, all external unity will be only—in the language of Jeremy Taylor—"either unity of opinion in the bond of ignorance, or unity of profession in the bond of hypocrisy."

But already are felt the ominous pulsations of the swelling waves, which are rolling up with threatening murmurs of the coming storm. It will be a struggle for more enlarged and elevated views of religion, and of the relation of the individual to ecclesiastical systems, waged between the churches and their clergy, and that expansive spirit of intellectual and spiritual freedom which Christianity has planted and nourished in the heart of modern civilization. The spirit of Christianity will accept the charge of originating the strife,

and will justify it in the triumph of truth and in the extension of the dominion of peace. That spirit provoked and effected the reformation, and then conquered a larger field for the exigencies of expanding humanity. But the forms which grew out of the reformation have themselves become petrifactions, and would confine the growth which they can no longer nourish or develope. It is the instinct of all clergy-systems to cling to existing forms and traditions, and to regard their boundaries as absolute and ultimate. They, of course, justify that expansion and breaking down of anterior systems in which they had their own origin; but they brand as heterodox and combat as infidel every deviation from their own interpretation of orthodoxy, and every attempt to shake the dry bones and sapless stakes of their own dogmatic forms. But the growing life of Christianity is too energetic, too free, too mighty, to be confined within the arbitrary limits of any one age; and just as at the reformation it created for itself new forms, adapted to the then existing degree of development, so now, with new knowledge, larger views of truth, intenser conception of spiritual freedom, it is again preparing to burst its ecclesiastical bonds, and to array itself in more glorious garments of wisdom and charity. No doubt, in the battle weak souls will be overwhelmed and some strong hearts go down. It is the inevitable consequence of every great movement in the spiritual and moral life of humanity. No one can estimate, for example, the licentiousness, folly, and scepticism which the storm of the reformation evolved. In all such great movements there must be a stirring of the depths, a chaotic commingling of the elements, while the conquering truth is purifying the atmosphere. And, therefore, similar results are to be anticipated in the coming storm, whose muttering breath is already ruffling the waves around us. But commingled with the threatening and deepening murmurs of the storm, we can hear a mightier thundering coming down the course of time. It is the voice of truth—it is the prelusion to the sublime shout of victory—when the sword of the Gospel shall be bathed in the serene glory of triumphant peace.

But let us turn now to a brief consideration of the other point—the disturbing and aggressive nature of Christianity in its application to the individual.

Whether we can perceive a reason for it or not, it is a very evident fact that truth can only establish its dominion by contest, and that it can only be attained by individuals through laborious effort. It is not to be obtained at second-hand. We may believe in the opinions or assertions of others as much as we please, but until we have verified them for ourselves and realized them in our own experience they are not actually truth for us, although we may imagine them to be so, but they are only favorite theories or opinions, for the possession of which we can give no account, except our reliance upon others. This may be practically sufficient for a large class of facts, which we take as true upon our conviction of the trustworthiness and accuracy of the sources upon which we rely. Such truths we may here dismiss.

But there is another large class of facts, with some of which we have here to deal, which cannot by such a process become to us, in a real sense true. It is not enough for us to hold them because others do, or because we are told by those whom we trust that they ought to

be held, or that there are sufficient grounds for holding them; they become, so far, only second-hand opinions to us, and in holding them we are not really resting upon a conviction of truth—a real apprehension of the facts themselves as true—but upon our belief in the opinions of others respecting those facts. But that they may become really truth to us, they must be realized in our own experience—verified by our own consciousness—wrought out by our own intellectual and moral travail, and incorporated with the unity of our whole being. There are many facts of this kind, which can really be said to become truth to us, only in so far as they are appropriated by such a process; and among these facts are prëeminently the truths of philosophy and religion. Observe, we do not say (God forbid!) that truth is only what is true to the convictions of the individual, but that there is truth which it is of vast importance to make our own, and which we cannot make to be our truth by accepting it at second-hand, but we must realize and consciously appropriate it by our own experience.

Like a pure and glorious virgin, truth must be wooed for her own sake and not for the dowry she may bring. We must be prepared to cling to her, even in distress and obloquy, with an unwavering and loyal love, if we would share her immortality and win her triumphs. We must follow her, for love of her own intrinsic virtue, wheresoever she points the way; for although the path along which she beckons us may lead to the abandonment of the most cherished opinions, the sacrifice of the dearest convictions—yea, through dungeon, and torture, and flame—it must ever ultimately lead to honor, and peace, and glory, and triumph. But if we attempt to confine her majesty to the narrow limits of sect and party—if we presume to imagine that we have penetrated all her knowledge and mysteries—that we have enclosed all her light in the little lantern of one system, or one set of dogmas, which is henceforth to be the sole dispenser of her beams to all ages; she will abandon us to the mists of error and prejudice; and if she even leaves in our memories some echoes of her voice, they will become unmeaning sounds, which we will senselessly and superstitiously continue to babble long after their real significance has been lost to us forever. The favorite illustration, so fashionable with some, of the way of truth being the *via media* between two extremes of error—as though it were the centre of a line between two extreme points in the same plane—is mere cant, and, like all cant, is essentially false. Truth lies not at all in the same plane with error; and if we use an illustration of her path, we should liken it to a spiral stairway, ever ascending around an eternal and immoveable column, at every advancing step affording a new and wider view of her manifold and boundless domain, and ever approximating the eternal and infallible source of all light and all truth.

Ready to be tried by such conceptions of truth does Christianity come to the individual, not passively, but in a spirit of aggression. It is a spirit not contentious and quarrelsome, but which demands submission only to the truth, and, therefore, requires a thorough sifting of what is truth. It will not accept as genuine belief the mere acquiescence which rests upon opinion, or upon an indolence which shrinks from the labor and pain of grasping and realizing the truth. Where it is allowed to approach the individual in its genuine char-

acter—undisguised by systems, untravestied by dogmas, unweakened and unshackled by monstrous accretions—it brings its vital forces to the very citadel of the soul, and in dissipating the apathy of habit, it purifies the vision for the discernment of what is essential truth.

It is in this element of vitality, which we have endeavored to indicate, that we find the secret of the success of Christianity. It permits no stagnation. And loaded though it be at present with the monstrosities of Jewish fanaticism, Persian dualism, Manichaean heathenism, and uncritical theories of interpretation which virtually reduce the Bible to the degraded position of a Fetish, it is nevertheless our firm conviction that it will throw off its unnatural fetters, and triumph by its spirit of truth, love, freedom, and holiness, no less than by its goodly sword.

STANZAS.

The following verses are designed to express the thoughts which pass through the mind of a mother while her daughter stands before her arrayed for the approaching bridal at which she is to be given away. They were suggested by one of a series of tableaux vivants, as tastefully conceived as they were beautifully represented, which were witnessed by the writer at a celebration of the first of May last, by the young ladies of Orangeburg College.

Is she not lovely! Oh! when long ago
My own dead mother gazed upon my face,
As I stood blushing there in bridal snow,
I had not half her beauty and her grace.

Yes, that fond mother praised, the world caressed,
And *one* adored me;—how shall *he* who soon
Shall wear my gentle flower upon his breast,
Prize to its utmost worth the priceless boon!

Shall he not gird her, guard her, make her rich,
(Not as the world is rich in outward show,)
With all the love, and watchful kindness which
A strong and tender manhood may bestow!

Oh! I shall part from her with many tears—
My earthly treasure, pure and undefiled!—
And not without a weight of anxious fears
For the new future of my darling child.

And yet—for well I know that virgin heart—
No wifely duty will she leave undone;
Nor will her love neglect that woman's art
Which courts, and keeps a love already won.

In no light, girlish levity she goes
Unto the altar where they wait her now,
But with a thoughtful, prayerful heart that knows
The solemn purport of a marriage vow.

And she will keep, with all her soul's deep truth,
The lightest pledge which binds her love and life;
And she will be—no less in age than youth—
My noble child will be a noble wife.

And he, her lover! husband! what of *him?*
Yes! he will shield, I think, my bud from blight;
Yet griefs will come. Enough! my eyes are dim
With tears I must not shed, at least, to-night.

Bless thee, my daughter! Oh! she is so fair!—
Heaven bend above thee with its starriest skies!
And make thee, truly, all thou dost appear
Unto a lover's and thy mother's eyes!

ESTCOURT:

OR

THE MEMOIRS OF A VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN.

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CHAPTER IX.

CHIVALRIC PROCEEDINGS OF MR. FRANK HAY.

Estcourt did not find Frank at Mr. Lincoln's as he expected, and he was forced to listen to the views of that gentleman upon the subject of the attention necessary in a law student, expressed at considerable length.

"Well, my dear counsellor," was his sole reply, "I agree with you in theory, but theory and practice are two different things in this wicked world, and I suppose Mr. Frank has been led off upon some youthful escapade. Let us try to make the best of it—and now I must leave you."

With which words Estcourt took his departure.

There was some reason for the old counsellor's complaints, inasmuch as Mr. Frank had carefully passed by the office, on the opposite side of the street, and betaken himself to the theatre.

The incident of the preceding evening had drawn all the sensations of the volatile young fellow to a focus, and the point to which these rays of feeling converged, was the rival of Miss Crafton, the young actress.

After the dispersion of the audience, Frank had tarried in the greenroom of the theatre, where, thanks to his friendship with the comedians, he was permitted to remain, on the most unceremonious footing; and the design of the young fellow, though unexpressed, was sufficiently evident. He wished to give Captain Macheath an opportunity of resenting the appellation of "coward" applied to him.

Manager Bilks had hastened with his habitual alacrity to audit the accounts in the money department, one of this worthy's maxims being that the contact of coin with the human palm corrupted the mind, causing it to err from the paths of rectitude; and Captain Macheath was imbibing rum at the base of Macbeth's castle, to fortify his nerves for the expected encounter, which he probably did not desire; the rest of the company, meanwhile, jested gaily, and busied themselves in changing their costumes, with a simplicity—especially on the part of the lady performers—which was very striking.

During all this, Frank walked up and down the apartment, chafing and muttering—followed by sly looks and laughing commentaries, the said commentaries being eked out and rendered more expressive by glances at Miss Felton, who sat pensively, with her head drooping upon her hand, at some distance from the throng.

This was the appearance of the greenroom, and there was every reason to anticipate some incident as striking as any in the dramas which had been enacted. But, unfortunately for the interest of our narrative, everything passed off

with the utmost good humor.—Whether overcome by his potations, or fired with a noble forbearance toward his youthful adversary, Captain Macheath did not "enter" either at "right," "left" or "centre," but slowly issued from the theatre, and sought his favorite tavern, where he narrated the occurrences of the evening in a manner peculiarly his own.

The young man was first advertised of this exit by one of the elderly female performers.

"Law bless you, Mr. Frank!" said the good lady, who had taken off her wig and was carefully brushing it, "you won't get no fight from Jinkins. He's gone."

"Gone, Mrs. Parr! Why I was waiting to tell him I would answer for my insult—with any weapons."

A chorus of jests and laughter greeted the words.

"Jinkins is of a very forgiving disposition, Frank," said one of the prettiest performers, laughing heartily, "he'll beg *your* pardon if you demand it."

And looking at herself in the mirror, the handsome speaker added in a tone of ill-humor:

"What a shocking costume this is, and what a frightful figure it makes me!"

"Your figure is charming," said Mr. Frank, upon whom the humorous view of his quarrel began to impress itself, "but that is what you expected me to say—is it not?"

"No, sir!" said the pretty actress, pouting, "and you need not expect me to listen to your flatteries. It is well known whom *you* admire most!"

With which words the girl pointed, laughing, to Miss Felton.

"Oh, how you blush!" she added, clapping her hands; "upon my word, Frank! I wish somebody would blush for me in that way!"

It was but the habitual jest and laughter of the greenroom, the words she had been accustomed to; but the face of Miss Felton became crimson, and she threw a pleading glance toward the speaker. It was not lost upon the good natured girl; she made a little motion of her head, and said:

"Well, well, Susie, you need not think I'm ill-tempered or out of humor because Frank likes you the best. There, sir!" she added, "please let my bracelets alone, and I suggest your return home, as your parents will be anxious for your safety."

Frank looked at the clock, and saw that it was long past midnight.

"I have no parents," he said, "but your caution is just, and I shall take my departure."

With these words he approached Miss Felton, and, bowing with the utmost respect, he said:

"May I come and see you tomorrow? I think we are friends, and that you will not object."

The girl's head drooped lower, and she did not reply. The blush which covered her cheeks intimated her agitation and shame.

"Bother, Susie!" said the handsome actress, for a playing girl you have an amount of stiffness which I never have seen in my life! One would say that you had never been before the footlights. What I said about Frank's liking you makes you ashamed, I suppose. I'd like to know if there's anything wrong in your being friends with an honest young fellow—and a good fellow, too—like Frank! Bother! If you don't let him have his chat with you I'll never speak to you again."

In spite of this appeal, the girl could not bring herself to give the permission. Overcome with shame, or withheld by motives of delicacy, she said nothing, and did not again speak, except to say, with a deep blush, "I am very grateful for your

goodness. Mr. Frank was compelled to construe this into a permission, and so took his departure.

As we have seen, he did make his proposed visit; and at the moment when good Mr. Lincoln was fulminating his views upon the neglect of law students, Frank was engaged in conversation with the young actress.

They sat at an open window, surrounded by the faded-looking accessories of the play-house. On one side a grand view of the Rhine, with castles in the distance; on the other, an English manor house, shaded by great trees, behind which danced some Spanish girls, merrily whirling in the arms of their brigand admirers.

Frank bestowed more than one look upon this jumble of singular objects, but the young girl did not seem to be conscious of them.—Whether habituated to the spectacle by weary use, or turning away from choice to the pictures of her own mind, certain it is that the theatre, with its gaudy scenes, had disappeared, and her mind wandered far away to other lands.

As she sat there, leaning her head upon her hand, her soft brown hair falling around her delicate cheeks, she presented an appearance of so much simplicity and purity, that Frank could not remove his eyes, filled with deep admiration, from the fair and tender face.

"What a singular life that of an actress must be," he said after a long pause, "and how ill adapted you seem, Miss Felton, to its rude scenes and disagreeable characters. Do you like it, that you have chosen it from all the pursuits which life proffers to you?"

The girl woke as it were from her reverie, and looking up with a timid glance, in which, however, there was much less constraint than usual, said, blushing slightly:

"I had no choice, sir—it was forced upon me—I mean acting."

"Then you do not like it?"

"Oh, no! I almost hate it!"

There was a sudden energy in the tone of the words which indicated the depth of the speaker's sincerity.

"You hate it? Why do you?" asked her companion.

"Because, everything connected with the stage is repugnant to me, sir; whenever I am forced to perform I am frightened nearly to death!"

"Frightened?"

"Oh, so much! The crowd terrifies me so much sometimes that my voice is stifled, as it was last night——."

The girl paused with an expression of pain and terror, which went straight to Frank's honest heart.

"I am truly glad," he said with a pitying look, "that I came to your assistance. But have you not become accustomed to the crowd yet?"

"Oh, no, sir! I never shall. I have not acted long, but I never shall! It is only lately that Mr. Bilks has made me act—and when he puts me in a piece I am wretched."

"I would not then engage to do it, if it made me so unhappy."

"I did not, sir; my engagement was not as an actress. My proper duty is to alter costumes, and do any other sewing which is needed. I am very willing to do that—but I do not like acting, for I have no capacity for the stage, and people always laugh at me."

"Laugh at you!" cried Frank, indignantly.

"Yes, sir; I suppose they think it is very foolish in me, but you know Mr. Bilks makes me. He has often threatened to punish me, and I thought last night he was going to strike me."

The words were uttered in the calmest and simplest tone, as though the girl saw nothing in the an-

nouncement to astonish any one. Frank, however, boiled over.

"Strike you!" he said, "let him try it—the vulgar upstart! The man who strikes a girl deserves any punishment, and if Mr. Bilks proceeds to any such course, he shall answer for it!"

The young man's face colored with anger as he spoke, and he was about to add something more, when the voice of manager Bilks himself took part in the conversation. Advancing from the side scenes, where he had been *accidentally* posted, he said, with an assumed laugh:

"A mere jest, my young friend, a mere pleasantry on my part, and it would be impossible for me to treat the lovely Miss Felton with any thing but the utmost respect. I should be sorry to think that my noble patrons supposed I could be guilty of such conduct toward a young lady, who I predict will grow to be the chief favorite of my company."

Bilks had an eye to profit under all circumstances, and it was very plain that he feared Mr. Frank's testimony in relation to his treatment of the girl. Instead of exhibiting anger, therefore, his countenance beamed with smiles, and he seemed ready to forgive and forget, and display the most christian forbearance.

"There, my dear Miss Felton," he said blandly, but giving the girl a sinister side look, unseen by Frank, "there, do not let my presence, thus accidentally occurring, cause you any embarrassment. Recreate your youthful mind with pleasing conversation, and prepare for rehearsal by soothing your feelings. Let me not disturb your scene with my young friend—your colloquy—a hem. I mean—I must leave you."

And manager Bilks made a stage exit—that is to say, with one arm extended, his eyes fixed upon some distant point, his gait firm and determined, as though he had said, "go on! I'll follow thee!"

"What a vulgar fellow!" said Frank indignantly, "and I'll make oath he's a hypocrite. All that was assumed—was it not?"

"I fear it was, sir."

"And he will treat you badly when I am gone."

"I hope not, but I must endure it."

"Why must you?" said Frank earnestly, and gazing as he spoke with the utmost emotion upon the eloquent face; "why should you remain longer with this man? Believe me, Miss Felton, I wish nothing more than to be of some service to you, but I fear you have not confidence in me."

"Oh, yes, sir; you have been a very true friend to me. I have not many friends, "she added with drooping head, "though the company treat me very kindly."

"A kindness," said Frank, "which will disappear as soon as you divert applause from them. Miss Felton," he continued still more earnestly, "I am a very young man, scarcely older than yourself, and the offer may seem strange to you, but I take a deep interest in your welfare, and will do anything in my power to assist you, without demanding or expecting any thanks. Why must you remain with this rude company of players? They are wholly unsuited to your character and habits. Am I wrong in supposing that you were not born in their class——?"

"No, sir," said the girl, a deep color suffusing her cheeks, and tears rushing unbidden to her eyes, "my parents were very different, but they are dead—I am an orphan."

The tender lips trembled as she spoke, and, turning away, the girl tried to conceal the moisture in her eyes.

If honest Frank's emotion was excited by the sad accents of the girl's voice before, the tears in her large blue eyes, and the agitation of her sad lips, now produced an effect upon him far more profound. If Miss Crafton had seen the look which he threw upon the fair face, she would have done more than pout.

The young man remained silent for some time, scarcely knowing how to continue the conversation. The mad design of avowing his love more than once occurred to him, but happily he controlled his feelings, and drove back the words before they had issued from his lips. It was no prudential reason connected with their relative positions which caused this hesitation. The young fellow had not lived long enough to become imbued with that philosophy which teaches the importance of an "eligible match"—his sole reason for hesitating was the fear that an avowal at the present moment would be unsuccessful, and an obstacle to his further advance.

Agitated by these conflicting emotions, and undecided as to what course he should pursue, the young man remained silent, and before this silence was broken, any further conversation was rendered impossible.

A call-boy thrust his dingy face from a side scene, and delivered a message from manager Bilks to the effect that if Miss Felton found it convenient, he should be much pleased to have her at rehearsal.

"Yes, I am coming," said the girl, rising with a weary air, "directly."

"You do not act to-night?" said Frank, rising too.

"Yes, sir."

The young man uttered a sigh between pity and anger.

"And you will suffer again?"

"I trust not, sir. I must go now."

"Oh, why will you not let me induce you to leave these people?" said Frank earnestly, "but I detain you. Farewell for the present, Miss Felton; at least you have one friend, and I shall see you very soon again."

He extended his hand as he spoke, and felt the soft hand of the girl glide into his own. The contact sent a thrill through the boy's frame, and his tell-tale blush betrayed the emotion which this simple action caused in him.

In a moment the girl had disappeared among the scenes, and Frank took his way back to Mr. Lincoln's office, walking like one absorbed in a dream, and conscious only of one object in the wide universe—a pair of large soft eyes, blue like the sky above him, but full of sadness.

Mr. Lincoln's representations of the terrible nature of his neglect fell upon listless ears. Even when Estcourt came in an hour later, Frank betrayed no more emotion. Miss Crafton's entrance even would scarcely have attracted his attention. He heard only a voice which said, "you have been a very true friend to me"—saw only a countenance enveloped in its soft brown hair, from which beamed blue eyes filled with tears.

CHAPTER X.

THE ORIGINAL OF THE PORTRAIT.

As the last rays of the sun died away on the horizon of woods beyond the town, Estcourt opened the door of Gilbert's studio, and found himself again in the presence of the artist.

Making no allusion to their engagement, and apparently canceling the subject of their morning's discourse, the two men seated themselves, and commenced conversing upon indifferent topics.

Estcourt exhibited no emotion of any description; on the contrary, he seemed unusually free from preoccupation; and from time to time Gilbert looked at him curiously, with the air of an artist who watches some expression, with the design of reproducing it upon canvass.

Estcourt caught one of these searching glances, and breaking off in the middle of a sentence upon some indifferent subject, said:

"I see you are making a study of me, Gilbert—well what do you make of me, and in what historical piece am I to figure?"

"I do not paint historical pieces," said the painter coolly, "but I *was* making a study of your face."

"Well, what is the result?"

"Why, simply, that a great actor was spoiled when you were made a gentleman of leisure."

"A great actor?"

"Nothing less."

"Absurd, my dear friend," said Estcourt, smiling, "I act nothing—I am singular, that's all."

"I hold to my opinion."

"For what reason?"

"Because you never *appeared* so careless—and you never *were* so agitated."

"Oh! you deceive yourself! Strange how you misapprehend me. You think because I am going with you somewhere to see some woman who resembles—another woman—you think that this agitates me!"

"Well, perhaps I am mistaken; and yet it is a singular resemblance, is it not?"

As he spoke, Gilbert leaned back and withdrew the curtain from the portrait.

Something resembling a sudden pallor came to Estcourt's face, and he turned away. The action seemed to cause in the painter an emotion of triumph, and, satisfied with the test, he replaced the curtain, and abruptly directed the conversation to other topics.

At last he rose, and said:

"If you are ready we will go now."

"Perfectly ready," said Estcourt, who had regained his coolness.

"Come then."

And Gilbert led the way into the street, locking the door of his studio behind him.

Five minutes walk brought them in front of the old theatre near the capitol. Estcourt followed his companion in silence, but with a singular look, and they went into the theatre, where the audience had already began to assemble.

Entering one of the boxes nearest the stage, they suddenly found themselves by the side of Frank, who was leaning gloomily upon the railing, with his eyes glued to the drop curtain.

Opposite to him sat Miss Crafton, who had just entered; but Frank did not see the young lady, or seemed not to—a fact which caused the damsel to raise her head in a manner indicating decided hauteur and displeasure.

Estcourt took his seat by the young man, and smiled as he turned suddenly round.

"Ah!" he said, "is that you, cousin? I did not expect to see you."

"Nor I to see you, Frank," returned Estcourt; "it seems that we have been playing at cross purposes. We both had "engagements" this evening we informed each other, and here we are, magically reunited."

Frank colored at this address, and Estcourt looked curiously at him, withdrawing his glance almost

immediately, however, as it obviously gave pain.

"I like you to amuse yourself," he said, "and I think the drama, under proper auspices, an excellent school for morals. Pity 'tis so often abused—that actors so frequently cast discredit upon their profession."

"There are some exceptions, are there not, cousin?" said Frank, gloomily.

"Doubtless; but it is a hard test—say for a young female."

"Do you think so, sir?"

"Assuredly."

"But they are often able to resist this temptation to an evil life—are they not?"

Frank's tone was so earnest and sad that Estcourt was struck by it.

"Certainly, such is the fact," he said, "and doubtless there are members of this company wholly blameless."

"'There are," said Gilbert, whose curious eyes were bent alternately upon the faces of both speakers, and whose whole mind seemed to be absorbed in a problem which had just occurred to him. "There, for instance, is Miss Felton——."

Frank's sudden start brought to the painter's countenance the expression of triumph, which had greeted Estcourt's pallor when the curtain was withdrawn from the portrait.

"Did you say—Miss Felton—was ——?"

"As untainted as falling snow—that was what I was about to say, my young friend. But look! There is the curtain rising."

A long "hush" from the audience indicated their desire to listen to the actors, and they advanced and commenced their parts.

Frank gazed at them with a mixture of indifference and expectation; he was waiting. As to Estcourt—that gentleman seemed to understand that Gilbert was watching him, and he determined to afford the student of human nature no solution of his curiosity or his doubts. He not only did not allude to the object of their visit to the theatre, but every feature of his face was subdued to a marble indifference, which concealed his thoughts beneath an impenetrable covering. Upon the calm face, Gilbert read nothing, and turned away in despair.

At last Frank rose from his half reclining posture, and bending forward suddenly, with a flush in his cheeks, concentrated his whole attention upon the stage.

Estcourt, who had his back turned at the moment, and was gazing at the audience, all at once felt a hand upon his shoulder.

"I promised to show you the original of my portrait," whispered Gilbert; "look!"

And his finger pointed to the stage.

Estcourt looked, and for a moment remained as motionless as if his frame had suddenly been turned to stone, gazing at Miss Felton.

"What do you say to that young person?" said Gilbert in a whisper, and without removing his eyes from his companion's face, "did I deceive you in saying that the likeness was good?"

"It is the dead come to life again!" murmured Estcourt, in a voice almost inaudible, and growing as pale as death. "What is her name?"

"Felton."

"A member of this company?"

"Yes."

Estcourt gazed, without speaking, upon the girl, who went with tolerable calmness through her part.

"The same voice!—and look!—the same eyes—and hair—and curve of the lip!" murmured Estcourt; "good heavens! am I the

sport of some jugglery? Gilbert, do you know this woman?"

"Yes."

"She is pure!"

"As an angel."

"Heaven be thanked! With *that* face, and eye, and lip, to have been——oh! I should have doubted the goodness of Providence!"

And leaning forward, Estcourt fixed his penetrating eyes upon the figure of the young girl—never for a moment relaxing this intense gaze, and oblivious completely of the whole scene around him.

At his side, Frank had assumed an attitude precisely similar, and neither seemed conscious of the other's presence.

The painter's rapid and absorbed glance dwelt with profound interest upon these two vividly contrasted heads, ranged side by side; the one youthful, rosy-cheeked, with eyes sparkling and full of happiness—the other pale, impressed with a species of pensive wonder, and trying vainly to solve a problem which baffled him. It was a splendid spectacle for the eccentric student of human nature, and not for an instant did his eyes wander from it to the stage or the audience.

More than once Miss Felton had looked to the box, in which she had recognized the young man's familiar face; and, each time, she had seen not only the flushed countenance of Frank, but the pale, strange face of Estcourt, with its haunting eyes. She wondered who this stranger could be, and afterwards recollected, as we shall see, his proud and striking features.

Miss Felton at last made her exit, and Estcourt and Frank drew back at the same moment.

Gilbert's drama was played out, and soon afterwards, upon Estcourt's suggestion, they took their departure.

Frank, however, did not accompany them—he would like to remain a little longer, he said; and to this, Estcourt readily consented, pressing his hand with a sad smile, and dwelling apparently with unwonted affection upon the traits of the boy's countenance.

Singularly enough there was no small resemblance between Frank and Miss Felton, and this similarity went even further than the features. The carriage of the head, the little unconscious movements—all, in a word, which is embraced in a familiar expression "a person's *ways*," were alike in the boy and girl. A penetrating observer would have said that they were brother and sister. The painter had seen this singular resemblance, and he now commented upon it as he and his friend slowly returned to the studio.

"Yes," said Estcourt, "that is another link in these singular events. Strange! it seemed to me this morning that something remarkable was about to happen, and it has duly taken place. I return with strange food for thought."

"You must not return to-night."

"Excuse me, I must."

"You are not afraid of ghosts then?"

"I have seen one to-night, Gilbert, that is enough."

"You have seen a living woman, a woman of flesh and blood, to whom I will introduce you whenever you wish."

"Introduce me?" said Estcourt, with a surprised look; "to what end? No—thanks, my dear Gilbert, but I do not wish to see this young person again. Indeed the sight of *that face* again produced a profound and most painful emotion in me."

"You might meet her incidentally here in my studio."

"No—pray pardon me—but I am too sad now to think of it. I shall not sleep for a moment to-

night, and shall probably wander like a sentimental lover by moonlight until morning."

"Suppose I were to offer you a companion, in myself, for these sleepless hours?" said Gilbert.

"I should be truly obliged, my dear friend," said his companion, sadly.

"But will you keep your promise?"

"My promise?"

"Yes, to tell me the history of—the portrait—yonder."

Estcourt did not immediately reply, and his low breathing seemed to indicate much emotion.

"If it is painful, I would not have you———."

"No, no, Gilbert—perhaps it will even afford me a sad pleasure. My heart is overburdened as I approach to-morrow, which is a gloomy anniversary—I may find some solace in your sympathy. Will you go, then?"

"Yes."

Without saying more, the two friends proceeded to the Raleigh tavern, and, procuring horses, set forward through the night toward Fairfield.

They dismounted before the door about midnight, and the old groom, who had awaited his master's return, led away the horses.

"Come to my study," said Estcourt sorrowfully: "we can talk there undisturbed."

And he led the way into the library, where lights were burning.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW FRANK HAY PLAYED THE PART OF A GENTLEMAN.

Mr. Frank Hay staid until the end of the drama in which Miss Felton acted, and then, afraid to intrude upon the young girl at so late an hour, slowly took his way to his lodgings.

Throwing himself upon a couch, the young fellow yielded himself to that species of reverie which is peculiar to lovers; in other words, he thought absorbingly and solely of the face which had disappeared a few moments before, behind the drop curtain of the theatre.

Frank did not bestow the least reflection upon the fact that his friends and acquaintances had already begun to trumpet abroad his fondness for the young actress, together with the absurdly extravagant championship which he had exhibited when Captain Macheath treated her rudely, and the audience hissed her. It is only justice to the young fellow to declare that he paid not the least attention to their criticisms, and that they did not occupy his thoughts in the least.

Once or twice he did think of a young lady, whose likeness, in the shape of a handsome Spanish girl, hung upon the opposite wall of the apartment; and these reflections seemed by no means pleasant, to judge by the expression of pain and mortification which contracted Frank's features. He soon succeeded, however, in banishing the image of Miss Ellen Crafton—the loved and injured—and when he dropped asleep, the face of Susan Felton piloted him to the happy fields of dreamland.

Frank made his appearance at Mr. Lincoln's punctually on the next morning, and worked for an hour or two; after which he sauntered out, promising to return soon. His steps were directed to the thea-

tre, but Miss Felton was "engaged with Mr. Bilks," and did not appear.

Frank therefore went back disconsolately toward the office of the counsellor.

Let us now leave the young man chafing at the disappointment of his hopes, and return to our story. Perhaps we shall be able to discover the nature of that "engagement" with manager Bilks, which prevented Miss Felton from receiving her visitor.

It is in the manager's sanctum, where, sitting in awful state, before a desk full of pigeon holes, containing innumerable rolls of "parts," he gives audience to those with whom he has business, and dispenses the decrees of his despotic will.

Although Bilks is mean, cowardly, and above all, avaricious, he regards himself as a character suited to afford a model for imitation; and whenever he holds a discussion, generally manages to impress upon the subordinate members of his company, in the very outset, the immense impropriety involved in the simple opposition to his own views.

"You differ from me, therefore you are wrong, and, moreover, presuming" is the summary of manager Bilks' philosophy, and to this view of things he adheres upon all occasions.

Now, on this morning Miss Felton, it seems, has had the bad taste, or the misfortune, of dissenting from some argument of the potentate. Let us listen to the conversation, and this difference of sentiment will make itself plain.

Manager Bilks leans back upon his royal throne, and fixes his eyes majestically, and with no little anger, upon the young girl, who occupies a low stool at his imperial feet, where she resembles a subject holding audience with her sovereign lord.

"Your objection to my requirements, Miss Felton," says the manager, "is of a piece with your late acts of insubordination and disrespect, which I have not failed to notice, and have no intention of passing over, madam! Yes, madam! you have presumed to throw my company into confusion by your silly and contemptible awkwardness! to breed a riot in my theatre! and, after all, you have dared to misrepresent me to that young man, who may be even now spreading among the citizens of the town the report of my injustice and cruelty, as he, no doubt, calls it! I was content to overlook this impudent violation of respect, and of all the rules that should bind you, but I now inform you, madam, that your rebellion against my authority shall proceed no further—do you understand that?"

And the little red eyes of Mr. manager Bilks dartconsuming ire, as he moves about in his seat, and looks wrathfully at the girl.

The poor thing has scarcely words to reply, and a burning blush covers her cheeks. Tears rush to her eyes, and she stammers, rather than says:

"I am very sorry, sir—I did not mean to make any complaint——."

"Sorry! who cares whether you are sorry or not? You dared to utter a falsehood about my treatment of you, madam!"

"Oh!" cries the young girl, wiping her eyes, "you did threaten to beat me, sir!"

"And if I did! You presume to bandy words with me, do you, madam! If I did threaten to beat you! I shall do so yet."

The weak head sinks, and a tremor runs through the delicate frame.

"I am not well, sir," she murmurs, "please do not speak so harshly to me!"

"I speak as you deserve," replies the pitiless potentate, unmoved by the tears or beseeching accents of the girl; "what is it to me whether you are well or ill, and I believe as much as I choose of your trumpery affectation of sickness! Don't fancy you can work upon my feelings by your private theatricals! I am not to be affected by your tears, and sobs, and babyish wailings."

"I am not well, sir," repeats the girl, wiping her eyes. "I am not pretending."

"You always are!"

"Oh, no, sir."

And the girl sobs.

"Did you hear me, or did you not?" cries the manager wrathfully; "did you or did you not understand me, when I said that I would have no more of this silly acting?"

"I can't help crying," she murmurs, her head drooping.

"Very well, madam! Just continue it, and I'll find the means of making you understand your place."

He lays his hand upon a flexible cane at his side, and threatens her with a blow as he speaks.

The face of the girl crimsons with indignation and fear, and her tears no longer flow.

"It is well, madam!" says manager Bilks, "you know now what will be the result of this proceeding if you continue it."

The girl makes no reply.

"I do not deign to argue with you further as to the impropriety of your conduct, madam—conduct which I shall not fail to remember, and to punish. At present I have only to say again, that it is my will that you appear in the part you have committed, and which you have presumed to object to."

"The part of———."

"Hayden, yes, madam. Don't go to sinking your voice in that die-away mutter! It will produce no effect upon me!"

"Oh, sir! how can I act this part? The costume is so improper."

"Improper!—you presume to repeat that!—you presume to think that a character which has been taken by some of the first lady comedians of the age is improper! Hoighty, toighty!" says the manager with immense scorn, "when did madam, the Princess, forget her origin in the gutter and assume the airs of the court."

"I did not intend to assume airs, sir," murmurs the girl.

"I am glad to hear it," replies manager Bilks, with lofty scorn, "it would be very facetious in a thing like you—depending for meat and bread upon my charity."

"I try to work and earn my support," murmurs the girl in the same tone, "and you engaged me only to sew—not to act."

"Give me none of your insolence!" cries Mr. Bilks, grasping his cane; "if you do—you know the consequence."

The girl is silent, sobbing.

"I ask again, will you obey me, and take the part of Hayden?" says the threatening voice.

"Oh, yes, sir! If you will let me act in woman's clothes."

"What?"

"In my own dress, sir."

"You presume then to oppose me still—you dare to intimate that I demand what is improper before my noble and aristocratic audience! You venture to say that I order you to appear in a dress which is indelicate!"

"Oh, yes! it is!" cries the girl, with her face covered with blushes, and shedding torrents of tears. "I cannot—cannot! I never could put on the dress of '*Hayden*' in public—before gentlemen! Oh, think what it is, sir!" cries the poor girl in an agony. "I do not speak of *Hayden's* first dress, but where she puts on her brother's costume—

nothing but a small jacket, with a man's ruffles to the waist, and silk stockings to the knees! Oh! I should die of shame! I never could go on the stage!—I should faint before I uttered a word, and there would be a worse scene than that the other evening! The smiles and jests of the gentlemen in the audience would kill me!—their fingers would point at me, and I would lose my senses! It would kill me, sir! Oh, do not insist upon it—if you have any pity for me!"

The poor girl uttered the words with a passionate anguish which would have melted a heart of adamant. Instead, however, of producing any such emotion in the heart of manager Bilks, this reply only excited his rage.

"You dare!" he said, white with passion, "you presume to reply that you will not take this part! You dare to tell me that the noble audience will jeer at you, and put on your fine airs of maidenly propriety! Maidenly propriety!—you are very maidenly! You are very fearful, forsooth that the gentlemen will smile at you—and I suppose among the gentlemen you are afraid to exhibit yourself before, is this young dandy, Mr. Frank Hay! I will shock your maidenly propriety a little more, madam!" he cried wrathfully. "You need not blush and tremble, and look at me with that air of impudent defiance! I say that Mr. Frank Hay would have very little faith in your 'maiden propriety' after the shameless manner in which you have held private and clandestine meetings with him! Maiden propriety!—I guess you have very little of that left, and the less of it you affect, with this miserable and contemptible air of prudery the better!"

"Oh! it is not affected!—it is not affected!" cried the girl in an agony, "as heaven sees me, I never——"

"Do not reply to me, you jade! I will endure no more insolence! You shall obey me, and act *Hayden*—in full costume, silk stockings and all! Refuse at your peril!"

And manager Bilks raised his stick in a threatening way, and shook it above his head.

The girl cowered before him, and seemed ready to sink to the earth.

"Will you act!" cried the manager in a tone of thunder.

"Oh, how can I?"

"You refuse!" cried Bilks, preparing to strike the drooping shoulders.

"I cannot! will not!—strike, whip, degrade me!—I will not!" cried the girl in an agony.

Bilks started from his chair furiously, and in a moment would have brought down his cane upon the weak girl, when a dramatic "entrance" took place, which he had not calculated upon, or guarded against.

The cane was wrenched from his hand—the word "scoundrel!" hissed through clenched teeth, and Mr. Frank Hay applied the flexible weapon furiously to the shoulders of the worthy manager.

The explanation of this slight circumstance was very simple. He had not gone a hundred paces from the theatre, after receiving the intimation that Miss Felton was "engaged with Mr. Bilks," when he heard the voice of the pretty actress he had complimented on the night before, calling guardedly after him.

He immediately returned, and the following brief colloquy took place:

"Frank, you had better stay."

"Why, Celestine?"

"Susie is in trouble."

"In trouble! how?"

"With old Bilks."

"Tell me about it!—how!—do you think——?"

"Yes I do, and I am not going to take his part. I'll take Susie's, if you *do* admire her more than me. He has called her in there, and is going to make her act *Hayden*, which she has a foolish fear of, as if the dress was not very becoming!—it is to my figure! Well people are strange things sometimes, and if Susie don't like it, *I* don't blame her, or abuse her."

"Like it!—abuse her! Speak, Celestine! I am horribly uneasy!"

"It's easy to see that you are in love, poor fellow! Well, I like you all the better, for you are an honest fellow, Frank; and if you liked me, it would'nt take me long to like you. See! there is my killing glance all thrown away. But we are losing time——."

"Yes, Yes!"

"How much in love you are! you really don't see me! Well, I don't complain, for I like Susie."

"What of her?—make haste, Celestine—there's a good girl!"

"Bilks is going to make her act *Hayden*, and if she won't he'll beat her."

"Beat her! Let him dare!—the scoundrel!—where are they?"

"Ah! that's the way I should like *my* lover to do. Frank, I'm jealous."

"Celestine, are you my friend?"

"Yes, I am."

"Come on then!—show me where they are!"

"That's just what I am going to do. Oh! won't it be fun if you whip Bilks! He stopped my salary the other evening when I only—."

Frank lost the end of the sentence—he was rushing through the scenes.

"This way," said the actress in a whisper, "here is the door—and you can listen until the proper moment—then you can 'enter right.'"

As we have seen, Mr. Frank did enter. Restraining himself by a tremendous effort during the earlier portion of the dialogue, his feelings had finally carried him away, and in an instant he had burst into the room, seized the weapon about to descend upon the girl, and applied it wrathfully to the back of manager Bilks.

Bilks was a coward—we have stated the fact before. The attack of the young man completely cowed him.

Instead of making any resistance, he retreated into a corner, holding up his hands to ward off the furious blows, uttering cries of terror and remonstrance.

"There, sir!" cried the young man, crimson with passion, and breathing hoarsely, "utter another word and I will shatter this cane over your rascally shoulders! You dared to threaten this poor girl! who is my friend!—you dared to hint that she was guilty of impropriety in meeting me! By heaven! I have a mind to take your cowardly life, you miserable ruffian!"

And Frank seemed to reach for some weapon wherewith to carry out his design. This was, however, prevented. The cries of the manager had brought the members of the company into the apartment, and they, one and all, interposed to restore peace. There was scarcely a decent regret for the manager's beating, expressed in the countenances of the comedians, male or female; the truth being that Mr. manager Bilks was cordially hated by one and all of them, and his chastisement hailed as an act combining justice and pleasure. Even Captain Macheath afterwards declared that any little dislike which he had felt toward that fine young fellow, was obliterated by his noble and chivalrous espousal of the cause of a lady in distress—which

sentiments produced a powerful effect upon the feelings of Miss Celestine, subsequently, we are sorry to say, Madam Macheath.

Frank cared little for applause or reprobation: he would have charged the whole phalanx of comedians, had it been necessary, with nothing but his cane; and, indeed, his air resembled rather that of irate royalty, than the bearing of one guilty of intrusion, with the further act of assault and battery.

Menacing with fiery eyes both manager and players, he approached the terrified and weeping girl—placed her arm within his own, and before she was aware of his intention, bore her off in triumph, beyond the pale of the theatre, and into the open street.

Wholly defiant of public opinion, and disregarding the curses and fury of Mr. manager Bilks, who howled after him—it is the last time that gentleman will howl or speak in this history—the young fellow led the trembling girl along Gloucester-street, and deposited her form upon the sofa in his chamber at Mrs. Wharton's.

The young girl recovered her strength only to burst into a torrent of tears, and these tears caused Mr. Frank Hay's heart to sink within him, even in the height of his rage. He asked what he could do to relieve her, but the question seemed to agitate her more than ever, and it finally became plain to the young fellow that the best thing for her would be privacy and silence.

"Miss Felton," he said, with an air of the loftiest respect, "I trust I have not offended you in acting as I have done, and terminating, without your consent, all engagements between you and that ruffian who dared to threaten you with a blow. I did as I thought best, and you must see that any further connection with the players is wholly out of the question. It will be my pleasure to assist you in finding such a home as you will desire; and, meanwhile, you need fear nothing here. You are in the house of a most excellent woman, and this is my private apartment—my own chamber, of which I will leave you the key. At present it is best, perhaps, for me to retire, that you may regain your calmness, and you have simply to turn the key in the lock to preserve yourself from intrusion. I shall go out for an hour or two—at the end of that time I shall return, and I trust I shall find your strength quite restored. I repeat that you are quite safe from intrusion here, and that you have more friends than myself, who will preserve you from this brutal player. I now beg to take my leave."

Mr. Frank made his best bow, as he uttered these words, and, placing the key in the lock within, went slowly down the steps, having first carefully closed the door.

Overwhelmed by a variety of emotions, the young man then took his way toward Mr. Lincoln's office, careless of the greeting which he was likely to receive.

He was not mistaken in supposing that Mr. Lincoln would refer to his unauthorized absence. The old gentleman laid before him in a feeling manner the danger of neglecting his studies, and then, bidding him not consider the reproof harsh, requested him to "copy that deed."

Frank set to work like one in a dream—his breast torn with a thousand conflicting emotions.—More than once he was compelled to throw aside the copy he was making and commence another—his progressing thoughts causing him to make fatal inaccuracies.

At last it was finished, and rising, the young man requested permission to go out for half an hour.

Mr. Lincoln graciously granted the request, and Frank returned hastily to his lodgings, his face radiant, his bosom heaving, his whole heart and soul wrapped up in the single thought that he was about to look again upon that countenance which had come to be the sole object for him in the wide universe.

He passed hastily through the door—scarcely heard the voice of Mrs. Wharton, who tried to arrest him in his passage; he hastened up the steps, with a beating heart, and knocked at the door, his pulse galloping, and his cheeks filled with blushes.

No answer was returned to his knock, and he repeated it.

Still no reply came—no voice bade him enter, and a cold chill ran through his frame, and stilled the beating of his heart.

Could she have succumbed to the terrible excitement of the scene through which she had passed? Could her weak nerves have yielded, and had she fainted from exhaustion during his absence?

The thought made him turn pale, and without further ceremony, he turned the knob of the door and entered.

The apartment was vacant—no traces of Miss Felton were to be seen.

The cushions of the sofa still bore the impress of the young girl's tender form; he saw where the delicate head had lain, where the round shoulder had been placed—but the warm living figure which had rested here was gone—the beautiful form had disappeared.

He rushed to the heavily-curtained bed—perhaps the girl had sought a softer couch, and fallen asleep upon the yielding down. The bed was untouched—the snowy pillows, with their fringes, had been uninvaded, and the young man uttered a hasty exclamation of contempt at his folly in supposing that the delicate and sensitive girl could so lose sight of every feeling of maidenly modesty and ceremony.

Frank was for a moment entirely overcome, and looking wildly around him, would have sunk for support into a seat, but suddenly a note upon the table caught his eye. He seized it with a trembling hand, and recognized, in the hastily traced pencil marks, the writing of a woman.

Running his eye rapidly over the paper, his cheek suddenly grew pale, and letting the note fall, he sank into a chair—leaning for support upon the table, with the air of one who seeks to recover from the effect of some terrible and unexpected blow.

The paper contained the following words, blotted with tears:

"I never can thank you for all your goodness. I do not know where to go, but, indeed, I ought not to remain here, kind, oh, how kind! as you have been to me, sir. That cruel man taunted me with even meeting you: if I remain he will deprive me of all that remains to me, my spotless name. I must speak plainly, sir—pray do not think me unmaidenly.

"I must go—heaven knows where—but God will protect me. I pray that we may meet in a better world: thanks, thanks for your kindness and goodness!

"I cannot sign my assumed playing name—it is odious to me.

"Pity and pray for me.

"FRANCES TEMPLE."

This was the letter which the eyes of the young man had run through hastily, and whose contents had produced upon him such a feeling of despair.

Gone!—he could scarcely realize it. Gone from him just at the moment when he thought that heaven had blessed him with a future,

spent in her presence as his love and wife! Torn from him at the very instant when she seemed to be wholly his! The thought struck the young man like an iron hand, his strength deserted him, and with a cruel groan his head sank down upon his bosom.

He remained thus for some moments without moving, and then suddenly rose to his feet muttering:

"I will find her, or never return!"

As he spoke, a vivid flash of lightning darted across the sky, and looking through the window, the young man became for the first time aware that a terrible thunder storm was about to burst in all its fury.

"Good heavens!" he cried, "and she will be exposed to this awful storm—without shelter—weak and sick! But no! I will follow her! I will find and shield her, if I have to pass through fire and tempest! I will find her!"

And the young man rushed from the house into the gloomy street, just at the moment when the storm, with dazzling flashes, and deep thunder roaring like a thousand cannon, burst forth in overwhelming fury.

A YEAR'S COURTSHIP.

I saw her, Harry, first in March,—
You know the street that leadeth down
By the old bridge's crumbled arch?—
Just where it leaves the dusty town,

A lonely house stands grim and dark—
You've seen it?—then I need not say
How quaint the place is,—did you mark
An ivied window? Well, one day,

I, chasing some forgotten dream,
And in a poet's idlest mood,
Caught, as I passed, a white hand's gleam,
A shutter opened,—there she stood,

Training the ivy to its prop——
Two blue eyes, and a brow of snow
Flashed down upon me—did I stop?—
She says I did—I do not know.

But all that day did something glow,
Just where the heart beats; frail and slight,
A germ had slipped its shell, and now
Was pushing softly for the light.

And April saw me at her feet,
Dear month of sunshine and of rain!
My very fears were sometimes sweet,
And hope was often touched with pain.

For she was frank, and she was coy,
A wilful April in her ways,
And in a dream of doubtful joy,
I passed some truly April days.

May came; and on that arch, sweet mouth,
The smile was graver in its play,
And softening with the softening south,
My April melted into May.

She loved me, yet my heart would doubt,
And ere I spoke, the month was June,—
One warm, still night we wandered out
To watch a slowly setting moon.

Something which I saw not—my eyes
Were not on Heaven—a star perchance,
Or some bright drapery of the skies
Had caught her earnest, upward glance.

And as she paused—Hal! we have played
Upon the very spot—a fir
Just touched me with its dreamy shade,
But the full moonlight fell on her.

And as she paused,—I know not why,
I longed to speak, yet could not speak,
The bashful are the boldest,—I—
I stooped, and gently kissed her cheek.

A murmur (else some fragrant air
Stirred softly) and the faintest start!
Oh, Hal! we were the happiest pair!
Oh, Hal! I clasped her heart to heart!

And kissed away some tears that gushed,—
But how she trembled, timid dove!
When my soul broke its silence, flushed
With a whole burning June of love.

Since then, a happy year hath sped
Through months that seemed all June and May,
And soon a March sun overhead
Will usher in the crowning day.

Twelve blessed moons that seemed to glow
All summer, Hal! my peerless Kate!
She is the dearest—"Angel? " no!
Thank God!—but you shall see her—wait!

So, all is told. I count on thee
To see the priest, Hal! Pass the wine!
Here's to my darling wife to be!
And here's to—when thou find'st her—thine!

A BRAID OF AUBURN HAIR.

Do you know a pleasanter thing than the expectation and the arrival of an agreeable party to dine and spend the night, when you live, shut up by snow, in the country?

You have a good cook, a well-filled larder, the best wine, an excellent appetite, and a decided hunger for something new in the way of gossip and town talk—who is dead, who is married, since yesterday? The hot-house flowers sent two days ago are still fresh, and still perfume your *jardinière*, but the flavor and fragrance of the scandal of that date are more evanescent, and surely somebody has been after something since then, and these people will tell all about it.

Here comes the carriage—the cars are in, and the guests tumble out, so cold, so brisk, so merry, so eager, and so pleased. The fire burns brightly as if in warmer welcome—the dark curtains are closely drawn, and the hostess says "dinner" in a cheering voice, as her visitors rub their chilled hands and gather around the hearth.

Now, look at the group: there is first, Mrs. Grantly herself—she is very sweet and indolent, and does the honors with a fatigued grace that suits her luxuriant figure and her gentle face. Who would guess that these white hands have done so much this morning in preparing the dinner, which will presently be eaten; but if ever you try to keep house in the country with Irish servants, you will find out that giving orders will not secure their fulfilment.

Mr. Grantly is charming, so well-bred, so handsome under his grey hair, (which is, by the way, curiously in contrast with the youth of his blue eyes, fresh skin, and white teeth;) he is very talkative, extremely English, well-read and lively.

There are Mrs. Lancaster and Mrs. Felton. Mrs. Lancaster is that stately blonde with the fair ringlets and pretty mouth—she is a belle and a beauty—if she were not so handsome, people would talk only of her wit. Mrs. Felton is the widow, with her cap just shading that brightest and sunniest auburn hair. What a coquetish little cap! and those sombre folds of crape on their foundation of bombazine, are as stylish, and becoming as Mrs. Lancaster's silk and point lace. If these be weeds, I prefer them to flowers.

Evidently Mr. Charlemont thinks so. He gives such an earnest look every now and then at her madonna face and her soft brown eyes. He is not made wretched, though, by the contemplation of beauty, robed in grief, for he is the gayest, most amusing, most brilliant of the party. Life lights up his countenance, and flashes from beneath his thick dark moustache, as he jests and laughs, and "keeps the ball rolling" with equal spirit and skill.

He quite eclipses every one else, not excepting the sixth and last of this highly agreeable set, Mr. Harding, who is not an inconsiderable personage in these respects either.

"Bless me! Mrs. Lancaster! I have some letters for you, (both ladies were on a visit of several days to Mrs. Grantly.) "I am but a poor substitute for your usual Mercury! What can you expect, however, from a man at my time of life? and to-morrow is Friday, too, my busy day—it always distracts me—so forgive my unpardonable neglect."

"Willingly—who can be cross

just when they receive such tokens of their importance. Three, yes, four letters. Thank you."

As Mrs. Lancaster broke the first seal, with a circular bow to the company for permission, dinner was announced. She glanced over the opening page, and then thrust her whole correspondence carelessly into her pocket, as she took Mr. Charlemont's arm.

"Now tell us the newest bon-mot, the latest club-story, or the name of the last book worth reading," she said, when the soup plates had fairly disappeared.

"I can tell you the whole three in one sentence, but it will read backwards to your questions and wants. There is a new book out called 'Lily;' the club says it is written to poke fun at our friend Grantley; and an admirer of his, wishing to protect him, has suggested that, from 'its intense leaning towards scandal,' (mentioning Grantley, of course, is scandalous,) and its consequent fierceness, it should be re-christened the 'Tiger Lily.'"

"Humph! I have heard better things than that. Why *you* might have said that yourself. Try again, Mr. Charlemont. You have failed this time. The 'new' book we read yesterday, the club 'story' is too true, and the 'bon-mot' is as flat as it is fierce."

"Upon my word! Well, have you heard about Mrs. Hashish?"

"Mrs. Hashish? who is she?"

"The wife of Mr. Hashish, a Persian of Persia, who has undertaken to ill-treat Mrs. H., and she has flown to the care of the English Consul, so that probably when the Crimea is vacated by the British Lion, that valiant animal will then be obliged to go and roar on the banks of the Tagus."

"Do Persian women run about in this free fashion?"

"My dear Mrs. Lancaster! how sorry I am to find you so ignorant! Know, oh! heretofore-considered-most-erudite-of-charming women, that Persia is the genuine paradise of wives. In the first place, when a woman marries, it is understood and received as a fixed fact, that her husband's relations are her natural enemies, so that if she is molested by them in the slightest manner, *he* is to be punished for not preventing it before it could happen. She reigns supreme in everything, over everything. If the lovely Gulbeyaz, or Caramfil, or Helmas wishes to give an entertainment, the happy Hafiz, or Yusef, or Suleiman must provide all the delicacies of the season, invite the company which his gazelle desires, and appear, or stay in discreet retirement, just as she chooses; if he refuses or forgets anything, she is at liberty to have him bastinadoed. What do you think of that, madam, as a specimen of conjugal felicity?" and Mr. Charlemont, leaning back with his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, slowly nodded his head.

"Think! why those women are better off than if they had been born widows." With a half glance at her opposite neighbor, Mrs. Lancaster helped herself to a potato *à la mâitre d'hotel* and dropped the spoon, whereupon Mr. Charlemont hastily withdrew his eyes from the same fascinating direction, and his thumbs from their resting place, and saved the saucy lady's *moire antique* skirt.

"You are very good," she said, "I like you as well as if you were a Persian. But what is this?"

Her quick eye had fallen upon a tiny fold of paper, which stood out in bold relief upon the dark purple of this very skirt.

"Ah! here is something singular —and sentimental. Ladies, look.

Gentlemen, you are not forbidden, either; besides, we are on the banks of the Hudson, not the Tagus, and you are still free agents."

She unfolded the tissue paper, and there soft and bright in its circle, lay a tress of auburn hair.

"Let me see it—whose?" cried Mr. Charlemont, the first.

"Pass it over Charlemont," said Mr. Grantley; and while doing so, Mr. Charlemont went on, "What happy mortal is so honored by you, Mrs. Lancaster?"

"By me? My good friend! you carry it off admirably. Do you wish to pretend that this hair belongs to me? You might as well say that it grew on my own head. Look at it, Cornelia," she added significantly to Mrs. Felton.

The pretty widow looked and blushed. Vainly she tried to keep down the mantling color. She lifted the snowy lids from her large eyes towards her friend, with a little gesture of reproof, while Mrs. Grantley said, wonderingly:

"It is the very shade of Mrs. Felton's hair!"

"And it fell out of Mr. Charlemont's pocket, I believe, when he dragged away his thumbs to preserve my dress. What lady-love have you, oh, sinner, with auburn hair like Mrs. Felton's, and that you carry about in this fashion?"

It was now Mr. Charlemont's turn to be confused.

"Upon my honor," he protested, with embarrassment quite foreign to his usual audacity, "I know nothing about it. It is a joke of yours, if you wish me to be serious." The "you" was levelled at Mrs. Lancaster, but it was meant for Mrs. Felton.

"A joke of mine! You are absurd. If it were mine could I have owned it, without knowing it. Besides it is a woman's hair—there is nothing mannish in that delicate curl."

"Now for the proofs," said Mr. Harding, "here are initials, if we can only make them out, but the envelope is so thin—C, yes that is a C—and either a T, no, that is an F."

"For shame," put in Mr. Grantley, who felt for the embarrassment which caused Mrs. Felton's hands to tremble, and which made William Charlemont silent.

No doubt existed in the minds of the four others that the widow and the clever journalist "understood each other." Mrs. Lancaster internally regretted having noticed the folded paper; Mr. Harding was shocked at having disclosed the initials, and Mr. and Mrs. Grantley exchanged those marital signals which conveyed to each the thoughts of the other.

Mrs. Lancaster broke the awkward silence by some lively sally, to which her right hand neighbor presently responded, and they were soon rattling away, the only allusion to the hair again being from Mr. Charlemont himself.

He stretched his hand across the table, saying:

"Well, if I am convicted of hoarding up locks of hair, let me, at least, have C. T.'s pretty curl," and he put it away, without looking at Mrs. Felton.

The dinner passed off gayly as usual, and then the ladies left their cavaliers, to the luxury of a smoke, until tea.

Mrs. Lancaster's beautiful face wore a most mischievous expression, as she drew Cornelia upon the sofa beside her, and smoothed a stray strand of hair which had bubbled up from beneath the muslin cap; so much mischief there was and amusement in her smile that Mrs. Felton would not stay to be twitted, but vowed that she must

have her work basket that very instant, and broke away, pursued by a light laugh from her two tormenters, who were so busy discussing this curious discovery, that Mrs. Lancaster even forgot the precious correspondence that was waiting to be read.

"So Cornelia has been encouraging Charlemont to this extent, unknown to us. Trust a widow! They are proverbial it is true, but who would have suspected that she was canvassing a successor to her late most disagreeable lord. So demure, so reserved—the little wretch!"

"Positively, Laura, you did not know whose hair it was, until you opened the paper?"

"Not even then—not until I saw the confusion of these sly creatures on detection. But here come the gentlemen—no more."

Mr. Grantley and Mr. Harding entered together.

"Where is Charlemont? Is he not here?" asked the master of the house.

"No."

"Nor Mrs. Felton, either," he remarked, with an amused smile.

"Cornelia has gone for her work basket," Mrs. Grantley said, quietly.

"Then she keeps her work basket in the library, my dear, and Charlemont has to help her look for it," Mr. Grantley whispered, "for I am sure he is there."

No remark was made by the well-bred company, when the two soon after returned by opposite doors; Mrs. Felton was rather more silent than usual, and Mr. Charlemont was evidently both excited and very happy, although he tried hard to behave just like himself.

As they were thinking about separating for the night, a sudden question from her host reminded Mrs. Lancaster of her letters.

She threw up her hands with surprise and pretty horror.

"Unread! don't talk to me, good people. Cornelia, have the kindness to sing, or Mr. Harding may whistle—I must see what my insulted friends say."

With the light of the reading-lamp gilding her long curls as she bent over the closely filled pages, Mrs. Lancaster's voice was silenced for a while, and the rest were abusing a late New York ball, when out rang such a peal of laughter from the lady, that they turned with amazement towards her.

"May we not share the fun?"

"Certainly." She wiped the tears from her eyes, which her merriment had brought there. "I could not be so cruel as to keep this to myself. This letter is from my aunt. I had only opened it when dinner was announced," and with a suppressed laugh quivering in every dimple, Mrs. Lancaster thus read:

My own dear Laura:

You are so gay that it seems quite useless to bring such a prosy old woman as myself before you. I am nothing now but a grandmamma, and have lost almost any other individuality saving and except my love for you. We pass our lives here very quietly, only varied and variable by changes of the weather and exchanges of visits with "next door," as we call our good friends, the Colliers, who are, indeed, neighborly and pleasant people. The girls find them a great resource. Mrs. Collier has a nephew, Mr. Davis, who sings, and he and Minna practice together, till I really begin to think that poor little Minn has a voice. Catherine makes a very decent housekeeper—at least Charles is contented with her efforts in that line, which is enough to satisfy us all. *I* have learned to *bone turkies*, which is looked upon as a great accomplishment, and when "next door" breakfasted in state with us some short time ago, the crowning glory of the table was one of these specimens of my handiwork."

Here Mrs. Lancaster paused and looked up; a polite attention was the prevailing expression of her

listeners, but at the same time it was evident that they rather wondered where lay the "fun" of these domestic details. She gave a slight cough and proceeded:

"There are now *two* babies to make me happy. Little Charles continues to be the manliest and sweetest of fellows, but I own that my name-child, Caroline, (in spite of the draw-back of her being a girl,) grows daily upon my interest and delight. She promises to be very pretty, although some people presume to say otherwise. I will let you judge in one respect of her chances of beauty-hood, by enclosing what you must acknowledge to be-the-very-prettiest-lock-of-auburn-hair-you-ever-saw."

Imagine the burst of amazement as Mrs. Lancaster slowly dropped these words from her lovely lips.

"What!" cried Mrs. Grantley, in her softest tones, "and these initials——."

"Were C. T.—Caroline Temple —my cousin's little girl!"

How they laughed.

"Pray pardon me, Mr. Charlemont," said Mrs. Lancaster, extending her hand deprecatingly.

"Pardon you—oh, very willingly," Mr. Charlemont answered, with a smile and side glance at Mrs. Felton, who buried her head, cap and all, under the lid of *that* work box.

When Mrs. Lancaster was removing her black velvet bracelets some half hour afterwards, in her own chamber, a slight tap at the door was followed by the blushing entrance of her friend Cornelia, who came to tell her, with a little hesitation, that she had promised to become Mrs. Wm. Charlemont.

"Through you it has happened, Laura, for my embarrassment and absurd behavior, when I thought the hair was mine, (as I really did,) emboldened him, he says, to lay siege to my reserve and my weeds. So, you see, you have unintentionally been a match-maker."

"And where has he had time?"

"Oh!" said the pretty Cornelia, twisting her single gold ring round and round, as if its long worn circlet was beginning to incommode her, "just as I left you to get my work, he opened the dining room door to join us, and stopped me to—to—speak about this thing. Good night, dear—that's all."

SUNSET.

I paused—the sun was sinking in the west
And his last rays gave signal for a calm
On nature's face. The dove now sought her rest
With her love-billing mate. There seemed a balm
Of peace and bliss to soothe earth's troubled breast,
Shed down from heaven, and steeping all in rest,
And the still lake seemed mirror of the hour,
Which, when lone man is nature's silent guest,
Calms his vexed thoughts with more than magic power,
And the faint heart revives, as doth each drooping flower.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON SOUTHERN CIVILIZATION.

NO. I.

THE question meets us on the threshold — what is civilization? Any problem, which, for its solution, demands a careful analysis of man's nature and a delicate weighing of the relative importance of his manifold relations, may well also be considered as requiring for the successful performance of such a task, a thorough acquaintance with all the channels of his intellectual activity. Such a qualification, in ideal perfection, we may boldly assert, has never been possessed by man, and even as perfect in the view of practical utility, it will only be seen in one of those solitary geniuses, which, are like comets, that appear but once in a thousand generations.

Yet, without pretending to such universal attainments, we may, perhaps, form a correct, and, what is yet more difficult, a distinct idea of the essential principle, the central motive of that many sided thing we call civilization. Looked at from without, it is, indeed, a world, a maze, a mystery; and minds influenced by this or that bias, will give it this or that interpretation. It is a globe upon which each man walks acquainted with his petty acre only, and forming vain imaginations, perhaps, of the shape and structure and grand relations of the whole. But once place him where he will be able to compare his own world with others and the truth, dimly conceived at first, will gradually grow in definiteness, until the rolling ball is as distinct an idea in his mind as it is a reality in the universe. Just as the material earth is not the property of one individual, one family, tribe, nation, or even of one race, so the peculiar condition of beings, which we call society, and which is the ground work of civilization, and has so often been confounded with it, is not exclusively the state of one class of men or even of animals, but is in fact a notion which in a higher or lower form of expression, may be observed in the history of every kind of animate being. In the lowest animals, for instance, the individuals are bound together in the lowest form of society, by a tangible material bond, as may be seen in the wonderful coral-animals, which have been so much the theme of writers, for the vast share their delicate bodies have unconsciously had in building lands fit for the habitation of man. Next higher than this is that condition where individuals congregate simply because their conditions of life compel them to live in certain localities in which they become crowded together—the sea anemones, and the oysters are instances of this kind. And if to this state of things is added the necessity of the meeting of the sexes, we reach a form of the social idea but little higher than the preceding, and common to a vast number of animals.

The social condition, which ranks next above the last, is that which may be observed in what are called the social insects—the wasps, bees, ants, and the famous animals known as the White Ants of Africa. In them a very material advance is made on former social states, for their condition is not that of mere congregation, but of *organized* society, or, in other words, they con-

stitute communities, where the individuals are divided into classes, to each of which a separate office for the good of the commonwealth is assigned. So remarkable is the division of office among these animals, that we can find no parallel to it except in the communities of mankind.

The history of the bee is a household story and need not be repeated. There we have two classes—the laborers and the people of ease and leisure. That of the wasp is nearly the same, with the exception that while the bee is the type of peaceful and frugal labor, the wasp is a bandit and robber. But among bees, the queen-mother is treated with respect by the working class. This is not the case in the communities of ants—where the unfortunate mother has no sooner laid all her eggs and these have been taken charge of by the laborers, than these harridans pitilessly drive her from the habitation, to provide for herself or die.

Among those animals known to naturalists as vertebrata, we have in the highest class instances of animals far inferior to Man, of whom, however, it may be shown that organized society is a part of their economy. The wonder of the civilized world has been excited by the marvels told of the American beaver. The manner in which those animals labor together to produce results for the benefit of their whole association of individuals, is in itself organization. And these results are stupendous when considered in relation to the low grade of the workers in the scale of being. The tribes of dogs in Constantinople are so well known to travellers and readers of travels, that they need only to be mentioned in this connection.

Enough then is known to show that among animals so much inferior to man, that human pride frequently ridicules the idea of being named in the same breath with them, organized society exists. In the insect communities are found such analogies as at first sight appear more striking than all those exhibited by other animals. The reverence, even the ceremonious homage paid by bees to their queen, the guard they keep up night and day at the entrance of their hive, the consternation into which a whole community will be thrown by accidents which affect the whole, betraying a system of communication between individuals, having the same effects as language in man, the disregard of the injury done to the individual, unless that individual be of peculiar importance to the community, all show that these animals not only exist in an organized social condition, but that the *idea* of "the *common weal*" shapes their actions according to its requirements as a law.

But it is not necessary for us to prove that animals living in organized society really have the *idea* of such an arrangement, and reason correctly upon it. It is certainly enough to show what we claim to have done, that social existence in a more or less strict sense is the condition of all animals, and that there are diverse animals, in which this social condition takes the peculiar form of the community.

Now, all races of men, however low in barbarity, have this organized social condition. We have unconfirmed accounts, it is true, of tribes having only the lower forms of sociality, but among all those sufficiently known to admit of their being taken into consideration there are none which have not some species of *government* and consequently none among whom we do not find organized sociality. Thus, in the lowest forms, they not only

have traditional laws, and chiefs or kings, but actually live together building habitations, it is true often little better than the beaver-hut, but still habitations, and these are associated together in the form of hamlets, kraals or villages. In the higher forms we find the Pandects of Justinian, the Common Law of England, the Code Napoleon, autocracies, limited monarchies, oligarchies, and republics, and people who live in palaces, which are crowded together to form such cities as Nineveh, Babylon, Rome, London, Paris and Pekin. The difference then between the savage and the civilized man is one not of kind but of *degree*, at least so far as the social system is concerned. He, as well as the other, is endowed with a peculiar mental constitution which invents for him a social system, a government of some kind, and the degree of excellence and splendor of this system will vary according to his mental constitution. We have no more right or reason to consider government an invention of man than language, and neither of these is less the result of instinct than the gynarchy of the bees, or their mathematical knowledge of the best angle at which to place the walls of their cells in order to ensure strength and economy of space. The hut, after all, is the archetype of all human edifices, the skirt, of all human dress, the spear and the club of all human weapons, the vase of all man's earthen vessels, the hamlet of all his cities, and the tribe and its organization of all forms of human society and government. And the different forms of these, to use the phraseology of naturalists, are not generic, but specific—do not differ in kind, but in proportion and degree of development. They are the varying results of the common instincts of humanity, deriving their variety from the varying proportions and stature of the intellectual man.

The results of instinctive sociality in man are, of course, very comprehensive. They include all of his domestic, political and religious combinations. In a word, we may say that the social form is that which necessarily every decided movement of the genius of humanity assumes; and that this is so simply because it cannot, consistently with the plan of creation, be otherwise. The progressive movements of the general human mind shape themselves into social forms, as necessarily as the molten metal takes the form of the mould into which it flows. Human will has no control over this tendency—human energy, though it labored for centuries, could not add or take away one jot or tittle from the common law of animal life.

There is, therefore, a power, an energy at work, and sociality is a common character of all the shapes in which its results are cast. If then sociality is only the form, we must look elsewhere for that material in whose mystical properties lies, whether active or undeveloped, this force, to whose various degrees of energy we must attribute the various degrees of greatness, which characterize the social structures into which its results are moulded. Now, this force is internal—non-material—that is, it is a spiritual force. We might call it the instinct of ceaseless mental activity. But it is more than an instinct, for it is not a perception merely, but a force, and that a force over which we have no control, but which is as necessarily an element in the constitution of spirit, as material force or motion is an essential element in the constitution of matter, a force which operates from a point without us, and

so to speak *behind* our conciousness, and impels us onward with or without our consent. We hope then we will not be thought to speak in enigmas when we endeavor to express this force by seizing what we know of it phenominally, and calling it, therefore, the motion of man's spiritual being.

But the arbitrary term, civilization, is specific, it is not generic, for in that case there would be no such thing as barbarism. It is not, therefore, sociality, which is a general form, nor is it all forms of that motion of our spiritual being, which is also general and common to all that have the constitution of man. It must then be the special name of some particular development of that spiritual force, and incidentally also of certain social phenomena which are its results. But incidentally so only, and by a sort of metonomy, that happy contrivance by which human thought and language is relieved of so many irksome tasks.

If now it be asked what is this special form of spiritual motion which we call civilization, we answer and shall endeavor to show clear reasons for the reply that civilization is PROGRESSIVE INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT.

And here we may be pardoned for stating our belief that those great men who have endeavored to define the term civilization, have all erred by attempting to find a verbal expression for the practical results of civilization instead of seeking to probe that essential principle, whose working gives us these practical results. For instance, Count de Gobineau, after having well stated the objections, which can be justly brought against the definitions of Wilhelm von Humboldt and Guizot, himself defines civilization as follows:

"A state of comparative stability, in which a large collection of individuals strive by peaceful means to satisfy their wants and refine their intelligence and manners."

Now, "this state of comparative stability," &c., we venture to suggest, is always the condition of civilization, and is very frequently its result—it is to civilization what the body is to the soul—but it is not civilization itself. If we suppose, for instance, a race with all the instincts and capacities for developing a civilization, but in such a state of social instability as was the population of Europe in the times before Charlemagne and Alfred, all history demonstrates that despite the existence of those capacities, civilization is impossible in such a political and social chaos. Now what will be the first effort in the way of amelioration? Certainly it will be that of intellect to recombine the confused and conflicting social elements into the forms of order. This restoration of order may be in some instances perhaps brought about by circumstances; but in general, it is the result of the strivings of one or many intellects, who have the idea of social order before them as an object. The motive of these efforts is comparatively of little importance. It seldom or never is disinterested, and need not be so, provided only the object is attained and social order established, or in a fair way of being established. No sooner is such a state of comparative stability felt than the intellectual energy begins to be more generally awakened, and to direct itself first to political matters perhaps, or to the study of the remains of former civilizations if these be accessible. The march of opinion has by this time fairly begun.—Great revolutions follow, in social forms, in order to bring them to a level with the advance of ideas. Knowledge at the same time begins

to take the systematic form, and to be acknowledged as a power. First thought and then speech declares itself free, and so individualization becomes complete. And this state we call one of high civilization.

What then could be truly termed a history of civilization would not be a history of social forms merely, for that would include part only of the results of civilization, but a history of this phenomenon would be a history of *mind*, a history of the progress of intellectual development. For it is this progressive intellectual development that produces all the attendant phenomena of social order, refinement of manners, and great practical results in the useful and fine arts. In its infancy it shows its workings in the political instincts which are the material life of a people, in its youth flowers into the manifold beauties of art, and in its manhood ripens into the practical wisdom of a true science, perhaps in old age to degenerate into the second childhood of a philosophy which has the form of Reason without the substance thereof.

ON PRESSING CERTAIN FLOWERS.

So, they are dead! Love! when they passed
From thee to me, our fingers met,—
Oh! withered darlings of the May!
I feel those fairy fingers yet.

And for the bliss ye brought me then,
Your faded forms are precious things,—
No flowers so fair, no buds so sweet,
Shall bloom through all my future Springs.

And so, dead ones! with hands as soft
As if I closed an infant's eyes,
I'll lay you in some favorite book,
Made sacred by a thousand sighs.

Your lips shall press the sweetest song,
The sweetest, saddest song I know,
As in your beauty ye had died,
Of some lone Bard's melodious woe.

Oh, Love! hath Love no holier shrine!
Oh, Heart! if Heaven would lend the power,
I'd lay thy crimson pages bare,
And every leaf should fold a flower!

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.*

MADAME OSSOLI, or Margaret Fuller, as we prefer to call her, has been justly ranked among the most remarkable women of the century. Indeed, in *massiveness* of mind and character, united to true feminine sensibility, and the warmest poetic instincts, her position, both as woman and author, is one eminently unique. With an intellect early matured, and ever active, inquiring, restless, prompted by unfailing enthusiasm, and profound reverence for knowledge, her scholastic attainments were of a comprehensive and peculiar scope and nature, and these, acting upon faculties of the objective type, give to her writings a broadness, force, cosmopolitan sympathy of view, and liberal directness of diction, which stamp them with all the value of high originality and truth. Her *forte* was analytical criticism. We think that her reviews, contributed to the "New York Tribune," during a brief editorial connection with that journal, are an honor to American literature. They are keenly appreciative and nobly independent.—Read twenty lines in any one of them, and you must be convinced that at last in the columns of a daily paper, and that paper addressed to the inculcation of absurd extremes in politics and government, you have actually encountered impartial, thoughtful, and exhaustive criticism—and you read to the end of the article with mingled feelings of surprise and delight. "One of the best of these reviews," says a critic, no less distinguished than Margaret Fuller herself, "is the notice of Mr. Longfellow's late magnificent edition of his own works. It is one of the very few reviews of Longfellow's poems ever published in America, of which the critics have not had abundant reason to be ashamed."

There is lamentable need of some Margaret Fuller at the present time, to expose the servility, the absolute toadyism, and folly of nine-tenths of the opinions passed upon Mr. Longfellow, and his recent "Epic" (!!) But the volume with which we have more immediate concern, and whose admirable typographical appearance is most creditable to the taste of the publishers —although, we would observe, *en passant*, that the extent of the letter-press seems to be suggestive of *two* volumes, instead of *one*—has more to do with imagination than with analysis. "The Summer on the Lakes," we greatly prefer to the "Things and Thoughts in Europe." It is calmer, and more *collected* in sentiment and style, and is altogether a more elaborate and careful production. We regard it as a prose poem of a lofty order of merit—the vigorous, hearty, exultant and beautiful utterance of a strong, but sweet and sensitive mind, to whom nature is a muse and an inspiration. Of the many spasmodic attempts to convey an impression of the grandeur of "Niagara," from the pious and somewhat mediocre blank verse of Brainard, to the Trochaics —*à la* "Hiawatha"—of the young gentlemen, "who drizzled in yesterday's newspaper," the description of Margaret Fuller is the *only* description we know, worthy of the stupendous theme. Let the reader

* At Home and Abroad, or Things and Thoughts in Europe and America, by Margaret Fuller Ossoli, edited by her brother, Arthur B. Fuller. Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston.

examine it, not in a superficial or hasty mood, but on some quiet starlight evening, with his being attuned to the right note, and the echoes of the cataract filling his memory with solemn music, and strange yearning, and the undefined sense of awe and worship:

"Long ago, I was looking from a hill-side with a friend at one of the finest sunsets that ever enriched this world. A little cow-boy, trudging along, wondered what we could be gazing at. After spying about sometime, he found it could only be the sunset, and looking, too, a moment, he said, approvingly, 'that sun looks well enough,' a speech worthy of Shakspeare's Cloton, or the infant Mercury, up to everything from the cradle, as you please to take it.

"Even such a familiarity, worthy of Jonathan, our national hero, in a prince's palace, or 'stumping,' as he boasts to have done, 'up the Vatican stairs, into the Pope's presence, in my old boots,' I felt here; it looks really *well enough*, I felt, and was inclined, as you suggested, to give my approbation as to the one object in the world that would not disappoint.

"But all great expression, which, on a superficial survey, seems so easy as well as so simple, furnishes, after a while, to the faithful observer, its own standard by which to appreciate it. Daily these proportions widened and towered more and more upon my sight, and I got, at last, a proper foreground for these sublime distances. Before coming away, I think I really saw the full wonder of the scene. *After a while it so drew me into itself as to inspire an undefined dread, such as I never knew before, such as may be felt when death is about to usher us into a new existence.* The perpetual trampling of the waters seized my senses. I felt that no other sound, however near, could be heard, and would start and look behind me for a foe. I realized the identity of that mood of nature in which these waters were poured down with such absorbing force, with that in which the Indian was shaped on the same soil. *For continually upon my mind came, unsought and unwelcome, images, such as never haunted it before, of naked savages stealing behind me with uplifted tomahawks; again and again this allusion recurred, and even after I had thought it over, and tried to shake it off, I could not help starting and looking behind me.*

* * * * * *

"And now farewell, Niagara. I have seen thee, as I think all who come here must in some sort see thee; thou art not to be got rid of as easily as the stars. I will be here again beneath some flooding July moon and sun. Owing to the absence of light, I have seen the rainbow only two or three times by day; the lunar bow not at all. However, the imperial presence needs not its crown, though illustrated by it.

"General Porter and Jack Downing were not unsuitable figures here. The former heroically planted the bridges by which we cross to Goat Island and the Wake-robin-crowned genius has punished his temerity with deafness, which must, I think, have come upon him when he sunk the first stone in the rapids. Jack seemed an acute and entertaining representative of Jonathan, come to look at his great water privilege. He told us all about the Americanisms of the spectacle; that is to say, the battles that have been fought here. It seems strange that men could fight in such a place; but no temple can still the personal griefs and strifes in the breasts of its visitors.

No less strange is the fact that, in this neighborhood, an eagle should be chained for a plaything. When a child, I used often to stand at a window from which I could see an eagle chained in the balcony of a museum. The people used to poke at it with sticks, and my childish heart would swell with indignation as I saw their insults, and the mein with which they were borne by the monarch-bird. Its eye was dull, and its plumage soiled and shabby, yet, in its form and attitude, all the king was visible, though sorrowful and dethroned. I never saw another of the family till, when passing through the Notch of the White Mountain, at that moment glowing before us in all the panoply of sunset, the driver shouted, 'Look there!' and following with our eyes his upward-pointing finger, we saw, soaring slow in majestic poise above the highest summit, the bird of Jove. It was a glorious sight, yet I know not that I felt more on seeing the bird in all its natural freedom and royalty, than, when imprisoned and insulted, he had filled my early thoughts with the Byronic "silent rages" of misanthropy.

"Now, again, I saw him a captive, and addressed by the vulgar with the language they seem to find most appropriate to such occasions,—that of thrusts and blows. *Silently, his head averted, he ignored their existence, as Plotinus or Sophocles might that of a modern reviewer. Probably he listened to the voice of the cataract, and felt that congenial powers flowed free, and was consoled, though his own wing was broken.*"

The letters from Europe are, as we intimated above, of too sketchy a character, being evidently the products of the most limited leisure, and written, no doubt, with a view to after additions and corrections. From this charge we except the great bulk of the correspondence prepared at Rome, and referring to Italian patriots, and the prospects of the revolution. But everything that is said of England and English celebrities bears the mark of hurried composition, and although the author's characteristic justness of thought and observation is by no means wanting, it appears to less advantage than elsewhere in her writings. Yet, compared with the usual "bald, disjointed chat" of the majority of tourists, to what pinnacle of praise might not these letters be justly exalted!

After all, the private correspondence with which the volume closes has most engaged our sympathies. In these epistles to friends and kindred, the softer and more delicate traits of the authors's character are predominant, and we perceive that, in the midst of her masculine energy of thought and action, she kept in her inmost heart a shrine sacred to the tenderest household affections. We regret to observe that, in one respect, Madam Ossoli seems to have fully shared the fanatical *furore* of the age. Her occasional allusions to slavery are in the usual style of denunciation and insult. Her reasoning upon this point is as futile as all such abstract logic must necessarily be. But we acquit her of hypocrisy. The intense sincerity of her creed is no less evident upon this than upon all other topics which engaged her consideration. She was by nature a Propagandist —a Zealot—and her antecedents, together with the circumstances and the society in which she was placed, tended, from the first, to stimulate this propensity into a passion. But her rare and commanding genius must, despite her errors of opinion, be profoundly revered, wherever it is known. Like

her character (so strikingly illustrated in the devotion she displayed towards the wounded Italians in the Italian Revolution of '49,) it was cast in the heroic mould. But not being balanced by a corresponding massiveness of judgment, she was sometimes led to hasty generalizations, as in her work upon "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," and in her brief but decided condemnation of the system of slavery, without a due regard to the anomalous and exceptional nature of the institution as it now exists at the south.

To the general reader, not the least interesting part of the present volume is embraced in the concluding pages recording the incidents of the terrible catastrophe by which Madame Ossoli and her family were swept away within sight, nay, within fifty yards of her native shore.

For months before, a presentiment of approaching doom seemed to have oppressed her. In her letters, we are constantly struck with passages breathing farewells, and benedictions, and solemn remembrances, as if from one on a deathbed. Here is the last communication ever received from her:

FLORENCE, May 15, 1850.

"DEAR MOTHER,—I will believe I shall be welcome with my treasures—my husband and child. For me, I long so much to see you! Should anything hinder our meeting upon earth, think of your daughter, as one who always wished, at least, to do her duty, and who always cherished you, according as her mind opened to discover excellence.

"Give dear love, too, to my brothers; and first to my eldest, faithful friend, Eugene; a sister's love to Ellen; love to my kind good aunts, and to my dear cousin E. God bless them!

"I hope we shall be able to pass some time together yet, in this world. But if God decrees otherwise,—here and hereafter, my dearest mother,

"Your loving child, MARGARET."

From the poetical tributes to her memory and untimely fate, we select the following by C. P. Cranch:

"MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

"O still sweet summer days! O moonlight night!
After so drear a storm how can ye shine?
O smiling world of many-hued delight,
How canst thou, round our sad hearts still entwine
The accustomed wreaths of pleasure? How, O Day,
Wakest thou so full of beauty? Twilight deep,
How diest thou so tranquilly away?
And how, O Night, bring'st thou the sphere of sleep?
For she has gone from us,—gone, lost for ever,—
In the wild billows swallowed up and lost,—
Gone, full of love, life, hope, and high endeavor,
Just when we would have welcomed her the most.

"Was it for this, O woman, true and pure!
That life through shade and light had formed thy mind
To feel, imagine, reason, and endure,—
To soar for truth, to labor for mankind?
Was it for this that thou didst bear thy part
In deeds and words for struggling Italy,—
Devoting thy large mind and larger heart
That Rome in later days might yet be free?
And from that home driven out by tyranny,
Didst turn to see thy fatherland once more,
Bearing affection's dearest ties with thee;
And as the vessel bore thee to our shore,
And hope rose to fulfilment,—on the deck,
When friends seemed almost beckoning unto thee;
O God! the fearful storm, the splitting wreck,
The drowning billows of the dreary sea!

O, many a heart was stricken dumb with grief!
We who had known thee here,—had met thee there
Where Rome threw golden light on every leaf—
Life's volume turned in that enchanted air,—
O friend! how we recall the Italian days
Amid the Caesar's ruined palace halls,—
The Coliseum, and the frescoed blaze
Of proud St. Peter's dome,—the Sistine walls,—
The lone Campagna and the village green,—
The Vatican, the music and dim light
Of gorgeous temples, statues, pictures, seen
With thee: those sunny days return so bright,
Now thou art gone! Thou hast a fairer world
Than that bright clime. The dreams that filled thee here
Now find divine completion, and, unfurled
Thy spirit-wings, find out their own high sphere.

"Farewell! thought-gifted, noble-hearted one!
We, who have known thee, know thou art not lost;
The star that set in storms still shines upon
The o'ershadowing cloud, and, when we sorrow most,
In the blue spaces of God's firmament
Beams out with purer light than we have known,
Above the tempest and the wild lament
Of those who weep the radiance that is flown."

We close our notice of this gifted and unfortunate woman, with a paragraph from the New York Tribune, and the accompanying Epitaph:

"The family of Margaret Fuller Ossoli have just erected to her memory, and that of her husband and child, a marble monument in Mount Auburn Cemetery, in Massachusetts. It is located on Fyrola Path, in a beautiful part of the grounds, and has near it some noble oaks, while the hand of affection has planted many a flower. The body of Margaret Fuller rests in the ocean, but her memory abides in many hearts. She needs no monumental stone, but human affection loves thus to do honor to the departed. The following is the inscription on the monument:

Erected
In Memory of
MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI,
Born in Cambridge, Mass., May 23, 1810.
By birth, a Citizen of New England; by adoption, a citizen of Rome; by genius, belonging to the world. In youth, an insatiate Student, soaking the highest culture; in riper years, a Teacher, Writer, Critic of Literature and Art;
in maturer age, Companion and
Helper of many earnest Reformers in America and
Europe.
And
In Memory of her Husband,
GIOVANNI ANGELO, MARQUIS OSSOLI.
He gave up rank, station, and home for the Roman Republic and for his Wife and Child.
And
In Memory of their Child,
ANGELO EUGENE PHILIP OSSOLI,
Born in Rieti, Italy, Sept. 5, 1848,
Whose dust reposes at the foot of this stone,
They passed from life together by shipwreck,
July 19, 1850.
United in life by mutual love, labors, and trials, the merciful Father took them together, and
In death they were not divided."

"ONE TOO MANY;"

A TALE OF THE EQUINOX.

I.

"And so, George, notwithstanding the grandeur of your home in the mountains, where it seems you have lately resided, the old instinct has gained the mastery—you have come back to your first love—the sea."

"Yes! but with a different sort of passion, my friend, from that we were wont to share together."

"How?"

"Why, ten years ago, the ocean was a delight—a glory to me. Do you remember that beautiful yacht which my father sent over from Southampton? What delicious days we passed, Philip, in that saucy little craft! But now, I don't think that even the grace and fleetness of '*La Belle Marie*,' could induce me again to tempt the sea. No," he added, smiling sadly, "not even if Aphrodite and the Nereids solicited my company."

"Thereby, it is evident, hangs a tale. I was always, you remember, a good listener, and I am ready now to sustain my former reputation. So spin your yarn as soon as you please, I'll stand a two hour's talk with stoical equanimity."

George Brantly, the gentleman with whom I conversed, had been my early and familiar friend. We went from the same school to the same college, entered the same class, slept in the same room, entertained the same political sentiments, and for three successive seasons smoked the same double-stemmed meerchaum. But all these various ties were not sufficient to keep vital a friendship, which distance and time had united to undermine—or at any rate, to weaken.

A month or two subsequent to our graduation, I sailed to Liverpool with the design of serving as clerk in one of the large commercial houses of that city. For six months, Brantly and I kept up a tolerably regular and voluminous correspondence; but gradually our letters became fewer and less confidential, until at the close of the year we ceased writing altogether.

Before the termination of the correspondence, however, I learnt that Brantly had succeeded to his father's very considerable property, and was permanently settled upon the family-estate. The news puzzled me. My old chum had pledged himself to meet me in Europe, and in our last conversation together, we seriously planned an extensive Continental tour, during which, of course, we were to be inseparable. But, immersed in engrossing business, the matter faded from my thoughts, and at a later date the recollection of my intimacy with Brantly faded also. If the reader is disposed to indulge in the taunt of shallow-heartedness, I would ask him to oblige me by reviewing the history of his own youthful attachments, and giving me the sum-total of such as have survived under circumstances similar to those just described. The calculation is not likely to demand any special arithmetical tact.

The past, with its pleasant associations, was destined at length to be revived. I returned in the summer of '52 to my native city, but finding that the yellow fever raged with unusual virulence, I repaired to one of those numerous healthy coast settlements which are the favorite places of refuge from malaria,

both for the Southern planter, and the unacclimated visitor from foreign lands.

It was difficult for me to recognize in the flourishing village which had risen on the spot, the scene of my early sports—the very Island (a barren sand-bank once)—upon which, in company with congenial spirits, prominent among whom was Geo. Brantly, I had often encamped for weeks at a time, pursuing with all the zest of young blood, and an instinctive love of enterprise, every sort of piscatory amusement, from sleepy angling in still waters and a leisurely dragging of seins through the surf, to the more dangerous pursuit of hooking sharks, and of chasing devil-fish in the offing.

One afternoon I was strolling along the beach, and trying in vain to detect among the many gay groups that passed me, a single familiar face. The sky, which looked hot and sultry, suddenly became overcast. The fashionable butterflies vanished, and in ten minutes, I found myself alone—no, not quite alone, for, coming towards me at some little distance, my eye rested on the figure of a man, whose gaze seemed directed with singular intentness sea-ward. He was a tall personage, and something in the style of his gait and figure convinced me that I had seen him before.—The man proved to be my dear chum, Brantly. Not without hesitation I addressed him, for there is a sensation of half-shame in greeting as an ordinary acquaintance one with whom you have exchanged vows of eternal friendship, but whose very existence has been forgotten through the vulgar lack of mere personal contact.

He answered my salutation indifferently, and had I followed the impulse of the moment, this story would never have been written. But subduing my chagrin, I spoke to him warmly, and by the exercise of the necessary tact, succeeded in thawing his reserve, and ingratiating myself once more into favor.

The result was an invitation to his house, which I readily accepted.

"Of course, George, you are married. You have the air of a Benedict, certainly, and pray how many young Brantlys shall I have the pleasure of patting on the head?"

"I have but one child—a daughter——." The manner in which he replied to my question struck me painfully.

Indeed, my friend was much changed. In the days of our intimacy he had been noted for his elasticity of spirit, his buoyant, hopeful, indomitable energy, a portion of which he possessed the happy faculty of imparting to all with whom he associated.

Now he wore a melancholy, constrained, and somewhat absent air, very different, however, from the nervous depression of the *blazé*, or the morbid sourness of the misanthrope. It was rather the manner of one who had suffered deeply, and in relations vital to his happiness.

Upon arriving at his residence I was surprised to observe the utter absence of all pretension to style, for Brantly I knew was wealthy, and his tastes formerly were *recherché*, and even extravagant.

He urged me to take up my abode with him. Constrained—let me confess it—quite as much by curiosity as interest, I consented.—We had been thus associated for about a week when the conversation occurred with which my narrative opens.

We were lustily puffing the veritable old meerchaum, whose flavor had cheered our souls at college.

It was a hot evening in August.

The sea, with a heavy and sullen roar, crept up almost to the base of the piazza. The atmosphere, like the *débris* of a cannonade, hung, a gloomy veil upon the ocean. The sun, an hour before his time of setting, was lost among ash-tinted vapors in the West. Far in the distance we marked the churning of a long line of breakers, and beyond them the spars of an outward-bound vessel, spread their ghostly outlines against the sky. My companion, with the same unnatural concentration of gaze which had forced my attention in our first meeting, contemplated the waters in silence. A few sentences were at length exchanged between us.

"I don't think that even the grace and fleetness of '*La Belle Marie*,' could induce me again to tempt the sea; no, not even if Aphrodite, and all the Nereids solicited my company."

"Thereby," I remarked, "hangs a tale."

"Well, you are right! and I have half a mind to relate it."

"I shall be delighted——."

"No, Philip, not delighted; what I am about to tell you is calculated to awaken a very different emotion."

An expression of the keenest agony appeared upon the features of the speaker, but he quickly controlled the feeling, and in a calm voice began.

II.

"Not many months subsequent to your departure from the country, my father died. The bulk of his property, as you are aware, came to me. This was so ample as to do away with the necessity of labor. I ignored the professions. My tastes were naturally Epicurean, and I saw no reason why I should not now thoroughly indulge them. Although alone in the world, I felt but little of the gloom and despondency which generally grow out of such isolation. Why should I—with a strong constitution, exuberant spirits, and superabundant fortune, I was more than content with my lot. Nor was it a difficult matter to surround myself with companions—nay, friends, who, to judge from their professions, were willing at the shortest notice, and upon the most trivial occasions, to lay down their valuable lives in my service, but who meanwhile, in default of the demand for so great a sacrifice, were content to prove their devotion by drinking my best Bordeaux, and not unfrequently borrowing a 'cool hundred,' or a '*cooler*' thousand, which, with rare exceptions, they somehow forgot to return. It is singular how deficient in memory upon this particular point one's best friends often are!

"I am afraid that I deserved the reputation of being a 'sad dog.' Had I been poor, my shortcomings would not have been salved over by any such charitable epithet. People would have called me 'poor devil,' and hinted at the speedy termination of my spendthrift career in the prison, or the hospital. But, notwithstanding many outrageous excesses, committed, too, in a small community, and without the slightest show of concealment, it was amazing how leniently my neighbors judged me.

"Even the Rev. Mr. Simons, whose denunciations of a half starved pauper for abstracting one of Mrs. Simons' fat turkeys on Christmas eve were terrible to hear, regarded me with a sort of paternal tenderness, and spoke feelingly about the warmth of young blood, and the sobering effects of matrimony.

"Mr. Simons was the proud father of ten blooming daughters.

Doubtless, the good man was too unsophisticated to comprehend the length and breadth of my wickedness.

The fact is, Philip, I led a horribly disreputable life. My associates were chiefly spongers and sychophants.

"We spent our days in riot most uncouth,
And vexed with mirth the drowsy ear of night."

The details of our debaucheries, I have no disposition to recall. I shall, therefore, hasten to describe the event which suddenly put a stop to my mad career, and turned the current of my life into a far different channel.

One day some half dozen of my 'set,' as I suppose I must call them, had been dining with me. None of us were particularly sober. Two or three of the party, indeed, were, as somebody facetiously observed, 'on their last legs.' Still, we continued to drink. I had recently received a rare brand of claret, and several gallons of genuine "mountain dew," and to each of these, in accordance with their respective fancies, my guests were bent upon doing the fullest justice.

"I wish that I were King of Oude, or Sultan of Constantinople," said Mr. Edward McLean, the only person present whose birth and fortune equalled my own.

"Whenever Ned McLean is two sheets in the wind," exclaimed an individual, who passed amongst us for a wit, "he always touches upon Constantinople, and polygamy."

"Yes!" said I, "Ned no doubt will end his days in the East. I expect to see him reach the dignity of a Bashaw of nine tails at least."

"And nineteen wives. Ned has always been considered a marrying man, you know, though mother Simons, with all her diplomacy, has'nt trapped him yet."

At this moment there was a timid tap at the door.

"Who's there?" shouted Evans, the wit, (!) "unless you acknowledge yourself a knight of the bottle, a true disciple of Bacchus, we bid you avaunt! No admission for milk-sops to the club of the "Jolly Bachelors.'"

The knock was not repeated, and we heard a light step hastening away.

"By the Lord!" cried Evans, "its a woman! Boys! shall it be said that a lady called upon us and we refused to admit her?"

"No! no! no!" yelled the whole party, rising uproariously, and in another instant we were out of the house, and rushing pell-mell in search of the intruder.

I lived upon the outskirts of C——, and as we had been lingering long over our cups, the street wherein I resided, always quiet and lonely, now seemed to be completely deserted. The party separating, rushed in different directions.—Evans and myself took the lead towards the more populous portion of the town. We ran furiously for forty or fifty yards, but could see no one.

"It was'nt a ghost, I'll swear to that," panted Evans, stopping suddenly, and peering under the shadows of the pride of India trees, which flanked the side walk.

"No!" cried I, detecting at that instant the glimmer of a white dress in front, "here's the game, my boy, and almost at bay."

"Hil-lo! tally o-o-o!" shouted Evans, as if he were cheering on a pack of hounds.

The fellow darted by me, and either accidentally, or with malice-aforethought, tripped me up.

When I rose, a little stunned by the fall, I saw Evans a few paces in advance struggling with some object in the shade. I rushed up.

"O! for God's sake unhand me, sir! I am a stranger—a lady—have lost my way—good Heavens! what shall I do? Father——."

The sentence died away in an incoherent moan. By this time the parties had struggled out into the moonlight, and to my dismay I perceived that the woman must be a person of birth and station, whose hurried account of herself was certainly true. Although her features were distorted with fear and anger, they were evidently handsome. Her form, too, seemed graceful, and, indeed, her whole air and appearance were *distingué*.

Evans was intoxicated to a degree which prevented him from perceiving all this. I seized his arm, and attempted to drag him back. Maddened by the wine and the excitement of the race, he stoutly resisted, and, being a powerful man, shook me off at once.

"Are you mad, sir?" said I, "don't you see that you are assaulting a lady?"

"No business of yours, Brantly, so get out of the way—will you?"

"Release the lady, Evans!" I rejoined peremptorily, for the man's impudent obstinacy incensed me. But my companion's evil passions were thoroughly aroused, and, only answering me by a scowl, he grasped the lady more fiercely, and essayed to drag her again into the shadow.

"You villainous blackguard!" shouted I, stung into fury, "won't you listen to me, or will you force me to treat you like a dog—as you are?"

The base creature glared on me for a moment, and then made an effort to knock me down.

But having been angered into soberness, I alertly avoided the blow, grasping my adversary at the same time by the throat. I have said that Evans was a powerful man. Under ordinary circumstances he would have dashed me from him as if I had been a child. But now, impelled by the high moral purpose of rescuing a woman from outrage, I found myself more than a match for the drunken ruffian. After a brief, but fierce contest, I sent him reeling into the ditch.

"Accept my arm, madam," said I turning to the lady, who, in a state of partial insensibility, was leaning with drooping head against the hedge.

Mechanically she complied. I inquired whither I was to conduct her.

"To S—— street," she replied, and then added frankly, and with an effort to recover her self-possession: "my father is Col. Richardson, of Virginia. We have just removed from —— to this city."

"Has your father determined to settle here permanently?"

"Alas! yes," she replied.

"Then, Miss Richardson, I sincerely regret that your first impression of our people is likely to be so intensely disagreeable. Nevertheless, we are *not* all savages I assure you."

"Or there would have been no true knight to rescue a captive damsel from the dragon," answered she, a gleam of humor flashing out from the depths of her dark eyes.

S—— street being near at hand, we soon arrived at Col. Richardson's house. I plied the knocker vigorously, and in a few seconds the door was opened by a tall, fine looking man—rather elderly—who, taking no heed of me, drew my companion in a sort of transport towards him, exclaiming in a hurried, tremulous voice:

"Why, Julia, my love, what has occurred—where have you been? John, Henry, Frederick—the whole household are out in search of you."

confidential tones with the woman whom I adored. But the first lesson we are required to learn in any well constituted society, is—hypocrisy, and so smiling and courteous, I advanced into the midst of the company, and feigning not to observe Miss Richardson and her companion, who were seated in an alcove apart from the main body of visitors, I entered into lively conversation with a maiden lady whom I detested. This person was an invincible gossip, and, therefore, we had not exchanged three sentences before she called my attention to "that beautiful man conversing so sociably with Julia."

"You know him, of course," continued the good creature. "What an air! and what curls! Does'nt he look like that splendid painting of St. John in the hall of the new hospital?"

"Well! madam, he *is* passably good looking, but I confess that I cannot detect the likeness."

Probably my manner expressed a certain degree of pique, for the old lady, with increased volubility, went on to observe:

"The gentleman's name is Signore Buonarotti. I am surprised, amazed, indeed, that you appear never to have heard of him—a distinguished Italian refugee—an ally of Mazzini's, and an intimate friend, I'm told, of Col. Richardson's. They met somewhere in Europe two years ago, and now he comes to the South by express invitation, to take up his abode with the family."

"The family! what family?" cried I, gasping.

"Why, with Col. Richardson and Julia, to be sure," replied my charming informant, waxing more and more communicative, "and oh! Mr. Brantly, do you know I have—my—suspicions." This was said very slowly, and with a desperate effort to look arch.

"Indeed!"

"Yes, sir, and I'll tell you—in confidence—you understand, what they are. I've watched that interesting couple," jerking her prim head in the direction of the Italian and Miss Richardson, "all the evening, and I *rather* think—in fact I'm perfectly clear that those two young people were made for each other, and what's more—that—they know it."

"Upon my honor, madam, your penetration is miraculous!"

"Well, I *have* some knowledge of human nature—that's certain—never was deceived in a case of this kind—never!"

I began to think that the old witch was right.

At all events, her insinuations troubled me. I could not conceal my chagrin, and therefore, after a feeble effort to sustain the conversation, beat an ignominious retreat without having exchanged a single word with the fair object of my regards. What I had heard about the stranger was substantially correct. Col. Richardson had formed his acquaintance in Paris, soon after the overthrow of Mazzini, to whose party Signore Buonarotti belonged. The apparently serene fortitude of the exile, no less than his courtly presence and fascinating address, enlisted the Colonel's sympathies and admiration, and he earnestly requested the Italian, although he knew nothing of his real character, if ever he came to America, to be sure to honor him with a visit. Julia had been with her father at the period to which I refer, and had also become acquainted with Signore Buonarotti. Were they lovers? and had the artful girl only waited the re-appearance of the favored suitor in order to give me a final dismissal? I was so tormented with these surmises that I wandered up and down

the beach like a disconsolate ghost for the major part of the night, and when the next morning I plucked up courage to call upon the Richardsons, there was a general exclamation, as I entered the room.

"Good Heavens! Mr. Brantly," cried Julia with real concern, "how pale you look! have you been ill!"

I muttered something about a night-fever, and sank into a chair thoroughly exhausted. Just then, Signore Buonarotti made his appearance. I think that the circumstance gave me strength. "I have come," said I to myself, "to discover if Julia loves him, and now for a little diplomacy." So, concealing my weakness and agitation by a strenuous effort, I permitted Col. Richardson to introduce me to the Italian, with whom I at once entered into conversation. As I listened to his brilliant, varied, and entertaining talk, my heart sank within me. He appeared to have seen everything worth seeing in the world. His knowledge was unlimited. Presuming this man to be my rival, what were *my* chances against the wiles of such an Admirable Crichton? But then, was I not building up a host of anxieties upon a mere assumption. Perhaps Buonarotti was not even a bachelor. *That* doubt was soon effectually settled.

"Don't you think, Brantly," said Col. Richardson, during a pause in the conversation, "that our friend there, after all the hair-breadth 'scapes, and perilous adventures with which he has been entertaining you, had better settle quietly down in this pleasant quarter of the globe, and do his duty to society, by taking, as the scripture hath it, 'an helpmeet for him?'"

I drew myself up in haughty silence, while the Col. looked towards Julia, as it seemed to me, very significantly. The Italian's eyes wandered in the same direction, and as for the young lady, she blushed in the most charming manner, and feigned to be deeply engrossed with her embroidery. It was all as clear as noonday. Miss Richardson had been indulging her vanity at my expense—breaking an honest heart simply for pastime.

The conviction caused me to summon up all my pride and self-possession. I rose in a nonchalant manner, pleaded an engagement which would carry me into the country for several weeks, and, without deigning to bestow a single upbraiding look upon the faithless Julia, left the apartment—as I fancied, with the air of a prince.

I overrated, however, my own powers of resistance. To leave the neighborhood altogether was a trial to which my resolution was not equal. To refrain from visiting the Richardsons was all that I could accomplish, and even this was a terrible strain upon the will. It is needless to amplify this part of my narrative. I gradually grew calmer and more reasonable. My absurd resolution was abandoned, and after the lapse of a shorter time than I choose to mention, I re-commenced my visits to Julia and her father.

There was something of tender reproach in the manner of the former during the first of these reunions, which wonderfully revived my hopes. Evidently, Buonarotti was in love with *her*, but it was by no means so certain, as I speedily discovered, that Miss Richardson reciprocated his passion. She treated me as she had always done—sometimes with a frankness and cordiality wholly irresistible, and sometimes with chilling reserve.

As for the Italian, he was a perfect puzzle. I could not decypher

the faintest line of his character, or fathom any of his designs. His conduct towards me was marked by the loftiest courtesy—a courtesy which I did not appreciate, and occasionally failed to return.

What did the man mean by that soft, sleek, imperturbable politeness? Were we not rivals, and, therefore, enemies to the death? How I longed to challenge him to some quiet glade in the woodlands, there to settle our claims by the stern lottery of a mortal combat! Thus, the season passed slowly away. Mid-summer departed, and Autumn, with her voluptuous noon-days, and mellow sunsets, and bracing south-west breezes, possessed the earth in the fullness of her ripened beauty. One afternoon in September, (it was the 23d of the month,) I met Miss Richardson at a *soirée*—the last of the season—which was given at the house of a mutual friend.

I had never seen her look so exquisitely lovely. She was the *belle* of the evening. All the gallants crowded around her, and never did woman receive a more profound and sincere homage. The eternal Buonarotti was by her side outshining in grace and courtliness all her admirers.

As I gazed upon him a demon entered into my soul. The accursed Refugee! he was my evil genius, and why should I not make an effort to rid myself of his rivalry forever? Full of this ferocious idea, I withdrew to the outskirts of the company, moodily pondering some plan whereby I might force a quarrel upon Buonarotti, and provoke that issue of blood for which I had so often panted. But it was not thus to be. The enigma of my rival's character was destined to be unriddled, and our pretensions as suitors determined under other circumstances, and in God's good time. Thrice that evening I deliberately committed the folly of attempting to insult the Italian, and thrice I was foiled by his invincible dignity of mien. It did not suit his purpose to quarrel with me, nor did he intend that I should succeed in forcing a disagreeable alternative upon him. So my design was frustrated, and I left the party in the full tide of festive enjoyment, to give vent to my savage humors in solitude.

IV.

Deeply perplexed by the Italian's conduct, and disposed to attribute it to that tortuous policy, which, from the age of Machiavelli, and Cæsar Borgia, has been considered the distinguishing characteristic of his nation, I quitted the house, restless, feverish, impatient, and mounting my horse, dashed along the beach at a wild gallop, now compelling the animal to rush breast-high into the surf, and again spurring him up some heavy hillock of sand, as if bent upon imparting a portion of my own restless torture to the unoffending steed. Riding onward in this hurried, irregular manner, I soon found that I had gone several miles, and was opposite a thin tongue of land—the extremity of "Fashion Island"—upon which a large and well constructed lighthouse had been recently built. I knew the superintendent very well, and as the prospect from the tower was magnificent, I occasionally paid him a visit. He was an intelligent and well informed old man, who had spent fifty years of his life in the Pilot service, and was quite content to end his days in his present lonely position, keeping

bright the flame that was to warn from rock, shoal, and headland the "bonny ships" that sailed across the harbor bar. As I approached the light-house, my attention was attracted by the singular appearance of the moon, which loomed at that moment above the eastern horizon, not silvery, calm, and majestic as is her wont, but, in the exquisite words of Hood, as if

> "The ghost of the late buried sun
> Had crept into the sky."

Or, to make the figure more applicable to the occasion, as if the sun, murdered by foul and stifling vapors that had thronged about his setting, now re-appeared, a bloody and lurid spectre, portending, it was impossible to imagine what, of approaching misfortune.

Giving out a dull-red gleam like the glow of a half-heated furnace, the radiance she cast upon the earth was ghastly and funereal; the very stars shone pale and sickly in the ominous lustre.

I dismounted near the light-house door, and knowing that Ralph (that was the superintendant's name) was, as usual, in the tower, I ascended the narrow and dark stairway towards that "perilous eminence," hoping to divert my thoughts by the grand spectacle of sky and ocean, enlivened, perhaps, by some appropriate "yarn" of the old Pilot's. I found the faithful fellow diligently arranging his light, and so absorbed in the occupation, that he did not remark my entrance. He was muttering moodily to himself:

"A thundering squally night! it'll blow great guns before 9 o'clock, and a hundred and twenty pounders by morning—the Lord help them as gets to windward of the 'Devil's Grip' any time these next thirty-six hours."

"Always prophesying storms, you old croaker!" said I, breaking upon the thread of his soliloquy; "do you think that because the moon looks billious and has these circles around her, that it's necessary to predict a hurricane; can't you curb your extravagance and be content with a moderate gale?"

"Faith! Mr. Brantly," said the old man, gloomily, "I've no sperit for fun to-night; look yonder," he continued, drawing me to the window, "don't you see that dark coppery line there away down to the north-east, dead on the water level? Well, sir, I never see *that* but I know there'll be the devil to play; and listen! do you hear that dull boom? it's the ground swell, sir, and it bodes mischief."

And truly, as he spoke I detected a low, deep, wrathful murmur like the ingathering of innumerable phantom hosts, coming up from the abysses of the sea to do the bidding of the Storm King, who had sent the inscrutable heralds of his approach through the the waste of the dark waters, and upon the fitful and sobbing gusts of the mournful winds. But I was not in the humor to be impressed by these various tokens of the tempest, and so, after questioning Ralph for a few minutes, and receiving only curt and absent replies, I bade him good evening, and rode slowly back to "*mine* inn," which rejoiced in the name of "The Triton."

* * * * * *

Wearied by the pressure of anxious thoughts, I retired early to rest. There are some phases of mental trouble from which there is no escape in sleep. But, then, there are other moods in which the sensibilities, deadened by the reaction from long excitement, instinctively demand repose. In this condition of feeling, I had no sooner laid my head upon the pillow, than a profound slumber crept over me. I

was awakened—I know not at what hour—by a steady, deafening, continuous roar, which resembled the unintermitted discharges of a hundred batteries. I felt my bed rocking and swaying, and heard the rafters of the chamber groaning like the timbers of a ship in the path of a tropic tornado. The great iron bell in the cupola of the hotel, gave out a heavy, irregular, sullen toll, and a stifled hum rose from the stairways and passages of the building, as if a throng of people were passing and re-passing upon them. I rushed to the window, drew aside the curtains, and saw that Ralph's predictions were being fearfully fulfilled. Above, the Heavens were of an inky blackness, a hollow and starless void, through which the hurricane swept like a voice of Doom. No pause, no subsidence in its terrible monotone! But if the sky was utterly rayless, the ocean, which had swept away every ancient landmark, and had already so gained upon the shore as to be within fifty or sixty yards of the knoll on which "The Triton" stood, gleamed with a thousand varying lines of foam, whose white "caps" tossed high into the air, dissolved with magical celerity, devoured by the encircling gloom. Far out, apparently sinking rapidly beneath the waters, the light-house, with its unsteady flame, could be faintly discerned through the thickening mist; but as I gazed the light suddenly went out, and the "blackness of darkness" fell upon the scene.

All this I have occupied some time in describing, but the entire spectacle presented itself to me at a single glance.

My first thought, after the stunning shock of the danger had past, was of Miss Richardson and her father.

Dressing in haste, I left my chamber, and making the quickest progress possible through the crowd of persons who blocked up the corridors, and whose faces were ghastly with affright, I sought the stables, saddled my horse, (who, with the strange warning instinct of danger which we see in animals, was trembling in his stall,) and taking what was called the "back beach," rode rapidly in the direction of Col. Richardson's house.

I succeeded in finding it, but not before I had repeatedly lost the way, and thus consumed much valuable time. The family were up, and, of course, in great alarm. As I entered the parlor in which they were assembled, the Colonel grasped me by the hand.

"My brave boy, how can I thank you? You know this locality well—you have come to show us some mode of escape."

"Yes! or to die with you," replied I firmly.

"I *knew* you would come," said Julia in a low voice, as I took my seat beside her for an instant, and endeavored to brace up my energies for the dreadful crisis. Signore Buonarotti was standing by the window, pale, but quiet and calm as a cast iron statue. Even then, I could not but admire the indomitable courage of the man!

"Have you a boat in the neighborhood of the house Colonel?" I inquired, after a brief silence, during which half a dozen schemes of escape were suggested to my mind, and quickly dismissed as impracticable.

"None! none! The fishing smack I used to moor in the creek was sent to C—— last Wednesday for repair, and as for the ten-oared barge at the Cove, we could'nt manage that."

"And if we could," said I, "it would signify nothing, for the barge is leagues out at sea by this time."

"Great God! what then are we to do?"

"This house," I answered, "is on the highest and firmest portion of the beach. The foundation is of stone, securely laid. The sea may not reach us, and if it does, the building is staunch and will weather it out."

"But suppose the tide completely overtops it?"

I rejoined in a tone of forced confidence, "that that was impossible."

"It seems to me," remarked Buonarotti, who was intently watching the changes of gale, "that *anything* is possible in such a hurricane as this."

"Perhaps," said I with a half sneer, which was inexcusable under the circumstances, "perhaps the Signore has some plan to suggest."

My rival remained silent. I took Col. Richardson aside, and frankly explained to him the nature of our position. We were hemmed in on every side by the ocean, with the exception of a waste of marsh on the south-west, through the midst of which a small creek usually wound its slow course towards the mainland. But beyond doubt, the marsh was flooded tonight, and the creek swallowed up by the encroaching sea. To abandon the house would be to rush on our doom. We were, therefore, compelled to await in quiet the issue of events. Half an hour passed, and I began to imagine that the wind had subsided. It was only a treacherous lull. My secret self-congratulation had scarcely assumed a definite form, when it burst forth with ten-fold fury, not with its former unvarying force, but in gusty spasms more dangerous and fearful still.

It is useless to dwell upon the minutiæ of the scene.

The storm momentarily increased, until it rose to a strength and fury which threatened to hurl the roof tree bodily from above our heads. To have opened a door or window at this juncture in order to examine the advance of the tide, would have been madness. So, with our senses strained to the utmost tension of uncertainty and terror, we sat in silence, biding our doom. An hour—two hours elapsed. Suddenly, above the howling of the wind, we heard the dash of water, sullen and close at hand. Then, through the interstices of the door, and whirling with a hiss to our very feet, the eddies of some wave, more ambitious than its compeers, swept in, as if to apprize us that our fate was sealed.

We abandoned the parlor for a chamber in the second story. There we sat for another hour of horrible suspense, knowing all the while that the implacable tides which girded our place of refuge, were mounting—ever mounting to complete their mission of destruction. We heard them grinding against the stone walls of the basement, and dashing in furious glee athwart the massive posts of the piazza. And now, a mist generated by the heated atmosphere, spread like a miasmic exhalation through the apartment, a mist in which the features of all present seemed distorted and enlarged. The very room appeared widening, and the solid outlines of the ceiling changed into fantastic, shadowy, lowering shapes, suggesting to our startled imaginations the presence of cruel phantoms, who exalted over our agony. I well recollect that at the upper end of the chamber there stood a full-length mirror, which, as the vapors increased, took the semblance of a sheet of sluggish water, over whose dull surface the shades of pallid clouds were passing in weird procession. As I gazed, fas-

cinated by some supernatural spell, the clouds, (I solemnly swear that what I tell you is true—true as the terrible events of which the vision was a symbol and a prophesy) assumed more definite forms, they grew into the palpable and distinct likeness of human figures; and these figures, at first vague and meaningless, gradually deepened into individuality, and I could see, walking as it were upon the sluggish waters, two men, whose faces were averted, but in whose gate and bearing there was something familiar. Slowly the shades of the pallid clouds became black, and threatening, the phantom waves broke into agitation and turmoil, and the figures of the two men, NO LONGER WITH THEIR FACES AVERTED, threw up their arms wildly in the air, and fell struggling and helpless between the ridges of towering billows. I could distinguish no more. The vision melted into chaotic gloom, but the pressing actualities of the drama, in which we were unwilling actors, hastened towards the dreadful catastrophe. We had been driven from the parlor to the chambers, from the chambers we retreated to the attic, and there, despairing, and in the silence of agonizing self-communion, of hopeless prayers for mercy, we crouched and trembled, while the hurricane shouted its mad staves above and around us, and the thunder—crash on crash—pealed a reverberating chorus. So great was the tumult of the mingled and conflicting elements, that we were able to communicate with each other only by signs. At last, one of the windows fronting the east, and most exposed to the violence of the storm, was dashed from its hinges, and the next instant the raging sea poured in upon us. It was no time for conventionalities, and so I seized Julia in my arms, and hurried with her to the back room of the attic. The door, constructed of solid oak planks, was double locked and bolted, but with the strength of a madman I wrenched it open, beckoning to Col. Richardson and Buonarotti to follow me. They did so, and for five minutes longer we managed to keep ourselves above water. But the apartment was rapidly filling. Moreover, I felt that the building itself was giving away. We were irrevocably abandoned to ruin, and the hour of the final anguish had come. I clasped the woman so devotedly beloved more closely to my bosom, and even THEN, at the entrance "of the Valley of the Shadow," I experienced a thrill of the keenest ecstasy as I read in her large, eloquent, hopeless eyes, the secret which for so many weary months I had burned in vain to learn. Yes! she loved me, and with a passion mated to my own, pure as heaven, and "strong almost as death." Would you believe it, that as this blessed conviction flashed upon me, I turned with an expression of haughty pride to my rival, taunting him with a glance of triumph?

The Italian was close beside—nay, literally bending over us, with a look of such vindictive hatred that I shuddered and half rose to my feet.

Just then a strange grating sound, succeeded by several violent thumps against the side of the house, recalled me to a sense of our position. The thumping seemed to proceed from some solid body—possibly the trunk of a tree uprooted by the gale, or a fragment of broken timber.

I stepped to the window, and carefully pushed back the shutter. The room we now occupied was, as intimated before, in the least exposed quarter of the building, so that I was enabled, by the exercise of

the necessary caution, to examine with more minuteness than had hitherto been possible, the condition of things without. The sea was still rising rapidly, but the portion below me, somewhat sheltered from the action of the wind, presented a comparatively calm appearance. The sky had considerably lightened, and the influence of the moon's rays, still struggling and imperfect, imparted to the objects around a dull and ghastly vitality. By the aid of its partial gleams I saw directly beneath the window-sill a small skiff, very sharp in the bows, which had become entangled by some means with the lightning rod, and produced the grating and thumping sounds previously referred to. My heart leaped up at the sight. Here, at last, was a chance of escape—slight, indeed, but definite, and immediately all my constitutional energy and hopefulness revived. The little craft was evidently uninjured; she floated with the buoyancy of a bird, and, what was yet more encouraging, I perceived that neither of her oars (she was a two-oared boat) had been washed away.

When the tide had lifted her nearly to a level with the window, I seized a portion of loose rope which had somehow formed a running knot about the lightning rod, and by which alone she was detained, wound it firmly around one of the low rafters in the roof, and then proceeded to assist Julia and Col. Richardson into her. We were not a whit too hasty. The sea, for several minutes past, had been rushing in irregular streams from the front entrance, and the whole party, excepting Julia, whom we had enthroned upon a pile of chairs placed crosswise against the walls, were waist deep in water.

Buonarotti and myself stepped into the skiff at the same moment. The storm had perceptibly moderated. The solid mass of cloud disruptured, and broken into gigantic fragments, rolled heavily down towards the west. But the same ghostly light enveloped the scene, and like a mighty shroud hung over the face of nature.

Col. Richardson took the helm, whilst I and the Italian assumed each an oar. I severed the rope, and we swung slowly out into the open water.

We had rowed scarcely fifty yards from the house before I felt that I had utterly miscalculated both as to the strength of the boat and the degree of subsidence in the gale. We were in the 'midst of what is called a "chopping sea," and already the skiff had sprung aleak. She could not long live in such a sea—of that I was assured.

However, it was our last chance, and so I worked away with a will, and Buonarotti, though an unskillful oarsman, did the same. All at once, the wind veered suddenly, and sharply round; Col. Richardson lost for an instant the command of the rudder, and both the oars were whirled out of our hands, the shaft of the one I had undertaken to manage, knocking me senseless across the thwarts.

I must have remained for some time in a state of unconsciousness, for upon recovery, the last vestige of land had disappeared, and the boat was laboring far out upon the ocean. Both wind and waves had astonishingly calmed down, and a sickly glimmer eastward proved the approach of morning. Our poor craft was a third full of water, and seemed to be in imminent danger of foundering.

Having noted these things, I glanced towards my companions. Julia, in a fainting condition, reclined in the stern; Col. Richardson and the Italian were busily

bailing with their hats. As soon as my eye fell upon them, I was struck by something peculiar in Buonarotti's motions. While with one hand he continued bailing with frantic haste, he fumbled with the other in the folds of his coat, as if seeking something for which there was instant need.

Thus occupied, he approached Col. Richardson, whose back was turned, lifted his arm rapidly, and struck the old man a fierce blow in the side. The victim fell overboard with a slight groan, rose once more to the surface, presenting a countenance contorted by the death agony, and then disappeared forever, a few dark bubbles on the face of the sea showing where the corpse had sank. The deed was done with the quiet skill and celerity of the practiced Bravo. Julia, thank heaven! saw it not. Under the pressure of terror and fatigue, she had become wholly insensible. The cold sweat broke out upon me, and I shuddered in every limb upon witnessing this atrocious murder. But no leisure was granted me to deplore the fate of another. The villain turned slowly round, and seeing that I was not dead, stared at first in blank amazement, and then, with the same malignant smile which I had once before observed upon his features, deliberately advanced to the boat's bow, where, almost helpless from the blow of the oar, I could with difficulty support myself by clinging to a seat in front.

There could be no mistaking his intent. He paused about half way between Julia and myself, and spoke in a peculiarly low, sweet voice, looking me all the while full in the face:

"Well! my excellent friend, what do you think of our chances now? Slim! are they not? but improved, certainly improved, since the Colonel, (self-sacrificing man the Colonel!) left the boat for our benefit. He was a gentleman of weight, you know—carried a hundred and ninety pounds at least, and although WE may regret his absence, the *boat*, you see, *does not*. Why, the little creature is quite jolly since he took leave of her. But there's some extra weight in her still; more than we need for ballast; the fact is, my *dear* friend, our force is too strong—we are ONE—JUST ONE TOO MANY."

Presuming upon my perfect helplessness, the fiend proceeded in the same vein of diabolical sarcasm, to comment upon the superior chances of escape for himself and Julia so soon as *I* had been disposed of—congratulated me upon the opportunity which was offered to display my devotion, and heroism in the cause of love, and concluded by promising to write my epitaph, and to take the best possible care of *la bella Signora*, for whom it appeared to him that I entertained a manly passion! But God strengthened me in that hour of trial. A fiery indignation rushed through my veins, and, like a penetrating cordial, invigorated the will, energized the relaxed sinews, and braced up the whole system for the terrific contest—the life and death struggle—which was close at hand. I cannot dwell upon the horrid particulars of the strife, but there in the dull gray dawn, on the foothold of a sinking skiff, alone on a waste of sea yet swollen and tumultuous, from the dying throes of the tempest, I grappled with the murderer, his hot breath upon my brow, and his great wolfish eyes glaring into mine with the glare of hell. Twice I felt the cold steel cut into my flesh, and twice the arms of the foe, lithe and sinewy, were twined round me in a deadly embrace, but I conquered—conquered in might of a holy fury,

for the air was thick with the old man's blood, and the one groan he uttered in falling pleaded trumpet-tongued for retribution. I conquered—and as the wretch, riddled with wounds from his own poniard, followed his victim to the deep, another ghastly face looked out upon me from the leaden waters, and the prophecy of the phantom-mirror was fulfilled.

What transpired after this, I know not. They tell me that we were rescued by a homeward bound merchantman, and brought in the the next day to C——. We had both been taken on board insensible, and for many days Julia's life was despaired of. During this period she wandered in delirium, or relapsed into conditions of appalling weakness. But the resiliency of youth triumphed, and when next we met, although her step was unelastic, and her look languid, her glorious beauty was not dimmed. Her eyes, large, brilliant, and expressive as before, shone with even an intenser light. There was something, however, about her whole appearance and manner which created within me undefined apprehensions. But in the sunshine of our mutual love and hope they did not oppress me.

When the allotted period of mourning for her father (the manner of whose death she never suspected) had past, we were married, and soon after I removed to that delightful home among the mountains of which you have heard me speak. There, I spent one year of the purest happiness ever granted by heaven to a mortal. But, suddenly, from the serene sky of our joy, there fell a bolt which struck our household peace, and withered it root and branch. Physically, my wife seemed to have wholly recovered from from the illness engendered by the horrors and the exposure of the storm, but the mind had been fatally stricken. Upon the birth of her daughter, the seeds of the latent disease blossomed into dreadful luxuriance.

Ah! my friend, had she died—had the angels translated her to that country where, we are told, "love becomes immortal," I might for a while have murmured and repined, but the conviction that to her had come "that peace of God which passeth all understanding," would gradually have subdued me to resignation and the quiet of a sacred trust.

Brantly paused, and then broke forth wildly:

"Think of it, Philip! think of it! Picture to yourself the desolation of a wretch who, in the moment of his greatest security, sees his bliss shattered, annihilated—cast like ashes upon the winds! who is forced to behold a being dearer to him than health, youth, life, his second and purer self fall from the heights of reason into such abysses of distorting madness, that he dares not look upon the change. They say that the Deity is merciful—merciful—that we only pay the penalty of sin. I have been wild, and wicked, and disobedient, I know, but, oh! God! do I deserve *this?*"

It was now my duty to soothe him. I attempted to do so: "There is some consolation left you still—your daughter——."

"Yes! my daughter!" he said, interrupting me, with a strange smile, "she is a comfort truly! and yet she has not crossed the threshold of this house for—let me see—aye! for eighteen months. The truth is—it is very natural, I do not blame her—*she prefers her mother's society.* They live together in a certain charming public establishment—no matter where—and I have no doubt are very com-

fortable and happy. But, Philip, I am boring you—let us talk of something else."

I was inexpressibly shocked, and could not trust myself to reply. However, I determined to wean Brantly, if possible, from his dark thoughts, and the moody solitude of his present mode of life.

The experiment was tried, but failed utterly.

Under the influence of a painful fascination, which it is the province of the psychologist to explain, Brantly had sought the scene, above all others, fraught with terrible and mournful memories—had purchased and re-built the house which formerly belonged to Col. Richardson, and there, year after year, continues to brood over the past—a lonely and broken hearted man.

Every season the little community in which he lives increases. But *among* them, not *of* them, the victim of a cruel fatality moves in his own sombre sphere of grief, and is more and more alienated from the world.

I finally abandoned him to his sorrow, which was irremediable, and reflecting now upon the depths of that wo into which our poor humanity is sometimes plunged, I exclaim with the English philosopher:—"*Death we* CAN *face, but, knowing as some of us do what is human life, which of us is it that without shuddering could (if consciously he were summoned) face the hour of birth?*"

SONNET—INFANCY.

Season of smiles and tears—our spring of life!
Resembling much some changeful April day,
Where clouds are chased by other clouds away,
And shade and sunshine are in constant strife;
In thee are centered many hopes and fears,
Full many a heart's desire in thee is formed,
And many a long dead hope to life is warmed
By thy soft pressure that was drowned in tears.
Soon do thy stainless Moments haste away,
And we behold thee ripening into youth;
Thrice blest the mother's heart if now, in truth,
Thy words and deeds her tender care repay.
And thou, to whom these idle lines I write,
May thy dear life, as now, be ever bright.

CHARLEMONT;*

OR, THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

"Charlemont" belongs to Mr. Simms' series of "Border novels." These novels are among the most characteristic of his fictions. They are photographs of the stern and savage, but often noble, features of Western life and manners, drawn, it is evident, from personal acquaintance with the striking traits of those wild pioneer societies, the elements of whose progress are always more or less salient and dramatic. Of this series we think that "Charlemont" is one of the very best. Dealing with the simplest and rudest materials, scarcely transferred for a moment from the limits of a remote country village and its immediate neighborhood—the story dispenses with all adventitious aid, and depends for its interest wholly upon the masterly development of characters rich in their very homeliness, their outspoken vigor of thought, and the demonstrative energy of their action and passion. The heroine, in the development of whose unique and original nature, the author has expended the finest resources of his artistic power, is represented as a girl of comprehensive intellect, passionate feeling, restless ambition, and a culture vastly above the standards of education directly around her. A soaring spirit in circumstances of poverty and isolation, apart from all sympathy and companionship, her imagination is cast towards the great world which heaves and struggles beyond the circle of her daily experience, and she pants to go where Genius may gather trophies, and Beauty compel worship. With a contempt for the society about her, and an eager desire for some opportunity to tear herself from it, she finds consolation only among the lovely, or grand scenes of Nature with which the village of "Charlemont" is surrounded.

Her comrades—or those who, under a different aspect of affairs, would have been her comrades, regard her with envy and aversion, while the elders shake their wise heads, and are divided in opinion as to whether she is merely perverse, or actually demented.

While things are in this condition, two strangers pass by accident through "Charlemont," the younger of whom catches a glimpse of Margaret Cooper (such is the heroine's name), and is so greatly struck with her personal beauty, and a certain air of queenliness and *hauteur*, that he determines to re-visit the village, and make the acquaintance, if possible, of a creature so fascinating. He entertains an ulterior and less innocent design, for the man is a rare villain, and accomplished in the arts of seduction. To enter "Charlemont" in his true character of fashionable gentleman and gallant, would be fatal to his purpose, therefore it occurs to him that the assumption of some crafty disguise is the first necessary step in his undertaking. Fortune determines his choice. While leisurely retracing his steps to the scene of future operations, he encounters one of those honest and simple preachers of the Methodist persuasion, who straightway opens a religious discourse, and demands

*A tale of Kentucky, by Wm. Gilmore Simms. Redfield, New York.

of his fellow-traveller the state of his soul. The question is answered promptly, and much to the satisfaction of the inquirer, who begins to think that he has "snatched a brand from the burning," and naturally feels an instant and immense interest in the poor sinner about to be converted. The sinner gives his name as Alfred Stevens, the parson as Brother Cross. The latter, who, according to the custom of his church, is making "the circuit"—intimates his intention of stopping for some days in Charlemont, to whose inhabitants he is well known, and offers to introduce Stevens as his spiritual *protégé*. Of course the youth consents. "You shall find me a place of lodging, Mr. Cross," said Stevens, "while it shall suit me to stay in Charlemont. You have a knowledge of the people, and of the world which I possess not, and it will be better that I should give myself up to your guidance. I need not remind you that my worldly means are small, I must be at little charge wherever I stop."

"Thou shalt lodge, replied the preacher, "with old brother Hinckley, who is the pattern of good things, and of holiness in Charlemont. He standeth in the entrance like one looking out for him that cometh, and his first word to the Messenger of God is, "welcome!" Thou shalt soon see the truth of what I say unto thee, for even now do we look down upon his house in the very midst of the village."

Brother Cross is received by the Hinckley family with great *empressement*. He mentions his fellow-traveller as one of peculiar spiritual promise, "so that," says the narrator, "the reception of old Hinckley, which had been hospitable enough before, became warm and benignant; and *Brother Stevens* already became the word of salutation whenever the old people desired to distinguish their younger guest." Situated thus comfortably, and treated with the consideration due to his claims as "student of Divinity," Stevens soon finds an opportunity of being made known to Margaret Cooper, whose devoted servant and cavalier he thenceforth becomes. From the first, Margaret guesses his disguise, but unsophisticated, and unsuspecting, tacitly acquiesces in its propriety, and refuses to trouble herself about it. Meanwhile Stevens, a man of equal cleverness, and subtlety of perception, studies her character, and lays his schemes accordingly. They are simple, but effective. He flatters her vanity by paying profound homage to her intellect, and a no less profound but more guarded homage to her personal charms. In one of their earlier interviews, Margaret, believing that she has at length secured a sympathising friend, indulges in this burst of enthusiasm:

"I fancy that I could kneel down and worship the poet, and feel no shame—no humility. It is the only voice that enchants me—that leads me out from myself, that carries me where it pleases, and finds for me companions in the solitude, songs in the storm, affections in the barren desert. How voiceless would be all these woods to me, had *it* no voice speaking to and in my soul! Hoping nothing, and performing nothing here, it is my only consolation. It reconciles me to this wretched spot. It makes endurance tolerable. If it were not for this companionship—if I heard not this voice in my sorrows, soothing my desolation, I could freely die—die here beside this rock, without making a struggle to go forward even to reach the stream that floats quietly "beyond."

The natural grace and dignity of

the enthusiastic girl, adapting to such words the appropriate action, gave to her beauty, which was now in its first bloom, all the glow which is derived from intellectual inspiration. Her whole person spoke. All was vital, spiritual, expressive, animated, and when the last word lingered on her lips, Stevens exclaimed:

"Margaret! Miss Cooper! you are yourself a poet!" "No, no!" she murmured, rather than spoke, "would I were; I am a dreamer only! a self-deluded dreamer."

"You cannot deceive me!" he continued, "I see it in your eyes; I hear it in your words! You are a poet, you will and must be one!"

"And if I were," she said mournfully, "of what avail would it be here? What heart in this wilderness would be touched by song of mine? Whose ear could I soothe in this cold and sterile hamlet? Where would be the temple, who the worshippers? even *were* the Priestess all that her vanity would believe, or her prayers and toils might make her? No! I am no poet; and if I were, better that the flame should go out, than burn with a feeble light, unseen, untrimmed, unhonored,—perhaps, beheld with the scornful eye of vulgar and unappreciating ignorance."

"Such is not your destiny, Margaret Cooper," replied Stevens, "the flame will not go out—it will be loved and worshipped."

"Ah! never! what is here to justify such a hope—such a dream?"

"Nothing *here;* but it was not of Charlemont I spoke. The destiny which has endowed you with genius will not leave it to be extinguished here. There will come a worshipper, Margaret; there will come one equally capable to honor the priestess, and to conduct her to befitting altars." * * * "Oh! speak not so, I implore you, I am afraid you mock me."

"No! on my soul I do not! I think all that I say, more than that, I feel it, Margaret. Trust to me—confide in me—make me your friend. I am not altogether what I seem."

The infatuated girl *does* confide in him, to her destruction. With a Mephistophelean-cunning, Stevens environs her with his toils. He feeds the fire of pride, and of ambition; he encourages her wildest fantasies, and through the mind and its aspirations, attacks the heart. At last he declares himself her lover, and is not surprised to find that his conquest is complete. But the final step in his villainous course must be cautiously taken. Hitherto his wooing has been honorable—or at any rate—his victim is deluded into this belief. She expects to become his wife—to be transferred by him, with tender pride, from the seclusion of "Charlemont," to the circle of fashion and learning, which she knows to be her proper sphere. But Stevens' calculation is different. He soliloquises thus: "Margaret is suspicionless. Never did creature so happily delude herself. What a wild, governless imagination!—She would be a prize, *were it only to exhibit.* How she would startle the dull, insipid, tea table simperers on our Helicon?—nay! with what scorn she would traverse the Helicon itself! Should good old Singalongohony, with a patronizing visage, approach and talk to her about poetry, how she would turn upon the dame, and exclaim: "What! do you call that poetry? What a concussion would follow! How the simperers would sheer off!—the tea that night might as well be made of *aqua fortis.* Ha! I can fancy the scene before me. Nothing could be more rich. I

must give her a glimpse of such a scene. *Her pride and vanity will do thé rest.* If I can delude the woman through the muse, I am satisfied. The muse after that, may dispose of the woman as she pleases."

From this point, the author commences to trench upon delicate ground. Not one writer in a hundred could have managed the succeeding scenes, without either violating the proprieties, or veiling his descriptions with some sort of vapory conventional feebleness, mysterious and unsatisfactory. But the true artist rises with the difficulties of his subject, and thus the ruin of the unfortunate Margaret, while detailed with sufficient minuteness, can scarcely be offensive to any but that fastidious class of readers, whose modesty is questionable from the very intensity of its sensitiveness.

Meanwhile there is an under current of events, and characterization in the story, which we must briefly refer to. Stevens has not accomplished his villainy unwatched. The keen eyes of a disappointed rival have been upon him. This rival is the younger Hinckley, who, without suspecting the extreme nature of Stevens' design, has seen enough to convince him that his sanctity is assumed, and that Margaret has been decoyed into loving him. Jealousy and personal dislike intensify the youth's faculties of observation, and conjecturing that absolute insult would throw his rival off his guard—exasperated moreover by the blindness of both his parents, who continue to doat upon "*Brother* Stevens," no less than by that worthy's undisguised contempt for himself, Hinckley, Jr. embraces the first favorable, opportunity for applying his cane, or cowskin, rather, to the Rev. "Brother's" shoulders, he (Hinckley) having previously been subjected to the same pleasant operation by his own father, because of his want of respect towards the pretended "student of Methodism." A terrible scene ensues. The father raves, the mother is in despair. But through all this, Stevens preserves the consistency of his character. He even pretends to excuse the aggressor, nursing the while a deadly malice at heart.

With a sublime contempt for the rules of the duello, as they prevail in civilized communities, Wm. Hinckley secretly challenged his enemy. The challenge is accepted; but just as the parties are about to fire upon each other, enter Hinckley, Sen. and his wife, accompanied by a Mr. Calvert, the village schoolmaster. The former, a scoundrel as savage as he is sanctimonious—knocks down his son with a crab-stick. "He staggered," the narrative goes on to say, "and fell forward. * * * He lay as perfectly quiet as if all had been over with him. * * * Under this impression the heart of the mother spoke out in mingled screams of lamentation and reproach. "Shame! shame! you bloody minded man, to slaughter your only son—to come behind him, and knock him down with a club, as if he had been an inhuman ox. And for what should you strike him? For a stranger—a man we never saw before—oh, God! he will not open his eyes—he is dead—dead—dead!"

But this is a mistake. William recovers, and, under the auspices of his former tutor, still his firm friend—Calvert—leaves the village, possibly forever. Circumstances occur soon after, which compel "Brother Stevens" to do likewise. But his nefarious plot has succeeded. Margaret is lost. The remorse—the unutterable wo which

follow upon the "fall," rendered doubly agonizing by the desertion of the seducer, is depicted with impassioned and startling force.

"That weary night no sleep came to the eyelids of the hapless Margaret Cooper. * * * In the wild, intoxicating pleasures of that new, strange dream, she had been wholly unconscious of the truth. But now a convulsion of feeling shook her frame. Her eyes remained dry, her cheeks were burning. * * * 'Oh, God!'" she exclaimed at length, "can it be real! Can it be true? Do I wake? Is it a dream? Alfred Stevens, what have you done—to what beguiled me?"

* * * "What a long and dreadful night was that, when Margaret Cooper was first brought to feel the awful truth in its true impressiveness of wo! Alas! how do the pleasures of sin torture us! The worst human foe is guilt. * * * Sickness and pain may prove benefits, if it shall so happen that we resign ourselves to the scourge of the chastener, and to grow patient beneath its stripes. But that self-rebuke of one's own spirit—that remorseful and ever vexing presence which haunts us—which tells clamorously of what we had, and scornfully of what we have lost—*that* is this demon from whom there is no escape—beyond whom there is no torture. Vainly would we strive with the relentless enemy. In the crowd it takes the place of other forms, and dogs us with suspicious glances—in the solitude it stalks boldly to our side, confronts us with its audacious truths and terrible denunciations, and leaves no moment secure, waking or sleeping.

It is the ghost of murdered virtue brooding over its grave, in that most dark and dismal of all sepulchres, the human heart." * * * The many side scenes and personages of interest in this tale, we have not the space to notice here. We will only observe that they are mostly portrayed with skill and effect. The humorous episodes are admirably managed, and the tenacity with which the fanatical villagers hold to the opinion that there is—there *can be* no such monster as a "wolf in sheep's clothing," disregarding in their intensely narrow minded faith—the very evidence of the senses—is presented to the life. The story closes abruptly, as it depends upon a sequel. That sequel is "Beauchamp," the history of a deep revenge—of mighty passions and a fearful consummation.

SONNET.

Timid.

Grief dies like joy! the tears upon my cheek
Will disappear like dew. Dear God! I know
Thy kindly Providence hath made it so,
And thank thee for the law. I am too weak
To make a friend of Sorrow; or to wear,
With that dark angel ever by my side—
Though to thy Heaven there be no better guide—
A front of manly calm. Yet, for I hear
How Wo hath cleansed, how Grief can deify,
So weak a thing it seems that Grief should die,
And Love and Friendship with it,—I could pray
That, if it might not gloom upon my brow,
Or weigh upon my arm as it doth now,
No Grief of mine should ever pass away.

THE SOUTHERN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The fourth number of the Southern Quarterly Review lies before us, affording, we are glad to say, no evidence of decay of vigor, or any impairment of vital tenacity. May it live a thousand years, to show, as it has always done in times past, that the South abounds with ready pens, ripe scholarship, and jealous nationality. We had feared, from the "appeal" on the cover of the last number, as well as from the time elapsed since its appearance, that this lamp also was in danger of being unsupplied with oil, but are happy to see it burning with its familiar brightness. We will glance at a few of its finely printed pages. First, there is a notice, in well merited praise, of Professor Rivers' recent "History of South Carolina," so termed in the Southern Quarterly, but so much more modestly announced by the author as "A Sketch," &c., promising nothing more than he has amply performed. Then we have a very sensible view of "Christian Missions and African Colonization," in which many pregnant suggestions occur. The writer tells us in phrase somewhat irrelevant, that he has "no *sympathy* with the *new theory* of a diversity of races of men," and that although doubtless the negro is a lineal descendant of Adam, yet that "if he shall succeed in the experiment of self-government at Liberia, it will be a practical demonstration of his complete and perfect humanity." Does anybody, anywhere, doubt "the complete and perfect humanity of the negro? Nott and Agassiz, Morton and Virey, hold him to be as much a man as Adam himself. As to the "practical demonstration," suppose he fails at Liberia, as the writer believes he will, is that to be considered as *disproving* his "complete and perfect humanity?" Surely not; and yet it would seem to follow as a correlative.

We are greatly pleased with the manner in which he has presented the contrast between the condition of the free negro, uncomfortable as it may be, in the slave States and his wretched status in the so-called free States. Charleston has always seemed to us the paradise of the free negro. His position, though not lofty, is an assured one, comprising many privileges and immunities, and not only better than that of his fellow everywhere else, but vastly preferable to that of the lower class of any city in America or in Europe.

We shall be disappointed agreeably, if the colonists of color in Africa preserve their own civilization. We have no idea that they will ever have any to spare to the savages around them. Besides this, all the several races—for whether they descended from one parentage or not, they cannot be denied to differ both greatly and permanently in numerous characteristics—all the several races, if they accept any degree of civilization at all, choose their own mode or kind, and have little or nothing in common with the others. French, English, German, Spanish, Hindoo, Turk, and Chinese are all civilized, but how unlike in the peculiar forms and characters which they have given to the process! But we are in danger of being led away by this very suggestive paper. One word more. We are delighted with his earnest and argumentative protest against the revival of the slave trade, and even against its discussion. It is a

topic of evil omen and disastrous import. We repudiate it entirely.

A life of John Randolph comes next. He was a picturesque and interesting person, but by no means to our taste or amiable generally. So we will leave him to his biographer and reviewer.

Then we have a learned account of a new French "Dictionary of Philosophical Sciences." After an instructive history of such works, a discriminative estimate is made of the present, which is recommended to American readers.

The Hon. Preston S. Brooks is the subject of the succeeding paper. The career of this honored and lamented South Carolinian is sketched briefly but admirably; his death so unhappily premature, so unexpected, so sudden—"in his pride, in his honor, in full view of a richer harvest of glory," the going down at noon of a cloudless sun. His chastisement of the calumniator of his venerable uncle and of the State which he loved with a noble ardour, is well descanted on, and justly and carefully characterized. Here we encounter one of those striking instances of popular and public injustice, of which the "records of history are full." The highest and most gratuitous provocation had excited a just and natural resentment, which was indulged in such moderation that it deserves no blame, except on the stringent theory that it must not be indulged at all, that the most reasonable anger must be quenched, and all injuries passively submitted to. The previous admitted gentleness and courtesy of the injured party; his quiet determination seeking no exhibition, and asking no aid; his ready submission to law; his prompt apology to an unreasonably offended, but highly respectable body; his subsequent pacific, docile and gentlemanly course; all these were forgotten, and one howl of rage and denunciation pervaded the Northern atmosphere and resounded from beyond the Atlantic. "*Dat Veriam Corvis—Vexat censura*——." No—we will not finish the quotation. It was no dove, but "an eagle towering in his height of pride," that was "by these mousing owls hawk'd at" *vainly!* All human sympathy already contemns and will forever despise the beaten slanderer, the skulking coward.

We deeply regret that the reviewer should have fallen into such weak and miserable common-place, when he comes to speak of our gallant soldier "as a duellist," or as he milkily phases it "in his connection with the duel." How could he introduce that inapt quotation from Addison, or refer to his mention of the pillory as a punishment for fighting! If so employed it would soon become as honorable as the funeral pile of the martyr or the scaffold of the patriot. It would be glorified by the presence of Hamilton, of Decatur, of Clay—nay, if the expressed will be taken for the deed, of Calhoun and of Washington; of Addison's own countrymen, in our own age, we should have seen elevated in it, Pitt, and Canning, and Brougham, and Peel, and O'Connell, and Wellington himself. If such men yield to the claims of the code of honor as irresistible, who stands high enough to disregard them? Would that we could strike out these pages of wretched "palliation" and *condemnatory apology* from this otherwise excellent paper.

The author of the essay on "The philosophy of Schelling," has dived so deep and come out so dry," as they say in the West, that few will read, and still fewer understand him. We cannot but rejoice, however, at the concluding announcement that the profound German

"has pointed out the way, and shown the precise point in which the grand controversy between philosophy and faith, between Pantheism and Christianity must be brought to its final solution."

The discussion of "the Character of the American People" did not seem to us to present anything new or striking. It is, however, written in a very fair spirit, and its style is unobjectionable.

The next article is a charming lecture upon a very difficult subject, so well handled by Grove, Carpenter, and others—"the Correlation of Forces." It is seldom that a topic obscure and intricate is treated of with such transparent clearness and simplicity; no one can peruse these lucubrations without pleasure and benefit.

A fair and laudatory critique on Motley's admirable "History of the Dutch Republic," closes the number.

It is altogether a strong one, and will bear a favorable comparison with its competiters on either side of the Atlantic. We are glad to see it so well supported intellectually; and if it should be allowed to sink for want of "material aid," we should pronounce the fact to be of evil omen for the literature of the South.

SUMMER AND WINTER.

I.

O! the joyous summer comes with mirth and gladness,
Overflowing measures every brook is quaffing;
Overhead the tremulous leaves are laughing
With continuous glee!
O! the summer hours banish care and sadness,
Health and life and golden treasures bringing;
Perfumed flowers everywhere are springing,
On each spray and bough blithe birds are singing
In wondrous melody!
Gentle fingers now are linked with mine,
As caressing tendrils of the laughing vine
Round rude oaks their tender arms entwine,
Close and lovingly.
On my breast thy pillowed head recline,
Dewy eyes, my love, look love to thine,
Softly wooing thee.

II.

O! wearily the winter rain is falling!
The wailing winter winds are sadly sighing
Over golden summer hopes that now are lying
Fallen, faded, dead or dying.
Dying, one and all!
O! drearily the cawing rooks are calling
From the blasted cypress, sere and withered,
Bowed and broken, tempest shivered,
Near the church yard wall.
Ah, that soft and gentle touch that banished
All my sorrows, dark and drear, has vanished,
Cruel shroud and pall!
Would my worn and weary heart were resting,
Finding surcease there of griefs molesting,
In that quiet grave, with thee, were resting,
Where the shadows fall.

Howard Hayne Caldwell

VICTOR HUGO.

If there be one thing in which the ancient writers differ from the moderns more than another, it seems to us to be this: that while the ancients seem steadily to devote themselves to one particular department, the moderns essay *all*. Thus, Homer is always poet, Herodotus is always historian, Plato is always philosopher. Even in after times, we find very many of the first rank of writers pursuing exclusively some one department, as Tasso, Pope, Shakspeare, Wordsworth, Bossuet, and Calvin; while at the same time, a far larger class of the most illustrious of moderns, have been equally distinguished in several, and after very different provinces, as Milton, Bacon, Voltaire, Goethe, Schiller, Bulwer, and "many-sided" Professor Wilson. In America we have an instance of the most extraordinary versatility in the late Edgar A. Poe. But the scholar will object to these encyclopedical writers, "*non omnia possumus omnes*," and in a different form, men in humbler walks of life will tell us, "a Jack of all trades is good at none." It would be interesting to consider the law which seems to obtain in this particular, for certain it is, that those versatile writers who confine themselves to a *few* branches, always excel their brethren who take wider fields; as Milton surpasses Voltaire, as Goethe surpasses Bulwer. There is another point of view in which this fashion of general writing is to be deprecated, to wit: that men who have unmistakeably brilliant gifts in some *one* department rob the world of great accomplishments by leaving that for which they are qualified, to spend their lives in useless toils at some branch for which they are utterly unfitted. Of all nations in the world, the French can afford the greatest number of versatile writers; but we must say that fickleness on the one hand, and inordinate conceit on the other, will be found to be at the bottom of their eternal vicissitude. Witness Lamartine quitting literature for politics at one time, and at another neglecting his wonderful poetical gifts in order to write "philosophical histories." Behold Victor Hugo, with all his lyric power, wasting his time, debauching his talents in attempting to create what he funnily calls "a Shakspearean drama" in France, or even more stupidly railing at Louis Napoleon. Thus, as we might have expected, Lamartine's "*Chute d'un Ange*" came very near being the "Fall of poet," and Hugo's "*Châtimens*" are but the echoes of this former glorious poetry. In Scribe's play of "*Avant, pendant, et après*" this very thing is admirably hit off, when the shoemaker, who has become a magistrate after the revolution, answers a complaint of one of his compatriots, that "the last shoes you made for me pinched me so I can hardly walk." "Aha!" replies the shoemaker magistrate, "very likely —since I became a magistrate I have rather neglected my awl. I don't make shoes now—I make motions." This fashion of writing on *all* subjects becomes doubly deplorable when a genius like Victor Hugo descends to writing such trash as "*Napoleon le petit*." This fatal error is not confined to Hugo and Lamartine, inasmuch as all literary men in France have been putting themselves forward in all political movements; most of them did little in reality—and the man who

accomplished most, has kept out of all cliques, and has refused steadily to prosecute any of the ordinary means in the way of political advancement. We mean, of course, BERANGER, who has given us an admirable hit at this sort of thing in his song "To my friends who have become ministers." Victor Hugo may thank politics and miscellaneous writing that he is *not* the greatest poet in France, for it is our deliberate opinion that he would have entirely eclipsed every poet in the French language but for his waste of time and talents in the veriest trifles. He has written no Laire, no Cid, no Athalie; his best romance, "Notre Dame de Paris," is rivalled by the Wandering Jew and Consuelo; in general, Paul de Kock and Dumas are more popular, even in France; many writers put Lamartine before him, as poet, and DeVigny rivals him in the drama. Had all his powers been concentrated on any *one* department what a wonderful work might he have accomplished in life!

VICTOR MARIE HUGO was born February 26th, 1802; his father was then a Colonel in the army of Napoleon; his mother a Vendean by birth, and at the time of her marriage with Colonel Hugo a proscribed royalist. Victor was carried with his mother wherever the army moved; thus, as he says himself, "I made the tour of Europe before I began to live." In 1809, the family returned to France, and at the old convent of the Feuillantes, where they took up their residence, he was taught the classics by an old royalist-general, whom Madame Hugo was generously concealing from the police. When his father became a General and Major-domo to Joseph Bonaparte, the family removed to Madrid. After a year's residence in Spain, they returned to the convent, until the restoration in 1814. The difference of political opinions now caused his father and mother to separate. His father now placed him at an institution preparatory to the Polytechnic school. In 1819, Victor Hugo wrote two odes, which he sent to the Academy of Floral fêtes at Toulouse, by which they were both crowned. In 1822 he published his first volume of odes and ballads; Louis XVIII gave him a pension of 3,000 francs, which enabled him to marry the lady of his early choice. In the preface of his "*Feuilles d'aubomne*" in 1831, we find him wandering wide from his "old royalist and catholic ideas," and talking in a very different style of politics and religion. A writer in the Foreign Quarterly for April, 1829, speaks thus of Hugo, in a review of his odes: "M. Hugo is an ardent royalist of a class little understood here (in England). Chateaubriand, in his earlier works, is one of its most brilliant examples, DE LA MENAIS is its apostle; their religion is royalism, God is the king of heaven—the French king, for the time being, is his priest on earth—St. Louis is his principal saint. The principles of Christianity are shown to be the foundation of their monarchy, and their monarchy is proved to be the firmest support of Christianity." Yet, DE LA MENAIS and HUGO have both turned republicans, and DE LA MENAIS has gone to war with the Church of Rome itself! A few years make a vast number of changes.

At first, Hugo was received with acclamations by the royalists; Chateaubriand called him "*L'enfant Sublime.*" In the preface, before alluded to, and in that of "Marian de Lorme," he takes very bold, revolutionary grounds, "my old royalist and catholic opinions have been

swept away by ten years of experience," &c., and as he says in the note dated July, 1853, and prefixed to his "*Poesies*," of all ladders which lead from darkness to light, the most difficult to climb is certainly this—to be born an aristocrat and royalist, and to become a democrat. In 1846, Louis Phillippe, in spite of Hugo's well known opinions, made him peer of France. He was not seduced by his position from his fixed principles, for in two years after his promotion, we find him advocating extreme republican and revolutionary doctrines. After the fall of Louis Phillippe, Hugo was a member successively of the constituent and national assemblies. In 1849, he was President of the Peace Congress. The first attempts of Louis Napoleon were perfectly understood by Hugo, who rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious to the resentment of the future emperor, by his bold and incessant attacks. On the occurrence of the *coup d'etat*, Hugo was obliged to fly to Brussels in disguise, and thence to Jersey, where he has since remained.

1st. POETRY; Victor Hugo has published nine volumes of poems. In nothing does his amazing versatility appear so conspicuously as in his poetical writings. Every species, every form, every modification of poetry appears in these nine volumes; the ode, the love ditty, the romantic ballad, elegy, satire; the pathetic, the descriptive, the tender, the scoffing, the fierce, and above all the melancholy, float through these volumes in unending variety. The first volume of odes —written in his royalist days—is really very tiresome with its royalism, the subjects chosen being so much after one style, as "Louis XVIII," "Re-establishment of the Statute of Henri IV," "Death of the Duke de Berry," "Birth of the Duke of Bordeaux," "Baptism of the Duke of Bordeaux," &c. Many of the other poems in the two volumes of Odes, are really exquisitely beautiful, *summâ laude digni*.

"The Orientals," his next poetical work, comes to us in all the gorgeous hues of siesta reverie—it is richly colored, carefully polished, and contains Hugo's highest flights. "Autumn Leaves," his next book, is in a very different vein; it is a volume of tender, domestic feeling. The poem, "What is felt on a Mountain," has been much noticed in this collection; and, unusual as it is to find high taste and popularity agree as to a certain poem's merit, we are sure that the coincidence in this particular case is perfectly just. "The Songs of Twilight," followed this volume; in this collection, Hugo grows more and more melancholy. Lamentations over the vanished dreams of youth, and cries of pathetic despair as to the future, written in a sort of Ossianic mist, render this book fascinating in the extreme. In common with his preceding poetry, these exquisite lays are profusely loaded with the very richest imagery, and polished into the most harmonious form. "*Les Voix Interieures*," which followed this book, be it said in all candor, is a most stupid affair. As a distinguished critic has said, "Upon the appearance of this volume, the warmest admirers of Victor Hugo stood mute with sorrow and chagrin. His poetic vein seemed exhausted, and France began to deplore the premature decline of her most brilliant poetic star. "It is a chronicle of family afflictions, and we know of nothing so tiresome, except those lengthy, detailed accounts which some elderly ladies delight to give of all their "ailments" and sickness, during a period of thirty years. Hugo's book is unfortunately only too much of the same

order. "*Les Rayons et les ombres*" is luckily, however, Hugo's greatest book; undoubtedly the "*Oriéntales*" contains passages of his highest power, but "Les rayons et les ombres" is much better sustained. These poems are less extravagant, less spasmodic, and far more elaborate than any of his writings whatever; but still they are inconsistent, illogical and contradictory. "Les Contemplations" is a most *French* and Hugoish volume; from good to bad, from sublimely tender to ridiculously inflated—this is "a collection of transitions from the one extreme to the other."

Be it remembered that Hugo's doctrine is, that as we find good and bad side by side in the world, so we are to look for it in literature, and while attempting to prove his theory by placing virtue and vice in the most nauseous contrasts—in his plays and novels—he comes much nearer proving it by the manner in which he writes. We shall notice this peculiarity more at large when we come to speak of his really monstrous, but as really wonderful dramas. "*Les Contemplations*" is a most harrowing book; the principal subject being the death by drowning of his daughter, a bride of six months. The husband of this unfortunate lady would not survive her, but died with her. Of course, Hugo celebrates every possible point of the story; and most of his poems are specimens of the highest extravagance and bathos. The expression is tortured into the most hideous shapes, the *feeling* is usually utterly preposterous, and the larger half of the volume is simply laughable where it was intended to be intensely pathetic. Still, we find here and there an exquisite touch; as, for example, the description of his daughter's affectionate behavior towards himself, which he has never surpassed; but these touches are preciously few and far between. "*Les Châtimens*," written against Louis Napoleon, contains some very fine, and a great deal of very execrable poetry. His versatility appears with perhaps more effect in this than in any of his works. Now, he pours forth a plaintive threnody over some dead republican — now a fierce satire against the perjured emperor—now a wild hymn to liberty, and presently a bitter, sarcastic lampoon on the court and courtiers of "*Napoleon le petit.*" "Hugo never wrote any thing half so fine in all his life, as some *parts* of this volume, but six thousand lines of imprecation are *too much*," says Lamartine. This volume is sometimes very powerful, but oftener extremely undignified and extravagant. Yet, the lines beginning, "*O drapeaux du passé, si beaux dans les histoires*," &c., are superb. Still the vast majority of these poems are the merest rant and fustian.

In attempting to notice the general character of Victor Hugo's poetry, we find ourselves about to undertake an almost impossible task. What does he treat of? Every thing. What style? All sorts and descriptions, from the best to the worst. What does he believe in? Nothing long at a time, and many shades of opinions fill his many books. In despair, we think we hear our reader ask, is Hugo not a man? Yes, verily—and that which *is* characteristic of him, and the only thing *at all* characteristic, is his humanity. He loves nature, and in her materiality and vicissitude, he hears manifold voices telling us of the spiritual and eternal; his warm heart beats responsively to every other man's, he clasps hands with all the species as a brother. Such a variety of machinery is employed, such diversity of subjects treated, such different

opinions defended, that it is scarcely possible that *any* reader will peruse Victor Hugo without going into raptures over some particular volume or poem. His grand historic music, his vivid imagination, his fervent home affection, his scathing satire, his exquisitely sweet romanticism, his bewitching sentimentality, his melancholy halo of pensiveness—some one or more of these will be sure to find an entrance into every reader's heart. If there be one thing in his writings which pleases us more than the rest, it is that vague, dream-like, yet delightful sadness which hangs around many of his poems like a warm, golden hued atmosphere; that

"Joyous sadness which surpasseth joy,"

Pensive and tender, quiet, "most musical, most melancholy," the charm of this peculiar power is as indescribable by words as it is indefinite and pleasing in experience. Memories of half obliterated love, dreams of vanished but once golden hopes, regret, ennui, and visions of the unattainable, these with their many sweet varieties and alternations make up the themes upon which Victor Hugo is the undisputed and indisputable master of the lyre; they are peculiarly and characteristically human; *his* "*Son nom*" is one of these sweet, tender poems of V. Hugo, and although it must of course lose something in translation, we are bound to say that the following version is admirably written, and preserves much of the spirit of the original. It was published in the Dublin University Magazine:

"HER NAME."

A lily's pure perfume, a halo's light,
The evening's voices mingling far above,
The hour's mysterious farewell in its flight,
The plaintive story told
By a dear friend who grieves, yet is consoled,
The sweet, soft murmur of a kiss of love;
The scarf, seven-tinted, which the hurricane
Leaves in the clouds, a trophy to the sun,
The well remembered tone
Which, surely hoped for, greets the ear again;
The pure wish of a virgin heart; the beam
That hovers o'er an infant's earliest dream
The voices of a distant choir; the sighs
That fabulous Memnon breathed of yore, to greet
The coming dawn;—the tone, whose murmurs rise,
Then with a cadence tremulous expire;
These and all else the spirit dreams of sweet,
Are not so sweet as her dear name, oh lyre!
Pronounce it very softly like a prayer;
Yet be it heard the burden of a song!
Ah! let it be a sacred light to shine
In the dim fane; the secret word, which there
Trembles forever on one faithful tongue
In the lone shadowy silence of the shrine.
But oh, or e'er, in words of flame
My Muse unmindful, with the meaner crowd
Of names by worthless Pride revealed aloud
Should dare to blend her dear and honored name
By fond affection set apart
And hidden like a treasure in my heart!
My strain, soft-syllabled, should meet the ear
Like sacred music, heard upon the knees;
The air should vibrate to its harmonies,
As if, light hovering in the atmosphere,
An angel, viewless to the mortal eye
With his fine pinions shook it, rustling nigh!"

There is as yet, no volume of Victor Hugo's poems translated into English. Quite a number of his shorter pieces have been rendered into our language by various hands and with various degrees of success, and may be found in many of the periodicals, but no one has yet undertaken to present him to us as Young gave us much of Béranger, and as portions of M. de Lamartine's poems were published by James T. Smith.

2d. Victor Hugo has published four novels: "Notre Dame de Paris," "Hans d'Island," "Bug Jargal," and the "Last Days of a Con-

demned." Of these, "Notre Dame de Paris," is by far the best; and, we must say, in our opinion the greatest work of modern fiction, Consuelo and the Wandering Jew *not* being excepted. The originality of the entire conception, the graphic power, the nervous eloquence of this work, put it very far ahead of any contemporary writings; be it frankly admitted, however, that the scenes are often most tediously spun out, and all manner of episodes abound. The beautiful Egyptian girl, Esmeralda, the amorous and inconsistent Claude, the frightful dwarf, Quasimodo, the foolish Captain Phoebus, and, above all, the grand old Cathedral of Notre Dame, which seems almost to be alive, and instinct with personality, Louis XI, the Court, ancient Paris, painted in the richest colors, present to our minds in reading this extraordinary book, the bewildering fascination of some gorgeous series of dissolving views. Well might the historian Michelet, when he wished to pay Victor Hugo the highest compliment, call him "the mighty master who has made Notre Dame his own."

"*Hans d'Island*," says Vericour, "is a monstrous creation in the form of a romance." It may be, however, due to charity to state that this extraordinary production was the work of Hugo's youth. The hero of this tale is a nondescript, with some human qualities, but with many more of the traits of a brute. His terrible strength, his life in solitary caves, his hideous appearance, his fondness for blood, all of which are fully exhibited in the most unnatural and revolting of plots, render this volume, indeed, a "tale of terror." It is a monstrosity which we would advise all readers who have any regard for their nerves, to let alone. It is extravagant, fantastical, and often disgusting.

"*Bug Jargal*" is written in the same nervously vigorous style, and all its eccentric characters are drawn with great power, and, we may say, with a kind of grotesque novelty which is fearful and yet of that sort that "we cannot choose but hear." The scene is laid in Hayti, during the insurrection of the negroes. Bug Jargal's devoted friendship, his noble spirit of self-sacrifice for the sake of his friend, Captain D'Auvernay with the impenetrable melancholy and unchanging lamentations of the Captain redeem in some degree, the extravagant absurdities of the rest of the plot and characters. Habibrah is one of those hideous monsters in mind and body which so much delight V. Hugo; Habibrah is an Obi, buffoon, sham Catholic priest, who ridicules all the services of this Church, an assassin, a dwarf—and in one word, a "first class horror." The descriptions in this book are amazingly picturesque, and the splendor of the diction, the richness of the imagery unsurpassed by any thing, even of Victor's best writings.

From "*Bug Jargal*," we select for translation, Captain D'Auveray's account of his struggle with Habibrah on the brink of an awful precipice. "I cannot tell you how mournful was this cry of terror and suffering. I forgot all; it was no longer an enemy, a traitor, an assassin, it was an unhappy wretch whom a little effort on my part could save from a frightful death. He implored me so pitiably. All words, all reproaches had now been useless and ridiculous; the need of assistance appeared urgent. I lowered myself, and kneeling along the brink, with one of my hands resting on the trunk of the tree, the root of which supported the unfortunate Hibibrah, I extended him the other. As soon as it was within

his reach, he seized it with both hands with a prodigious force, and far from aiding me by raising himself, I felt that he sought to drag me along with him into the abyss. If the trunk of the tree had not afforded me so firm a support, I would have been assuredly torn from the brink of the precipice, by the violent and unexpected jerks of this miserable creature. "Villain!" I cried, "what are you doing?" "I avenge myself," replied he, with a ringing and diabolical laugh. "Ah! I have thee at last! Fool! thou hast delivered thyself up. Thou wast safe, I was lost, and thou enterest willingly the mouth of the crocodile because it has sighed after having roared! I am consoled by the thought that my death is vengeance. Thou art taken in the trap, and I shall have a human companion among the fishes of the lake!" "Ah, traitor!" cried I, "what sort of recompense dost thou give for my attempt to rescue thee from thy danger?" "Truly," replied he, "I know that I could have saved myself with thee, but I prefer that thou should'st die with me. I desire thy death more than my own life. Come!" At the same time his hands, bronzed and hard, contracted upon mine with unheard of power, his eyes sparkled, his mouth foamed, his strength, of which he had so mournfully lamented the loss a few moments before, had all returned to him, hightened by rage and revenge. His feet fastened like two claws on the sides of the precipice, and he bounded like a tiger on the root, which, becoming entangled in his clothes, held him up in spite of himself; for he had wished to break it, in order to throw all his weight against me, and drag me more speedily into the chasm. At times, he interrupted the frightful laugh that disfigured his face, to bite the root furiously. One might have said that the horrible demon of the chasm was trying to drag down his prey into his palace of immeasurable abysses and impenetrable shadows. One of my feet was luckily fastened in a fissure of the rock, my arm was wrapped around the tree which supported me, and I struggled against the efforts of the dwarf with all the energy which the sentiment of self-preservation can give at such a moment. From time to time, with great pain, I raised my breast, and called with all my strength, Bug Jargal! But the tumult of the cataract and the distance left me but little hope that he could hear my voice. Meanwhile, the dwarf, who had not expected such resistance, redoubled his furious jerks. I began to lose my strength, notwithstanding this struggle had lasted a much shorter time than it takes me to relate it. An insupportable pain almost paralized my arm; my head grew dizzy, pale and confused glimmerings crossed my eyes; a ringing filled my ears; I heard the creaking of the root which was ready to break, the laughter of the monster ready to fall, and it seemed to me that the yawning gulf approached nearer to me.

Before giving up all to weakness and despair, I tried a last call; collecting all my sinking powers, I shouted once more, Bug Jargal! The barking of a dog answered me, I knew it was Rask; I turned my eyes;—Bug Jargal and his dog were on the border of the gap. I do not know whether he had heard my voice or had been led hither by some uneasiness for me. He saw my danger. "Hold fast!" cried he. Habibrah, fearing my rescue, cried, foaming with rage, "Come, then! come! and gathered for the final struggle the remainder of his supernatural strength." At

this moment, my arm being wearied out, let go the tree. It was all over with me, when I felt myself seized from behind; it was Rask! At a sign from his master he had leaped from the gap to the platform, and his mouth held me powerfully by the skirts of my coat. This unexpected assistance saved me. Hibibrah had consumed his strength in his last effort, while I recalled mine to free my hand from his. His fingers, numbed and stiff, were compelled to loose their grasp; the root, so long tried, broke under his weight; and while Rask was dragging me backwards, the miserable dwarf was swallowed up in the foam of the cataract, even while throwing back maledictions against me, which I heard not, but which fell with him into the abyss."

"*The last day of a Condemned*," we must confess, is not much to our taste. Hugo's inveterate love of the extravagant, *bizarre*, and ultra-sentimental displays itself, at full size in this volume. It is written against capital punishment, and the excitement produced by public executions; and we are sure that no *sentimentalist* even, can deny that the tendency of this book is evil. While the book itself is merely morbid, it still prepares the way for, and what is more, a *desire* for more of such terrors; which is a state of taste and feeling equally to be deprecated in morals and in literature. The whole volume is as deeply incarnadined with morbid sentimentalism and bad logic as the "Sorrows of Werther" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

3d. In the Dramatic line, Victor Hugo has written seven *dramas*, most of which have attained very wide-spread fame; and which will rest, for their appreciation and popularity, on very much the same ground as his romances. "*Marion de Lorme*" is usually regarded as his best Drama, but we suspect that his moral (?) in this play will scarcely become popular, at least in this latitude; for it is no less than this, that Marion, (the celebrated courtesan of the time of Louis XIII,) who is a Demon in the first act, becomes an angel in the fifth, solely through the magic of getting in love! This play has been elaborately analyzed and puffed by the French critics of every calibre, from the newspaper scribblers up to Saint Beuve, but in spite of all this eloquence, it really seems to us that this plentiful argument might as well have been employed in defence of Paul de Kock's morality or Soulie's reasoning. That we should pity an unfortunate woman who has fallen and sinned, is not only natural, but absolutely a Christian duty, when she repents; but to hold up a vile prostitute as purified by falling in love, and *therefore* worthy of admiration, is as shocking to our moral sense as it is in open contradiction to all history. Mark you, he does not even pretend that she was an innocent, but slandered woman; she is represented as quite evil enough at the opening of the play; but in the end, she falls deeply in love—a courtesan in love! and thus she becomes purified! From first to last, the volume is, as to history, entirely *fiction;* and we do not wonder that it was interdicted—before the "admirable revolution of 1830." One of the most ingenious apologists for this play says, in concluding his sketch of it, "The conclusion of the drama moves to pity and sympathy, and leaves on the mind a wholesome impression of the beauty of virtue, showing how difficult it is for subsequent contrition and atonement to remove the stigma of vice. Still, the fitness of such a character as Marion de Lorme, to become the heroine of a

piece, may be doubted; much difference of opinion exists on the point, and *a great deal may be said on both sides of the question!*" We opine not.

"*Hernani*," we are inclined to regard as Hugo's best play; it was all the rage in Paris when it first appeared, and astonished the critics, while it delighted the people. Like all the rest of Hugo's writings, there is very little regard shown to rules of composition or even grammar itself, and not the slightest care as to historical accuracy; with less, perhaps, of his usual rant and extravagance, and with occasional passages of the greatest merit. From Lord Francis Egerton's admirable translation, we select the following scene, between the lovers, in the fifth act.

Donna Sol.—Dearest! at length they leave us. By yon moon
It should be late.
Hernani.—And can it come too soon,
The hour that frees us from the listening crowd,
To breathe our sighs, so long suppressed, aloud?
Donna Sol.—The noise disturbed me. Must we not confess
Rejoicing stuns the sense of happiness?
Hernani.—'Tis true; for happiness is kin to rest,
And writes its lessons slowly in the breast
When busy pleasure strews its path with flowers,
Or breaks the silence of its quiet bowers,
It flies; and if it smile, its smile appears
Far less allied to laughter than to tears.
* * * * * Why should I bear in mind
The tattered garments that I leave behind?
In mourning to my palace I repair,
An angel of the Lord awaits me there.
I bid the fallen column's shaft aspire;
On my ancestral hearth I light its fire;
I ope its casements to the wind, which sports
'Mid the rank herbage of its grass-grown courts;
I weed the herbage from the creviced stone,
And seat my house's honor on its throne;
My King restores me to my ancient right,
My seat in council and my crest in fight.
Come, then, in blushing beauty, come, my bride
Lay the sad memory of the past aside;
That past is all unsaid, unseen, undone;
I start afresh, a glorious course to run.
I know not if 'tis madness fires my heart,
I love you, I possess you—and am blest!
Donna Sol. * * * * One little moment, to indulge the sight
With the rich beauty of the summer night.
The harp is silent, and the torch is dim,—
Night and ourselves together. To the brim
The cup of our felicity is filled.
Each sound is mute each harsh sensation stilled.
Dost thou think that, e'en while nature sleeps
Some power its amorous vigils o'er us keeps?
No cloud in heaven;—while all around repose,
Come taste with me the fragrance of the rose,
Which loads the night-air with its musky breath,
While all around is still as Nature's death.
E'en as you spoke—and gentle words were those
Spoken by you,—the silver moon uprose;
How that mysterious union of her rays
With your impassioned accents made its way
Straight to my heart! I could have wished to die
In that pale moonlight, and while thou wert by!
Hernani.—Thy words are music, and thy strain of love
Is borrowed from the choir of heaven above.
Donna Sol.—Night is too silent, darkness too profound.
Oh for a star to shine, a voice to sound—
To raise some sudden strain of music now
Suited to night!
Hernani.—Capricious girl! your vow
Was passed for silence, and to be released
From the thronged tumult of the bridal feast.
Donna Sol.—Yes; but a bird to carol in the field,—
A nightingale, in moss and shade concealed,—
A distant flute—for music's strain can roll
To soothe the heart, and harmonize the soul,—
Oh! 'twould be bliss to listen!"
[*Sound of a horn in the distance.*]

This hour brings on the catastrophe, which, although wild

enough, is not near so extravagantly arranged as most of Hugo's *finales*.

Of "*Cromwell*," we will only say just now, that it is not so strained or fantastical as most of Hugo's writings, although openly at war with all taste, criticism and history. We shall speak more at large of the preface to this play, in a future article, in which we will discuss and review the controversy between the "Classic and Romantic" schools of France. The Drama itself does nothing at all in the way of establishing the romantic-school doctrines of the preface; it being the flattest and purest of Hugo's writings. His other four Dramas, "*Le Roi s'amuse*," "*Angelo*," "*Marie Tudor*" and *Lucrèce Borgia*" are utterly unfit to be either read or acted. History, in its plainest statements, is set at naught; taste, even decency constantly violated, all rules of criticism and composition transgressed, and for what? Simply as part of an attempt to prove his favorite doctrine, that the more a contrast is hightened, just to that degree is interest awakened and kept up; in a word, that the grotesque and monstrous, in their most fantastic or hideous forms, are the surest appliances in order to show virtue, truth and excellence in *their* full glory. In "*Le Roi s'amuse*," Triboulet, the deformed, disgusting buffoon and pander to the king's vices, is invested with the most exalted parental affection? Lucrezia Borgia, though a confessed poisoner, adulteress and first-class tigress, is glorified by all the exquisite tenderness and solicitude of maternal love! Marion de Lorme, with all her prostitution and vices, becomes a saint, because she falls in love! The imaginary amours and infidelities of Marie Tudor are to highten the little good in human nature, and by contrast, the abundant villainies and appalling vices of "*Angelo*" to illustrate the claims of virtue and the rarity of chastity and honor. The strangest part of the whole business is, that these works have been, and still are, immensely popular in France. Grossly offensive to all good taste, radically opposed to every precept of Christian morality, and in the face of the plainest facts of history and the best-founded rules of criticism, and even *decency* sometimes, it does seem that the writers of the "*convulsive school*" imagine that in getting rid of the "everlasting unities,"—as Hugo calls them,—they were entitled to dismiss all regard for the proprieties alike of literature and society. We are not taking up the quarrel for the "classic" school; we are well aware that Corneille and Racine were cramped by its requisitions, and *a fortiori* that the minor writers of the school were worse off; we know that they committed a great blunder in giving up to the "unity and Aristotle" doctrine. As Carlyle says of Voltaire's idea of poetry, so say we of the classic school: "A tragedy, a poem, with him, is not to be a manifestation of man's reason in forms suitable to his sense, but rather a highly-complex egg-dance, to be danced before the king, to a given tune and without breaking a single egg." But this convulsion school, consisting of Balzac, Soulié, Paul de Kock, Madame Geo. Sand, Jos. de Lorme, (St. Beuve,) Sue, Janin and Hugo, with their many imitators, choose for their subjects, and elaborate into the most fascinating works, adorned with the richest imagery and the most profusely ornamented and nervously-eloquent style, the terrible, the loathsome, the blood-chilling. Church-legends, German stories, dark feudal castles, the charnel-house, the grave, the guillotine, parricide, incest, assassi-

nation, robbery, arson, rape; chambers where drunkenness and lust are revelling, damp graves whereon impious despair sits wailing aloud, the deserted and desolate fireside, which is polluted by some crime against nature, deformed and hideous dwarfs, guilt-besotted criminals with some delectable remnant of a human feeling—a half-virtue with a thousand positive enormities, prisoners, panders, female demons, pirates, wizards, ghosts, and all the terrors of a dyspeptic dream fill the volumes of this school, in every imaginable distortion of plot and in the wildest confusion. This is all to show virtue beautiful! says Hugo; arguing very much after the manner of one who, in order to prove that almonds are not poisonous, would give you nux vomica! With this school of writers religion stands very much in the condition of poor Rabelais,"—"a great Perhaps;"—that is to say, when it is not openly scoffed at and ridiculed. As a corollary, the state of *female* perfection is, of course, a critical one. For instance, what manner of women does Hugo choose? Marion de Lorme, Marie Tudor, Lucrezia Borgia, all of whom are little less than fiends, according to his own showing. Truly has it been said, "as no society can be pure in which the women are not chaste and holy, so no book can be moral in which the delineations of female virtue are vicious." In France, doubtless, where women mix, and have always mixed, in politics, with the sterner sex, there have been very bad women; but while she has had her Catherine de Medicis, Ninon de l'Enclos, Pompadour and DuBarry, she has also had her Jean d'Arc, her Roland, her Josephine, DeStäel, Campan and Sevigné. This, of course, Victor Hugo knew perfectly well; but, like his treatment of all other facts of history, he invariably ignores whatever does not precisely suit his purpose.

All this is more to be regretted, inasmuch as Hugo is a great artist, with a magnificent imagination, and seems above all, to be earnestly *at work*, in what he fondly imagines is to be the purification of society and the improvement of literature. But as we have said, the so-called *morals* of his works are usually bad, the excitement morbid, and altogether most likely to produce a vitiated taste with lax ideas of morality and little regard for religion. Of all his romances and plays, a single exception in each department respectively, "Notre Dame de Paris" and "Hernani," we must say, will be the entire extent of our recommendation to the generality of readers, as works fit to be perused. The excitement which invariably follows the perusal of his writings is too great. For whenever literary excitement extends beyond that healthful, stimulating interest which vivifies the words and impresses the meaning of the author, it becomes equally as dangerous in its way, as with the physical man the injudicious and constant use of stimulants will be certainly productive of disease and death. But the French people, after suffering with terror from the hideous extravagancies of Crebillon, soon learned to laugh at them; and although they have certainly had abundant time to recover from their alarm at the frightful pictures drawn by the "convulsive school," we see, as yet, no indications of the wish to laugh at *them*. The writers of this school have set themselves free from the trammels of the old classic school, and among other things, inasmuch as the *Tragedie* was Christian, of course the *Drame* is to be quite otherwise. (Here be it observed, that the French word *drame* has not the

meaning of our word Drama; the *drame* is opposed to the *tragedie*,—the *drame* is democratic, the *tragedie* monarchical; the *drame* is the pet of Young France, is go-ahead, and anti-christian, the *tragedie* belongs to the old fogies, is conservative and religious.) The *tragedie* preserved its *christian* element not only in Corneille and Racine, but even in Voltaire himself,—who admits, as to "Laire," that he used the poetic of Christianity; but the *drame* is full of hits at the church, the clergy, religious people, and even religion itself. Victor Hugo glories in the revolution of 1830, "the admirable revolution of 1830," as he calls it. Could any *Christian* man do so? For, as the most casual observer may see, whatever of religious good *seemed* to have been attained during the restoration, was all swept away. During the restoration, churches had been filled, France appeared to be returning to religion, Chateaubriand had been answered by the christian voices of Guizot, Salvandy and others; when lo! the "admirable revolution of 1830" came, and, as St. Chamans tells us, the clergy dared not appear in their costume, the religious people dared not go to midnight mass, judges were threatened while discharging their official duties, voters were in imminent peril of life and limb when approaching the ballot-box; robberies, assassinations and brawls became frequent, commerce languished, and national prosperity was followed by bankruptcy!—Keine, writing from Paris, in 1831, speaks thus of the dances which were popular at that time: "The foreigner who possesses a just idea of this fearful type, or even an approximate notion thereof, will then comprehend these indescribable dances, these *danced* (not acted) mockeries, that throw ridicule not only upon the relationships between woman and man, but upon all sorts of social relationships, upon whatever is good or fair, upon every kind of enthusiasm, upon patriotism and fidelity, upon probity, good faith, the holy bonds of family union, upon heroism, religion—upon everything, in short. I cannot help the unspeakable sadness that seizes me when I mark the Parisian people *amusing* themselves in their habitual resorts. I declare that I was almost *terrified* the other night, at one of the *fêtes* given at the *Opera Comique*. * * * But how to describe the final *galop*, heralded in by the blare of its trumpets, setting in movement the whole crowd of human creatures! The devilish row was at its height of madness; one would have thought that the ceiling would fall in, and that by the rent in the roof, all the infernal assembly would fly off upon broom-sticks, upon fire tongs, upon pitchforks, upon huge wooden ladles, or upon men-faced goats or goat-faced men; and that, mounted upon the vile instruments of locomotion of the Witches' Sabbath, they would vanish with cries, shouts and blasphemous vociferations." These were some of the glorious privileges secured by the "admirable revolution of 1830;" but we had almost forgotten to state, perhaps, a greater result, to wit: "Marion de Lorme," which had been under interdict before the revolution, now was performed and became a "rage" immediately.—This is, doubtless, Hugo's reason for calling the revolution "*the admirable*."

Alison, writing from Paris, in 1833, says that of the population of the city, about 60,000 or perhaps 80,000 attended to their christian duties, while the remaining 800,000 were infidels or careless; shops were open on Sunday, work going

on as usual, carts running, and people as busy as in the week, until two o'clock, when all business ceased for *amusement* to begin; operas, balls, concerts, &c. being more numerously attended than on any other day. And these, too, are the glorious results of the "admirable revolution."

"If," says the excellent Salvandy, "its literature is to be regarded as the expression of its natural character, not a hope remains for France. It is stained with every species of corruption, its fundamental principle is to attack every sentiment and interest of which the social order is composed. You would suppose that it was resolutely bent on restoring to France all the vices which it had imbibed at the close of the last century. A sort of dogmatic cynicism has invaded all its departments. If, on the strength of a name of celebrity, or the daily eulogies of the press, you venture to a theatre, you see repeated scenes where the dignity of one sex is as much outraged as the modesty of the other."

There is no doubt that under Louis Napoleon, France has exhibited unwonted intellectual activity. But this we are inclined to regard as the *conclusion* of what was begun under other *règimes*. Certain it is, that the recent literary indications are good; and devoutly is it to be hoped that the Imperial government will check the extravagance of the romantic-sensualist school of Sue, Hugo, De Kock and Dudevant; and that future French literature may be after the models of Cousin, Villemain, De Tocqueville, and above all, Lamartine.

HOPE.

Oh loveliest Hope! thou star of promise given,
To light our pathway where 'tis dark and drear,
To raise despairing souls to God and Heaven,
And with thy beams the mists of doubt to clear.

Without thee, Hope, oh! where would be our gladness.
How could we travel on to certain doom?
We would sit idly down in weary sadness,
Nor strive to pierce the future's shadowy gloom.

Thy soft rays brighten every cloud of sorrow,
Which casts its shadow o'er our onward way;
Thou bid'st the heart look for a bright to-morrow,
Fairer by contrast with the dark to-day.

Thou dost support the soul, when slowly sinking
In Death's embrace, the parting hour draws nigh;
When joy and grief in close communion linking,
We feel, without thee, it were hard to die.

Yet, it is only in this brief existence,
Thy radiant smiles the drooping heart can cheer;
Soon shall we pass into the future's distance,
Soon shall the spirit's mysteries all be clear.

There, when we need no longer thy tuition,
Thou shalt forever vanish from our gaze;
And in the fulness of our glad fruition,
Our Hope shall change to songs of ardent praise.

SUCCESS IN THE WORLD.

By success in the world, men generally understand the amassment of a fortune. *How* this fortune may have been made is a matter of minor importance. Only let the public be convinced that it is a "fixed fact," a thing solid and tangible, founded upon good bank or railroad stock, and the paths, however crooked by which "the success" has been gained, are not likely to be subjected to very strict scrutiny.

There are *three* distinct roads to worldly emolument, the proportion of whose popularity may be *graded* thus: First, the devious lane of downright chicanery; second, the macadamized semita of *tact*, and third, the highway of will and "genius wedded to integrity." A really clever rogue—despite the numerous sage maxims to the contrary—usually "comes to preferment." We are, of course, shocked at his improprieties so long as his rise is doubtful, but at each additional step upward, we feel our confidence returning, until at last—the pinnacle of success being attained—we discover that our friend, who invites us to his dinner parties and *soirées*, has been a much slandered individual, and we take care to inform our skeptical acquaintances, who still continue to shrug their shoulders, that it is the sad fate of merit to be envied.

Maria Edgeworth illustrates the sententious old "saw" (honesty is the best policy,) by a tale of two Italian fish boys, who act systematically upon the opposite principles of truth and falsehood. The upright is "showered upon of fortune," while his scapegrace of a companion, sinks from depth to depth of ruin, settling finally at the bottom of the Bay of Naples. But the rascal here represented is little better than a fool, all his deceptions are transparent, all his lies barbarous and inartistic; therefore his case is not in point, and establishes nothing. It is your shrewd rogue, who understands mankind, and whose self-confidence is imperturbable to whom the world opens like an oyster yielding to the keen edge of his dexterous wit. Such, we say, seldom fail. They slide along to their purposes with an eel-like sinuosity and swiftness of motion. Their manœuvres are too silent and slippery to place them within the clutches of the law. They defy detection, and can never be captured. Theirs is a sort of underground rail road system of fraud, immensely profitable in the long run.

Of *tact*, that oily and accommodating faculty so often mistaken for talent, and even genius, it is important that we should have a definite idea. The man who possesses this quality of mind in perfection, is the epitome and the mirror of his time. He respects all its tastes and prejudices. He is neither behind nor in advance of the current opinions of the day, but walks arm in arm with the age in pleasant and familiar companionship. The sense of his own individuality is intense. He is cautious to say nothing, to do nothing, without a previous rapid calculation of its probable bearing upon his prospects. His deportment is supple and deferential. He never contradicts, or suffers his equanimity to be disturbed by the discussion of abstract questions. Always courteous, and with a keen perception of the weaknesses of others, he rides every man's

hobby to *his own* particular ends, and forces from his superiors even an unconscious contribution to his advancement. Vigilant, quick, untiring, he takes "the tide of his affairs" at the flood, and floats cosily upon summer waters to a land of fatness and plenty. To truth for herself, and because of the "exceeding glory of her stateliness and beauty," he is utterly indifferent. Upon the ice-points of his hard, cold selfishness, the light of all that is lovely and poetical glances chillingly aloof. He is the sternest of utilitarians, a hundredfold more of the "earth, earthy," than many a benighted heathen for whose conversion he offers up his pious petitions every Lord's day. He is everything to all men, and feels that he was created for the world, and the world for him. As Hazlitt has tersely expressed it, "his mind is a complete blank upon which the world may write its maxims and customs in what characters it pleases; he has only to study its prejudices, flatter its humors, and take advantage of its foibles; while walking the streets he is not pre-occupied with solving an abstruse problem, but with considering his own appearance, and that of others; he assents to all he hears, is said to possess great penetration and knowledge; understands his place in society, gets on in it, rises from the counter to the counting house, from the dependent to be a partner, amasses a fortune, gains in size and respectability as his affairs prosper, has his town and country house, and ends by buying up half the estates in his native county."

Of the third class of men, who succeed by the exercise of will, and overmastering ability, it is not necessary to say much. Their merit is patent, their reward deserved, their position ennobled by heart-homage, and not merely gilded with the adventitious tinsel of wealth or office. We cannot imagine a more happy and honorable position than that of the man who, armed in the panoply of truth and uprightness, has, through the resources of a vigorous brain and indomitable purpose, beaten down all the barriers to his triumph, and stands at last the centre of a realized world of noble and liberal ambitions. The mere tactician will boast "avec l'air d'un Romaine qui sauve sa patrie" of the difficulties he has encountered and overcome, and feelingly allude to "scorn and spurns" "which patient merit of the unworthy takes," but though his self-satisfaction may "overtop Olympus," can it be comparable to that genial and expansive conviction of a victory gained without fear or favor, unaided by cringing meanness or hypocritical servility?

Of all the blessings attached to high intellectual superiority, its inherent power of independent action, of accomplishing its ends by the exercise of its native energy and insight, with no need of the props of patronage and the "lacqueyship of the great," is surely the most distinctive and the most enviable.

Let genius be placed in an age and country where rank is superior to mind, and although it may bow to the iron necessity of playing the courtier, it is with an intolerable inward chafing, a haughty reserve of dignity, which mars its chances of preferment, while many a smooth and oily trickster, many a man of *tact*, sails into a safe harbor, and is wedded to fortune for life. Probably it was owing to some such reason as this that Spenser wasted so much precious time to no purpose at the court of Elizabeth. How the iron entered into his soul, the following passionate burst of indignation, mingled with the bitterness

of self-contempt, sufficiently demonstrates:

"Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,
What hell it is in suing long to bide;
To loose good dayes, that might be better spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow;
To have thy Prince's grace, yet want his Peere's,
To have thy asking, yet wait many yeeres;
To fret thy soul with crosses, and with cares,
To eate thy heart, through comfortless despaires;
To faune, to crouche, to waite, to ride, to runne,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne."

AURORA LEIGH.*

This work, professing to be the most elaborate and mature production of its authoress, is generally received by the critics and the reading world at large as an autobiography. If it is—if the heroine represents the veritable Elizabeth Barrett Browning—then is she most unlike our cherished ideal of the fair poetess. Tender, shrinking, delicate, a little pedantic, but truly womanly, these were the adjectives we imagined to be applied to her; well in keeping with the shadowy figure, wistful eyes and waving curls which appeared every now and then among the pleasing reminiscences of wanderers to Florence. But Aurora Leigh is only a strong-minded genius of these woman's right's days, roaming alone into places full of "sights and sounds unholy," and over half the continent, picking up stray women and children, and ready to do all sorts of conspicuous things in all sorts of conspicuous places. We have also heard it boldly asserted that in these pages is to be seen the revelation of woman's inner life and nature. Heaven forbid! We shudder to think that we may be unwillingly surrounded by Aurora Leighs, Lady Waldemars, or even Marion Earles! Lady Waldemar is a disgraceful blot, a stain upon the whole story, a character unpardonably, unmitigatedly coarse and repulsive. Marion Earle, from babyhood in contact with everything that could defile and contaminate the purest nature, living among the dregs of the gross and uncultured, and yet a lily, "pura, pudica, pia," is simply impossible—a vision belonging to a romance, but not to a tale of common life in our common place modern times. As for the hero of the book, Romney Leigh, we have no patience with him. He is one of those unfortunate men who fail in everything they attempt—for whom, even if we feel sympathy, it is very difficult not to entertain also a thoroughly contemptuous pity, the last sentiment, we suppose, that a man would wish to inspire. He woos Aurora, she rejects him; he tries to make her a clandestine present of money, manages so clumsily that she detects him and refuses it; wishes to marry Marion Earle as a social duty, noblesse obliging him to condescend to the lower orders; is outwitted by an intriguing woman; fails in his plans of reform; fails to the end; when Aurora at last accepts him in his blindness, we suspect merely from a strong minded desire

*Aurora Leigh, by Elizabeth B. Browning. Francis & Co., New York.

to protect and manage one of the tyrant sex, taken at a disadvantage.

As a novel, Aurora Leigh is common-place—the incidents trite and few, and the denouement taken from Jane Eyre, without the accessories of plot and character, which there render it so successful and striking. As a poem, it is entitled to far higher praise. It was impossible for Mrs. Browning to write so many lines without soaring to the regions of true genius and poetry, for she is a poet, born and made, and in spite of the embarrassment of her feminine drapery, sits high among those who crowd the poet's corner and write their names above the stars.

In this poem, nothing can be more exquisite than the story of Aurora's secluded girlish life with her melancholy father; nothing more touching than the epitaph on the dead young brother, which surprises you into sudden tears. The pictures of English scenery are most charmingly quiet, pure, serene and graphic; the smooth green lawn lies before you, you smell the woodbine and you see the dewy grass; and all the allusions to children and all descriptions of them are unspeakably beautiful, delicate and graceful. But even as a poem the work is very faulty. There are long passages, entire pages, of pretty fair, dull prose, unrelieved by a gleam of poetry, and, we venture to say, there is scarcely any poem, of such length, of which the reader remembers so few lines, has jangling involuntarily in his brain so few melodies, carries away so few favorite passages. As a whole, then, Aurora Leigh is a profound disappointment to most of Mrs. Browning's readers and lovers; and with regard to it, we think the old fashioned custom, now so deservedly fallen into disrepute, of cutting up a book into "Elegant Extracts" and "Beauties," might be most advantageously and usefully revived.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

* * * In a world like ours, subject to the law of continual change—a law, however, which displays a certain strange consistency of its own—it is a curious study to remark the process by which individual reputations are affected—the flow and the ebb of popular favor—the subversion of some idol of yesterday, to make way for some worthier idol (so imagined) of to-day. This process is not confined to the circle of politics. Literature and literary men are peculiarly subject to its eccentric despotism. We may compare the latter to planets, revolving about the public favor as the central sun. Each of these (if really a planet—and not a mere fleshy meteor) has an aphelion and perihelion—the greatest distance from, or the closest proximity to, the warmth and light of the attracting luminary. Just at this time Thackeray is in *perigee*, and Sir Bulwer Lytton most decidedly in *apogee*. The critics who guide the general taste, seem as usual to find it an impossible thing to elevate, and commend one great author, without, in the same breath, depreciating another. Thus—although for the life of us we cannot understand how the two writers were ever brought into juxtaposition—unless because of their very antagonism of temper and intellect—the magazines and literary journals are crowded with "odious comparisons" between these distinguished novelists, and one would suppose from the tone adopted towards the author of "Rienzi," and the "Last of the Barons," and above all, "The Caxtons," that he is but a third, or fourth rate *littérateur* who, for a long period, by a sort of mental *légerdemain*, has juggled his readers into applause and sympathy.

We protest against these unfounded *dicta*. Coming from intelligent sources, we can only regard them as singular examples of the oblique power of prejudice.

At present, there is a rage—a furor in the direction of the anatomical in fiction; and productions that belong rather to the department of the ideal, rarely receive impartial consideration. The lamentable want of fixed principles of taste among the masses—their liability to the sway of every wind of critical doctrine—is another and a more potent reason still, why the sotticisms to which we have alluded, are so coolly disseminated and received with such placid approval.

But so far as Bulwer is concerned, we entertain no doubt of a final verdict in his favor. The results of his *genius* (and it is in our opinion and the opinion of some of the greatest of Bulwer's contemporaries, worse than folly to deny him genius,) are too various, brilliant, and artistic, ever to permit his name to be herded among the "mob of gentlemen who write with ease."

Sir Walter Scott declares that he was kept up for the better portion of a night by the fascinations of "Eugene Aram," (certainly not one of Bulwer's best,) and Edgar Poe, whose critiques, when not composed under the influence of the passion, or prejudice of the moment, are singularly profound, conscious that on a former occasion he had done Bulwer less than justice, thus writes of him in his "Marginalia:"

"We have long learned to reverence the fine intellect of Bulwer. We take up any production of his pen with a positive certainty that in reading it, the wildest passions of our nature, the most profound of our thoughts, the brightest visions of our fancy, and the most ennobling and lofty of our aspirations, will, in due time, be enkindled within us. We feel sure of rising from the perusal a wiser if not a better man. In no instance are we deceived. From the brief tale—the Monos, and Daimonos of this author, to his most ponderous and labored novels—all is richly and glowingly intellectual—all is energetic—or astute—or brilliant or profound.

"In *vivid wit*, in *Gothic massiveness of thought—in style—in a calm definiteness and certainty of purpose—in industry*—and above all, in the power of controlling and regulating by volition, his faculties of mind—he is unequalled."

Without adopting Mr. Poe's conclusion *in toto*, or going to the full length of the admiration, embodied in the preceding paragraphs, we, at any rate, declare our conviction, absurd as it may *now* appear to some, that he has approximated to the final judgment of Posterity, more closely—very many degrees more closely—than the fashionable critics of the day imagine, or under any circumstances would be willing to admit.

* * * M. Dumas is doubtless a very remarkable man, but—we say this deliberately, and with a painful conviction of the characteristic fault of the age—the most enormous egotist alive. The following, from "Tait's Magazine," in the way of eloquent invective, is very striking:

"This is an age of confidences and confessions; and ploughmen, and beggar boys, and negro slaves, and poets, and philosophers have contrived to furnish the curious in such matters with abundant illustrations of self-love in its manifold developments. But M. Dumas has severed himself by a wide, and we would hope an impassable gulf, from the whole tribe of autobiographers; and has produced a work unique in kind, and impressed with individuality worthy of his antecedents. He is the prince of egotists. To talk of vanity, or any such common-place thing, is beside the mark. Almost every page gives evidence of a rabid egotism, that sees itself mirrored everywhere—that runs riot in the wantonness of fancy—that looks, speaks, and acts the one dominant idea in every variety of form or fashion—that makes words synonymous with wisdom, and life with immortality—that reduces the eternal laws of truth and right to the vague sentiment of a fleeting consciousness, and inverting the pantheistic creed, ingulphs, by virtue of its sympathies and powers, all things external in its own existence. The physical prowess of M. Dumas, the grasp of his intellect, the fervor and constancy of his affections, are all expounded and enforced together with whatever can best set them off—such as personal failings in the region of circumstance, poverty, ignorance, the want of friends; and he is represented as a man who has fought and beaten destiny. Were these memoirs trustworthy—value the doer and his deeds as we might—there would yet be an interest in tracing the successive steps by which, beneath 'the star of the unconquered will,' he has reached his present influence; but we turn to them now with saddened feelings, as to the mausoleum of a man who, untrue to his genius, has shut himself up there in suicidal frenzy, to perish in a monumental pile of his own building. Alternately we are disposed to laughter or to shame at the grotesque and blasphemous forms that this spirit of self-adulation so dexterously assumes. Now we are summoned, as to the altar of life, to hear him declaim his great respect for holy things—that great faith in Providence, and that unfaltering love of God, which throughout a troubled course have never yielded to a moment of doubt or despair. Now he provokes comparisons with the mightiest men of time, or weeps over the graves of heroic hearts that have ceased to beat in the struggle he has survived; and now he exults in the penetration that has enabled him to discern genius in obscurity, and to drag it forth into the brilliant sunshine of his patronage—parades the services he has done to friend or foe, or the gratitude and love he cherishes for many of the living and the dead. Here he speculates on his remarkable idiosyncrasy—how strange it is that he could never hate for a personal offence or wrong—that all his antipathies have been reserved for those who in art are opposed to greatness *(grandeur,)* or in politics to progress; and then he indulges in lengthened criticisms on his own productions—takes you behind the scenes, to the workshop and the anvil—explains to you the manner of his toil—reseizes the hammer as he talks—tells you whence the material is derived on which he works, its value, and its uses—discusses the improvements made from time to time, invented or imported, in his factory, and ends by handing over some polished specimen of his art that you may test the excellence of his workmanship upon the spot."

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* * * Nothing proves more conclusively the generally increasing taste for reading, the almost morbid *passion* we should rather say for fresh literary pabulum than these paragraphs from the London *Athenæum*:

"The book-buying power of England is every year increasing, as we see by the increasing sale of favorite works that are new, and by the advancing price of favorite books that are old. Mr. Dickens and Mr. Macaulay have more readers at present than ever. Thirty-five thousand copies of the first number of "Little Dorrit" have been sold; and there will soon be thirty-five thousand copies of the "History of England" in the market. In the Preface to 'Bleak House,' Mr. Dickens told us that he had found more readers for that work than for any other in the long procession of his tales—the circulation, we believe, was thirty-two thousand. 'Little Dorrit, therefore, begins her story to an audience increased by three thousand purchasers. The first impression of Mr. Macaulay's former volumes consisted, we believe, of five thousand; the first impression of the volumes which we review to-day was twenty-five thousand. But the work is again in the press—and ten thousand more copies will soon be ready. These

issues will amount almost to the full sale of the old volumes; the total sum of the many editions of these latter, including the unsold stock, being forty thousand copies. The history of the London book trade offers no example of such sales in former times; except, perhaps, in the case of Byron, whose boast it was that thirty thousand copies of one of his poems were sold in one day. Mr. Murray's sale last week offers further evidence of the vigorous and healthy state of the book trade. In spite of the depressing influence of the time, his new works found ready purchasers, as the following list of a few of the sales will show: Mr. Grote's twelfth volume of 'The History of Greece,' 1,200; Dr. Liddell's 'Rome,' 800: Mr. Porter's 'Five Years in Damascus,' 600; Dean Milman's 'Latin Christianity,' 600; 'Puss in Boots,' 2,000; 'The Englishman in America,' 1,000; Mr. Fergusson's 'Handbook of Architecture,' 1,000."

We rejoice to see that many of the books here mentioned are works of solid and permanent interest. It is cheering to find that the sales of these are so large, but what, we wonder, would be the result of a calculation like the above applied to the sale of the loose, and trashy novels, the great mass of pestilent literary ephemera with which the presses of this country and England are overloaded! It would, we apprehend, be anything but creditable to the general taste and morals of mankind. The multiplication of books is a fruitful topic, upon which we hope to discourse more at length hereafter.

Lewses' Biography of *Goethe* is more full of satisfactory details of the Poet's daily life than even his own "Autobiography." What will the total-abstinence people say to the following picture of his physical tastes and habits?

"He rose at seven, sometimes earlier, after a sound and prolonged sleep; for, like Thorwaldsen, he had a talent for sleeping, only surpassed by his talent for continuous work. Till eleven, he worked without interruption. A cup of chocolate was then brought, and he resumed work till one. At two, he dined. This meal was the important meal of the day. *His appetite was immense.* Even on the days when he complained of not being hungry, he ate much more than most men. Puddings, sweets, and cakes were always welcome. *He sate a long while over his wine,* chatting gaily to some friend or other (for he never dined alone,) or to one of the actors, whom he often had with him after dinner, to read over their parts and take his instructions. *He was fond of wine, and drank daily his two or three bottles.* [Rhine wine, however, which the English would have called water.]

"Over his wine he sate for hours; no such thing as dessert was seen upon his table in those days,—not even the customary coffee after dinner. His mode of living was extremely simple; and even when persons in very modest circumstances burned wax, two poor tallow candles were all that could be seen in his room. In the evening he went often to the theatre, and there his customary glass of punch was brought at six o'clock. If not at the theatre, he received friends at home. Between eight and nine a frugal supper was laid, but he never took anything, except a little salad and preserves. By ten o'clock he was usually in bed."—Vol. ii. p. 253.

The admirable review of Chas. Kingsley's "*Two Years Ago*," in the May number of this magazine, (admirable we say, our friendly contemporary "*The Mercury*," to the contrary, notwithstanding,) has induced us to read that much-vaunted novel with more than ordinary care. Apart from its inconsiderate attack upon Southern institutions, and viewed only as a work of art, we really cannot recall in the whole varied range of modern light literature, a production so portentious, and yet, in many important respects, so utterly absurd.

"*The Home Journal*" has commented upon one of these artistic solecisms, of which a writer possessed of Mr. Kingsley's undoubted talents, ought to be heartily ashamed. It is this: Elsley Vavasour—or briefly, plain John Briggs—is represented as a vain and foolish rhymster, who, by the concealment of his real birth and position, and the display of a few showy, unsubstantial qualities, succeeds in marrying the sister of a Viscount—a pure and loveable little woman—whom, however, he is eternally persecuting with his contemptible piques and unmanly jealousies.

And yet this creature, the smallest of the small, is represented towards the close of the work as tormented with a depth of passionate feeling which Goethe and Byron, in their sublimest moods, could not, without exaggeration, be depicted as possessing.

His petty jealousy, awakened by a trivial circumstance, suddenly causes him to abandon, without one word of coherent explanation, his wife and children—to rush forth, upon a stormy night, among the passes of the Welsh mountains, the

steepest of which he ascends. at the imminent hazard of his life, and finally eluding all pursuit, and resisting every appeal of manhood and honor, to kill himself in a few weeks by the commission of enormous excesses in opium, and all because an elderly friend of Mrs. Vavasour's—a certain Major Campbell, old enough, by the way, to be the lady's father—plucks a flower and presents it to her, after Mr. Vavasour has refused her request to do the very same thing!

This is but one among many blemishes of characterization little less glaring, and offensive to every reader of taste.

The following clever and sprightly verses, which have been lying for some weeks in our drawer, will answer, we suppose, to the experience of the majority of our readers. Who has not at some period or other of his life been fascinated by some fair vision, flashing upon him suddenly like the heroine of these lines. bewildering him for a few brief hours, and then disappearing forever?

A SOUVENIR OF ZURICH.

Fair ZURICH! how well I remember the hour,
When taking my coffee and rolls in the Baur,
There beamed on my vision enraptured—my eye!
A lady that must have dropped down from the sky;
Whose voice, sweeter far than the sweetest of chimes,
(How unlike an angel!) first asked for the *Times*,
Then softly petitioned for toast and green tea—
The dear English creachaw—ah! who could she be?

Just out of the window—the heavens were clear—
The sunbeam was wooing the beautiful mere,
And a shimmer crept over the surface to prove
How fondly the water requited its love;
Away in the distance, the Alps, in the glow
Of morning, lay shiningly crested with snow;
But the lake how insipid, the landscape how flat,
Compared with the object which *vis-à-vis* sat!

When this charming young person would enter the room,
It seemed like a ray breaking in through a gloom:
Such sudden delight did her presence impart,
'Twas like hearing some exquisite strain of MOZART;
And I fancied the moment her figure retired
That the ray was extinguished, the strain had expired:
A rainbow, a star, a fountain, a flow'r,
She sparkled, and blossomed, and shone in the Baur!

I knew not, indeed, if this delicate girl
Was daughter of Baronet, Viscount, or Earl;
Or whether, the realms of Cockaigne to command.
A new Aphrodite, she rose from *the Strand;*
But nobility's patent, I felt, had been given
To such a fair being directly from heaven;
For round her unceasingly glittered a glory, a
Light that did never belong to VICTORIA!

But the pleasures of life, as the poet gives warning,
Tho' as bright are as transient as tints of the morning;
And so cruel fortune, the very next day,
Made this beautiful vision get in the *coupe:*
A Saxony shawl the dear vision was wrapt in,
And by her there sat a magnificent Captain,
And Hope, on the wings of an eagle, took flight
As the diligence bore her away from my sight.

Et moi—after such an unfortunate "go,"
I found *la belle Zurich* exceedingly slow,
As Christian, most likely, found Vanity Fair,
When Faithful was carried off into the air:
Though a light o'er the village her beauty had thrown,
"Like the fragrance of summer when summer is gone,"
And still shall I cherish, while memory has pow'r,
That sweet souvenir of my stay at the Baur.

The Rev. Dr. Bellows, a Unitarian clergyman of New York, has recently delivered a discourse in that city upon the Theatre and Theatrical amusements, in which he takes the ground that the stage and the pulpit so far from being radically opposed to each other, may, by proper management, be made joint agents

in the moral and religious amelioration of society. His arguments are ingenious, but all experience goes to prove the fallacy of his views. Men attend the theatre to be amused, and whatever instruction they may receive is incidental. Tragedy is becoming every day more unpopular, and operas, vaudevilles, and purely comic performances have almost wholly usurped its place. We do not hesitate to say that any drama—written with an avowedly moral, we will not say a *spiritual* purpose and meaning—would fail to "tickle" not only "the ears of the groundlings," but to attract any permanent share of general public patronage. The pulpit and the stage have always been, and are likely to continue, antipodes. Old Jeremy Collier, in his "broadside" against Congreve, and the players of Charles the Second's time, embodied the opinions of the clergy of his day—opinions which the pastors of all denominations have pretty generally entertained from 1682 down to the present period.

Madame Ossoli in her "*Things and Thoughts in Europe*," thus describes an interview with Thos. DeQuincey:

"I had the satisfaction, not easily attainable now, of seeing him for some hours, and in the mood of conversation. As one belonging to the Wordsworth and Coleridge constellation, (he too is now seventy-six years of age,) the thoughts and knowledge of Mr DeQuincey lie in the past; and oftentimes he spoke of matters now become trite to one of a later culture. But to all that fell from his lips, his eloquence, subtle and forcible as the wind, full and gently falling as the evening dew, lent a peculiar charm. He is an admirable narrator, not rapid, but gliding along like a rivulet through a green meadow, giving and taking a thousand little beauties not absolutely required to give his story due relief, but each, in itself, a separate boon.

I admired, too, his urbanity, so opposite to the rapid, slang, Vivian-Greyish style, current in the literary conversation of the day. "Sixty years since," men had time to do things better and more gracefully than now."

Apropos of DeQuincy, we find in his ingenious essay on Pope an exposition of what he considers the *three* capital errors that commonly obtain with regard to his reputation as a Poet: "First, that Pope drew his impulses from French literature; secondly, that he is a poet of inferior rank; thirdly, that his merit lies in superior "correctness." In reference to the charge of French imitation, DeQuincey maintains, that although Pope admired Boileau much, he admired Chaucer, and Shakspeare, and Milton more; that as to his being a poet of *inferior* rank, that idea results merely from "a confusion between the departments of poetry, which he cultivated, and the merit of his culture:" and that lastly, with regard to "correctness," he is so inferior to many among our English poets, in the propriety of what is strikingly termed "the very sinews of the thought," that it is absurd to speak of him as being supereminently "correct." The fact is, DeQuincey observes that "Pope is to be considered a great poet for the very same qualities as those that belong to his most distinguished brethren, for impassioned thinking, powerful description, pathetic reflection, and brilliant narration. His characteristic difference is, simply, that he carried these powers into a different field, and moved chiefly among the *social* paths of men, and viewed their characters as operating through their manners."

Everybody who has mingled in Literary Society must have occasionally met with some one of that strange order of beings whose appetite for knowledge seems to be *in* exact proportion to the feebleness of their intellectual digestion. These persons never allow a publication, new or old, to escape them.

They read everything—they comprehend nothing. Often they are possessed of an immense memory, and will repeat to you any number of pages of a given book without the omission of a single syllable. We are ourselves acquainted with people of this class, the amount of *whose undigested information* is really shocking. Such voluminous bores have unfortunately existed in all ages of the world. William Prynne, who lived during the reigns of Charles I. II., furnishes us with an illustrious example:

We gather the following from D'Israeli's "Calamities of Authors:"

"Prynne's great characteristic is opposed to that axiom of Hesiod so often quoted, that 'half is better than the whole;' a secret which the matter-of-fact-men rarely discover. Wanting judgment and the tact of good sense, these detailers have no power of selection from their stores, to make one prominent fact represent the hundred minuter ones that may follow it. Voluminously feeble, they imagine expansion is stronger than compression; and know not how to generalize, while they only can deal in particulars.

Prynne's speeches were just as voluminous as his writings; always deficient in judgment and abounding in knowledge—he was always wearying others, but never could himself. *He once made a speech to the House to persuade them the King's concessions were sufficient ground for a treaty; it contains a complete narrative of all the transactions between the King, the House, and the Army, from the beginning of the Parliament; it takes up* 140 *octavo pages, and kept the House so long together that the debates lasted from Monday morning till Tuesday morning.*"

* * * *

"This paper-worm may first be viewed in his study, as painted by the picturesque Anthony Wood; an artist in the Flemish school:

"His custom, when he studied, was to put on a long quilted cap, which came an inch over his eyes, serving as an umbrella to defend them from too much light, and *seldom eating any dinner*, would be every three hours munching a roll of bread, and now and then refresh his exhausted spirits with ale brought to him by his servant," a custom to which Butler alludes,

"Thou that with ale or viler liquors,
Didst inspire Withers, Prynne and Vicars,
And teach tho' it were in despight
Of nature and their stars, to write."

His work, entitled "Histriomastix," or a "Scourge of Players," numbers 1,100 quarto pages. The sentiments of this book were considered libellous—the author was tried, convicted and lost—his ears!!

The speech of Noy, the Attorney General, conveys a tolerable notion of Prynne's style:

"Who he means by his *modern innovators* in the Church, and by *cringing and ducking* to altars, a fit term to bestow on the Church; he learned it of the *Canters*, being used among them. The music in the Church, the charitable term he giveth it, is not to be a noise of men, but rather a *bleating of brute beasts*; choristers *bellow* the tenor, as it were oxen; *bark* a counterpoint as a kennel of dogs; *roar* out a treble, like a sort of bulls; *grunt* out a bass, as it were a number of hogs. Bishops he calls the *silk and satin divines*; says Christ was a Puritan in his index. He falleth on those things that have not relation to stage-plays, music in the church, dancing, new-years gifts, &c.—then upon altars, images, hair of men and women, Bishops and bonfires. Cards and tables do offend him, and perukes do fall within the compass of his theme. His end is to persuade the people that we are returning back again to Paganism, and to persuade them to go and serve God in another country, as many are gone already, and set up new laws and fancies among themselves. Consider what may come of it!"

From a late work on the Ocean by a distinguished English Ichthyologist, we quote these interesting paragraphs. The first is a description of the manner in which the "grim attorney of the sea" raises his young:

The mode by which the race of these formidable creatures is continued, differing as it does so greatly from that of most other fishes, is exceedingly curious. The Shark, instead of depositing some millions of eggs in a season, like the Cod or the Herring, produces two eggs, of a square or oblong form, the coat of which is composed of a tough horny substance; each corner is prolonged into a tendril, of which the two which are next the tail of the enclosed fish are stronger and more prohensile than the other pair. The use of these tendrils appears to be their entanglement among the stalks of seaweeds, and the consequent mooring of the egg in a situation of protection and comparative security. Near the head there is a slit in the egg-skin, through which the water enters for respiration, and another at the opposite extremity by which it is discharged. That part of the skin which is near the head, is weaker and more easily ruptured than any other part; a provision for the easy exclusion of the animal, which takes place before the entire absorption of the *vitellus* or yolk of the egg, the remainder being attached to the body of the young fish, enclosed in a capsule, which for awhile it carries about. The position of the animal, while within the egg, is with the head doubled back towards the tail, one very unfavorable for the process of breathing by internal gills, and hence there is an interesting provision made to meet the emergency. On each side a filament of the substance of the gills projects from the gill-opening, containing vessels in which the blood is exposed to the action of the water. These processes are gradually absorbed after the fish is excluded, until which the internal gills are scarcely capable of respiration.

Wars of the Fishes.

It is worthy of observation that, with very few exceptions, the immense population of the Ocean is carnivorous. The principal circumstance that regulates the

choice of diet among fishes seems to be the power of mastery. Of terrestrial creatures, a very large number are peaceful, never, under ordinary circumstances, willingly taking the life of even the most helpless around them; but the sea is a vast slaughter-house, where nearly every inhabitant dies a violent death, and finds a grave in the maw of his fellow. We have just seen the Sword-fish preying upon the Albacore, and the Albacore upon the Flying-fish; while the Flying-fish itself, though so general a favorite, is the greedy devourer of other fishes smaller than itself. Yet let us not arraign the providence of God, as if it were cruel and unkind; a sudden termination of existence is the most merciful mode, as far as we can conceive, by which the overflow of animal life could be checked."

In a back number of Blackwood, we find an article upon Sydney Smith, which fully and ably expresses our own conviction of the powers, and the real position of that brilliant essayist. The passage which follows we especially commend to the reader's attention:

"We cannot undertake to predict whether or not the reputation of Sydney Smith will be a lasting reputation. His published works are not very remarkable, and they refer so entirely—saving the sketches of philosophy—to current books and current events—events and books which, to use his own phrase, have blown over—that it seems very doubtful if they can last over two or three generations. Admirable good sense, good English, and good morality, even with the zest of wit to heighten them, do not make a man immortal. They have already done their part, and earned their triumph; the future is in other hands. Herein lies the compensating principle of literature. The critic (and there have been critics more brilliant than Sydney) has his day. Yes, there he stands over all our heads, bowling us down like so many ninepins—small matter to him that in this book lie somebody's hopes, and heart, and fortune. Little cares he for the stifled edition, the turned tide of popular favour. He goes about it coolly; it is his business—practising his deathstroke upon palpitating young poets and unhappy novel-writers, as the German executioner practised upon cabbages. We die by the score under this literary Attila. Our poor bits of laurel, our myrtle sprigs and leaves of bay, are crushed to dust beneath his ruthless footsteps. With a barbarous triumph he rides over us, extinguishes our poor pretensions, puts us down. Never mind, humiliated brother! The critic has his day. By-and-by there will only be a distant *sough* of him in the curious bye-ways of historic lore. But the Book, oh patient Lazarus!—the Book will live out a century of reviewers, and be as young a hundred years hence as it is to-day."

If it has ever been the reader's fortune, while a boy, to pursue the exciting sport of frog hunting, on the borders of a Carolina swamp, the accuracy of the following heroic description, penned by George Dennison, the partisan poet, and taken from a humorous chapter of Mr. Simms' "*Forayers*," will be immediately recognized:

"Could you have seen that theatre of frogs,
As each in due delight and bog immersed,
Sprawled out, at length, in slime and sandy bed;
Great legs of green or brown outstretching wide;
Great arms thrown out as if embracing heaven;
With eyes dilating, big as Bullace grapes,
Upturned, and gloating as with rapturous rage;
Great flattened jaws, that, ever and anon,
Distending with voluminous harmonies,
Sent forth their correspondences of sound,
In due obedience to the choragus,
Who still, at proper intervals, pour'd out
The grand refrain—sonorous, swelling still,
Till, at the last, the apex diapason
Was caught, was won, in glorious 'Blood and 'ounds!'"

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Shakspeare Papers of the late Wm. Maginn, LL.D. Annotated by *Dr. Shelton Mackenzie. Redfield, N. Y.*

In the last issue of this Magazine, we spoke briefly of Dr. Maginn's "*Fraserian Papers.*" That critique should have been prefaced by the review which follows. But, desiring to give our readers a fuller idea of Maginn's ability, we waive the question of precedence, and proceed to an analysis of the "*Shakspeare Papers*"—a publication prior to the work mentioned above.

We are confident that Maginn's reputation will rest hereafter upon the papers in this volume. They display many of the highest qualities of the philosophical critic, enforced by a style singularly brilliant, scholarly, and pointed. If, occasionally, they are defaced by paradox, and a certain reckless audacity of assertion, these were faults so interwoven with the mental constitution of the author, so eminently characteristic, and invarably urged with such felicity of diction, and wealth of illustrative matter, that the reader hardly looks upon them as faults at all, and we are sure, were they expunged from Maginn's works, we would feel that the writer had been bereft of a large share of his individuality. The ablest article in the present collection—one of the few to which the author prefixed his name, and which is thoroughly earnest throughout, is the elaborate treatise on the "Learning of Shakespeare," a review of Doctor Farmer's Essay upon the same subject, published in the year 1766. The opinion now generally entertained, that Shakspeare must have been possessed of extensive and multifarious learning—an opinion which, of course, implies that he was, at least, a reasonably well-informed classicist—in Dr. Farmer's time was boldly disputed, and his essay, though maintained by Maginn "to be a piece of pedantic impertinence unparalleled in literature," had no small influence in the temporary settlement of the question. "The critical clique," says Maginn, "to which he (Farmer) belonged, was peculiarly absurd, and we have only to cast a glance upon his face, as preserved in an engraving by Harding, to see that *the feeble smirk of fat-headed and scornful block-headism*, self-satisfied with that peddling pedantry of the smallest order, which entitled its possessor to look down with patronizing pity on the loftiest genius, is its prevailing feature." ("Fat-headed and scornful blockheadism," is a really valuable addition to the language of vituperation, and we cannot refrain from pausing to express our admiration *par parenthèse.*)

Maginn dissects the unfortunate Farmer with merciless severity, although he resorts too often to the "*argumentum ad hominem*," and once or twice, we think, verges towards a begging of the question, yet there can be no doubt that in the end he makes out his case with great clearness and force, and leaves his reader tolerably well satisfied as to the truth of his position. Ben Johnson, it will be remembered, alludes to Shakspeare as one who had mastered "small Latin and less Greek." The essay of Maginn is divided into two parts; the *first* discusses the "less Greek," the *second* is devoted to the "little Latin." The observations in the former are thus compendiously closed:

"Briefly summed up, the whole of Dr. Farmer's argument will amount to this; that some critics, especially Upton, have been over sealous in tracing resemblances of passages or phrases in Greek, to what we find in Shakspeare, which is certainly no fault of the "old Bard;" that in constructing his classical plays instead of reading the Greek of Plutarch—of which there might, perhaps, have been *a hundred copies in England* during his life, he consulted the English Translation of Sir Thomas North, who, having copied the blunders of Claude Amyot, was thereby the means of transferring a couple of trifling errors to *Julius Cæsar and Anthony and Cleopatra;* that because an invisible poet named Southern had translated Konsard, who had translated Anacreon, Shakspeare could not even read the *Latin* translation of the Teian Odes; that because in the "*Ship of Fooles*" is to be found an incident referred to in the Iliad, and in the "*Faerie Queene*" a description of the Nepenthe of the *Odys-*

sey, Shakspeare could not have known anything of *Homer;* and finally, that, as Lucian had written a light comedy on Timon, those who supposed the deep tragedy on the same subject in English was dictated by the Greek were very much mistaken. And *this* is the pamphlet which, in the opinion of competent critics, "has settled the question forever!" It *has* settled the question forever that the mass of conceited ignorance among the reading public, and the ordinary critical rabble of the middle of the last century was profusely abundant."

The remaining papers in this volume treat of the characters of Falstaff, Jaques, Romeo, Bottom, Timon, Polonius, Iago, and Lady Macbeth. They form the most *entertaining* reading upon these subjects we have ever encountered. Always spirited, brilliant, and scholarly, they are, at times, profoundly suggestive, and show that their author was a philosopher as well as a wit. However, as we have before hinted, the reader must not be wholly unreserved in the surrender of himself to the author's guidance. Should he be so, he will frequently subscribe to beautiful paradox and ingenious argumentative absurdities. Observe, for example, the following assertions in relation to Falstaff; with what serene gravity he urges them!

"Jack Falstaff is known as familiarly as he was to the wonderful court of princes, beggars, judges, swindlers, heroes, bullies, gentlemen, scoundrels, justices, thieves, knights, tapsters, and the rest whom he drew about him.

"It is, indeed, *his* court. He is lord paramount, the *suzerain* to whom all pay homage. Prince Hal may delude himself with the notion that he, the heir of England with all the swelling emotions that rendered him afterward the conqueror of France makes a butt of the ton of a man that is his companion. *The parts are exactly reversed.* In the peculiar circle in which they live, the Prince is the butt of the knight. He knows it not, he would repel it with scorn were it asserted; but it is, nevertheless, the fact that he is subdued. He calls the course of life which he leads, "the unyoked humor of his idleness," *but he mistakes.* In all the paths where his journey lies with Falstaff, it is the hard-yoked servitude of his obedience."

Not unlike this is the spirit in which the Doctor elsewhere endeavors half-seriously to prove "from the variety of ingredients and pleasant effects of the liquor, that *Nepenthe* was—*punch!*"

The present is the 3d volume of Maginn's Miscellanies, made more valuable by the judicious annotations of the editor, who evidently performs his labor *con amore*, and by terse, and well-selected critiques on all the important points discussed, from Campbell, Coleridge, Collier, De Quincey, Giles, Hazlitt, Hunter, Johnson, Knight, Verplanck, Wilson, Mrs. Jameson and Mrs. Siddons. We wonder that the American critic, the Rev. Mr. Hudson, whose analysis of the imaginative faculty in his lecture on Macbeth, is, we deliberately believe, (in the absence of any knowledge of Coleridge's unpublished treatise upon the same subject) the most complete and masterly essay on record, was not also occasionally pressed into the service. Few critics have cast so much light upon difficult and disputed points of the Shakspeare drama as he. But the book is complete enough without any further subsidiary aid, and we take peculiar pleasure in commending it to every class of readers. Read with proper circumspection, and a grain or two of prudent distrust, it will prove a highly suggestive and improving work.

Dramatic Scenes, with other Poems—now first printed. By Barry Cornwall. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

Mr. Proctor—to drop his *nom de plume*, which can no longer serve any of the purposes for which it was at first assumed—has been, for years, so favorably known to readers on both sides of the Atlantic, that any elaborate critical estimate of his powers, as a poet, we feel to be unnecessary.

We simply intend to touch upon some of the prominent characteristics of his writings. And first, let us speak of his "Songs." These are as various in merit, as they are diversified in the topics of which they treat. We find in them few of those popular elements which have made the lyrics of Moore so famous. But they are more thoughtful, vigorous and imaginative. Even their rhythmical structure is, in our opinion, superior. In brief, they are not merely "*Songs*," almost wholly depending upon music for their effect, but independent *poems*, possessing an intrinsic value of their own.

In his "Dramatic Scenes," Mr. Proctor exhibits abilities of a higher order—abilities so marked, and original, that we cannot take up his works without regretting that the author has never devoted his fine powers to the composition of any complete play. It is true, that many of his "Scenes" possess a unity of design, and interest, but there is, of course, little opportunity in them for the exercise and development of the

constructive faculty in the careful creation of plot, the analysis—not of one, but of many characters, mutually dependant, yet sharply individualized—the building up of that wonderful microcosm—that miniature world of passion, intrigue, strife, avarice, with gleams, here and there, of pure virtue and noble faith—in which the great dramatists have "held the mirror up to nature," and painted man in the indestructible colors of truth.

But we will not quarrel with Mr. Proctor because of his shortcomings. Rather, let us be thankful for what he *has* given us. There is more than enough in the volume under review to claim our cordial gratitude. We cannot say that "the Scenes" are always successful—that the poet invariably displays that intellectual insight and self-knowledge inseparable from the highest art—but he is tender, and passionate, and truthful—perfect almost in the delineation of the softer emotions, and, *occasionally*, most forcible and impressive in the deepest utterance of the tragic muse.

The latter, however, is not Mr. Proctor's *forte*. We wish that he had clearly comprehended this at the beginning of his career, in which case we should have been spared such a questionable performance as "Pandemonium," and some others like it—and been favored with a greater number of scenes in the vein of "The Broken Heart" and "The Way to Conquer," the former of which, especially, is inexpressibly moving and pathetic."

In reading our author's "Scenes," we are continually being reminded of the peculiar excellencies of Fletcher.

It is paying Mr. Proctor no trifling compliment, to say that the minds of the two poets seem to have been cast in much the same mould—but while Fletcher wrote too rapidly, and too often lavished his genius upon unworthy themes, Proctor has been somewhat *dilettanti*, and has never given his genius the full and fair play which it deserved to have.

It only remains for us to say that the present edition of his writings contains many new poems, and is published with all the elegance of typography and binding, for which the firm of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields is justly celebrated.

Biographical and Historical Sketches. By T. Babington Macaulay. D. Appleton & Co., New York. S. G. Courtenay & Co., Charleston.

The contents of this volume, with two or three exceptions only, are discursive and fragmentary. The compiler seems to have studiously sought out everything that Macaulay has ever contributed to British periodical literature, and has succeeded in collecting together a mass of undigested essayical, biographical and historical writing, which, in its present form, is really not of much interest or importance.

The most elaborate papers in the book are the lives of Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith. The former is in the author's best manner; less brilliant and striking than his review of Croker's edition of Boswell, but still discriminating, instructive and genial. We cannot speak with equal approval of the essay upon Goldsmith, which is loose, sketchy, and unsatisfactory. In fact, the entire work is one of those convenient Yankee compilations, which the author would probably be one of the foremost to disown.

Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge. By Richard Chenevix Trench, D. D. Redfield, New York.

The Dean of Westminster, who has won an extensive and well-merited reputation by his various scholarly works upon language, such as his "Study of Words," "English Past and Present," &c., and more recently by his poems and translations from Calderon, has embodied in this neat little volume his views upon certain cardinal points of Christian faith, in the form of five thoughtful, logical, and instructive Sermons, preached some time ago, before the University of Cambridge. The style of the discourses is vigorous, but every now and then, they exhibit a verbal mannerism, which we were hardly prepared to find in the works of so accomplished an English scholar as Mr. Trench.

Alfieri and Goldoni; their Lives and Adventures. By Edward Copping. London: Adney & Co., 1857.

We have here, in a moderate-sized volume, an excellent account of three distinguished poets—not a sketch, but a thorough biography of each—giving the results of their lives. Rarely can we bestow upon a biography the praise of brevity; biographies, written in these days, are measured, not by inches, but by yards.

A certain unity of plan seemed to require a life of Goldoni, the father of the Italian comedy, as a companion-piece to the life of Alfieri; and the execution of the plan deserves great praise.

He who reads this book will know Alfieri as he was; wild, impetuous, profligate; but noble-minded, generous, tender of the feelings of others; now living in

his stables with his favorite horses, for months together—reading nothing, writing nothing, seeming not to think—caring only to ride and drive; then plunging into study and the most vigorous intellectual exercises—learning Greek at the age of forty-six, writing in six months two entire tragedies, versifying seven, and correcting fourteen. Not a model man, but a giant unequally formed—one of those remarkable men that fascinate all ages, and fill us with a mournful admiration. His love-adventures, fatally wrong as they were, might seem to call for a more earnest reprobation than the author bestows upon them. The duty of the biographer is hardly done when he has set down the facts; where wrong is, it is pleasing to meet with a little honest speaking of the truth, a little wholesome indignation at the wrong. But no hasty judgments should be passed on Alfieri, a young noble of fourteen, master of his revenues, and free to follow his own path, for good or evil. His fiery heart, burning with the warm life of Italy, became a law to him, and he obeyed it while he lived. His last and purest attachment, to the Countess of Albany, is well described; an attachment that was the origin, to him, of much and fruitful good—rousing him to active and resolute purpose, giving him that unspeakable blessing—a *motive*.

Full of errors and sins, Alfieri was a man with high courage, and a soul ardent for liberty and truth; and all free men will remember these things gladly, and not look too harshly on his faults. Italians, who have the best right to speak on the subject, give to Alfieri a high rank among the glorious company of their poets; all men can feel and recognize his power and energy. His influence is vast in Italy, and from his hand fell many of those seeds upon that sacred soil that shall even yet spring up into vigorous life and bloom. We echo the parting words of the author—"Let us all hope so; for it will, indeed, be a bright day for Italy."

Goldoni began early his busy career of comedian; his first play, written at eight years of age, seemed to his parents a wonderful promise of future excellence; and his father organized a company of amateur actors for the boy's pleasure. We follow him, from this beginning, through a strange succession of scenes and shifting pursuits, strangely in keeping with his comic vocation. He was evidently to become acquainted with life. Sent to Rimini to study medicine, he studies instead Menander Terence and Plautus; a company of strolling actors invite him to travel with them, and he leaves his school. His attempts at jurisprudence; his fit of religious enthusiasm, cured by a judicious course of theatres and dinners in Venice; his love scrapes, that broke no hearts and left him always ready for a new devotion; his experience of sharpers, and his literary quarrels; all these and countless other incidents filled his life with materials of the purest comedy. And they were well employed; his own mishaps became sources of distinction; for he could use the subject furnished either from his own experience or that of others.

The opposition encountered by Goldoni in his attempts to elevate the Italian comedy, was long and bitter; wits ridiculed, actors rebelled, rivals sneered. For the work was one almost hopeless; so sunken in buffoonery, so bare of invention was the stage of that day, with its four stereotyped characters, whose costume, and even whose names custom prescribed, and whose faces were always masked, after the fashion of the antique. The battle was not wholly won during the lifetime of Goldoni, but it was won at last. The last years of his life were spent in Paris, sometimes in writing for the Italian theatre, sometimes in teaching Italian in the royal family; he even produced two French plays, the former of which met with great success. An uncommon work for a man of sixty.

Goldoni keeps possession of the stage, and is universally popular in Italy; his comedies are gay, lively, full of movement and action, rather than suggestion; they cannot be ranked among great works, but may rightly claim a high rank among the pleasing. And this, also, is high praise. But his greatest merit is to have begun that improvement in style and plan that gave Italy a comedy—not a comedy of equal excellence with those of France and Spain and England, but one that is yet young, and may grow when the sky is clear and the air free once more. He is well compared by the author to Scribe. Even in the number of his plays he almost equals that inexhaustible playwright; but we cannot think the criticism just that supposes mediocrity to be inseparable from fertility; too many great names occur at once to the mind in refutation of this judgment.

We recommend this volume, as supplying information not easily found elsewhere.

Documents connected with the History of South Carolina. Edited by Plowden Charles Jennett Weston, and printed for private circulation only. London, 1856.

The contents of this volume are—1st. The Land Travels of Davyd Ingram and others, in the years 1568–9, from the Rio de Minas, in the Gulf of Mexico, to Cape Breton, in Arcadia. From the original MS., British Museum. 2d. Letters of Capt. Thomas Young to Sir Fran. Windebank, Secretary of State, to King Charles I, with a brief relation of a voyage from Virginia to the northward, in 1634. 3d. Gov. Glen's answers to queries from the Lords of Trade. Glen was Governor of South Carolina, from 1739 to 1755. 4th. Letters from Rich. Cumberland respecting the Provost Marshalship of South Carolina, (1764–1775.) 5th. De Brahm's Philosophico-Historico-Hydrogeography of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida.

The volume is beautifully printed in the best style of English books, and the impression consists of only 121 copies. Although intended for private distribution by the editor, we think it incumbent upon us to notice the nature and value of its contents, inasmuch as it may be said to be already scarce, and may soon be as difficult to find as a copy of Hakluyt and other rare historical works. Besides, our praise is due to Mr. Weston for his public spirit and liberality. His gift is also a fine model of typography, and from his exquisite taste in such matters, may have been designed by the editor to elevate this art among his fellow-citizens.

Our brief remarks will be for the historical enquirer, and will refer to the contents according to the numbers we have affixed. 1st. This relation was taken down by another from the recital of Davyd Ingram. The object of the writer appears to have been the offering to the public of an inducement for an English expedition and settlement in North America between 34° and 36° "septentrionall latytude" To us, who have handled the ponderous volumes of De Bry, Eden, Hakluyt, Anderson, De Laet, and others, Mr. Davyd came with a welcome, and he amused us as effectually as the veritable Munchausen. "He did alsoe see one other straunge Beaste bigger than a Beare: yt had nether heade nor necke, his eyes and mouthe weare in his breaste. * * *. yt beare the e very fyne skynne like a Ratte, full of sylver heare," (p. 15,) and in a similar strain we are told of silver and gold and pearls and gems. We have found no item of information in this treatise that can be said to relate to South Carolina, and, indeed, a historian must possess great ingenuity to extract from it anything reliable about any portion of our country. 2d. Though having no connection with our own history, has been published as an accession to the early records concerning the North American colonies. 3d. This has already been twice published, first in London, (1761,) as a part of a more extensive account of Carolina, and again by Mr. Carroll in his Historical Collections. But in a cursory comparison, Mr. Weston's publication appears to supply some items of military information, no doubt designedly omitted in 1761. 4th. This is of little historical value, except a few passages corroborative of affairs at the period of the repeal of the stamp act, and some items concerning money exchange. 5th. The last and most valuable. We are told that the original of this treatise, according to the belief of the editor, is in the library of Harvard University, and with it many maps and plans, not in the copy before us. The copy which Mr. Weston gives us was purchased by him at a sale in New York three years ago. The part of De Brahm's treatise relating to Georgia, was published by Mr. G. W. Jones in 1849, and confined to 49 copies. De Brahm was an eccentric *savant*. But scientific attainments and topographic engineering are not sufficient qualifications for such a position as he was entrusted with, unless accompanied with prudence and a permanent ascendency over the Indians. He is mentioned in our history chiefly in connection with Fort Loudoun, which he erected; but was also engaged between 1751–61, in constructing fortifications at Charleston and Savannah. His observations on the various subjects indicated by the title of his treatise, will be regarded as important by any one who shall investigate this period of our history.

We have at hand an account of fourteen old tracts in the British Museum concerning Carolina, and some concerning America in general. Of the former the greater portion have been re-produced by Mr. Carroll. Of the others, we have a copy in manuscript of a few; but all are important to us, and their re-publication will greatly add to our historical resources. Mr. Weston's noble example, we hope, will be followed. In the preface of the volume he presents to us, "to the President and members of the South Carolina Historical Society," he remarks, "one of the chief uses of a society such as we constitute, is the publication of manuscripts and rare printed works connected with the history of our State, and until the society assumes this labor to itself by publishing periodical collections, each separate member (as in the literary clubs of Europe) must

attempt to do, however imperfectly, what the association has not, as yet, attempted to perform at all." We are happy to be able to state that the labors of the society have resulted already in the collection of a valuable mass of materials, and that the recent liberal appropriation of the State, is about to produce a series of publications, the first of which, we hope, will appear during the ensuing summer.

Adventures and Missionary labors in several countries in the interior of Africa, from 1849 *to* 1856. *By T. J. Bowen. Southern Baptist Publication Society: Charleston.*

If the sale of a book may be taken as a criterion of its merit, Mr. Bowen's "Africa" deserves the most exalted commendation. Few publications of the kind have been so successful. The secular, as well as the religious press, have spoken emphatically in its favor. We are not inclined wilfully to differ from our contemporaries, or to set up any claim to superior critical acumen, when we declare that his book, as a whole, has disappointed us.

A residence of many years, in a remote and almost unknown portion of Central Africa, had furnished the author with *materiel* which, if properly employed, might have resulted in the preparation of one of the most valuable works of modern times. But Mr. Bowen's volume is simply respectable.

In his preface, the author himself confesses, that, "on several points, the information is smaller than he desired," and gives as the reason, that "it was thought best to limit the work to its present size, *even at the expense of facts which are worth relating.*" This is anything but satisfactory, and when Mr. Bowen goes on to say, "that the manners and customs of the people are frequently detailed in the monthly letters of the missionaries published in our periodicals," (implying that the information therein contained is sufficient,) he rather contradicts the statement in a preceding paragraph, to the effect that the countries of which he speaks, "are little known," and that additional information concerning them is very much to be desired. We do not wish to be understood as depreciating this work; we only say that the author might, and *should* have devoted more time and labor to its composition—that, with almost unparalleled advantages in his protracted residence among nations, the desire to possess more extensive and reliable knowledge of whom is very general, he has written a book, the merit of which is, by no means, in proportion to Mr. Bowen's opportunities of information, and the peculiar position occupied by him for five years and upwards, towards the people and the country which he professes to describe.

The Wigwam and the Cabin. By Wm. Gilmore Simms. Redfield: New York.

A "new and revised edition" of one among Mr. Simm's most characteristic works, will, we are persuaded, be everywhere welcomed with favor. "The Wigwam and the Cabin," as published at present, contains thirteen distinct tales, all more or less dramatic, and several vividly illustrative of those stirring border legends, which the author has so industriously studied, and has done so much to perpetuate.

These stories range through many moods, and touch upon every variety of subject. There is not a dull or commonplace narrative in the whole collection. Whatever may be Mr. Simm's faults, as a writer, the most prejudiced critic cannot deny him originality, vigor, rare insight into character, and that fusing imagination which, in harmonizing the other faculties, gives to them concentration of effect, and the unity which belongs to the manifestation of all true art.

Arctic Adventure by Sea and Land, from the earliest date to the last Expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin. Edited by Epes Sargent: With maps and illustrations. Phillips, Sampson & Co.: Boston. Smith & Whilden: Charleston.

An admirable *resumé* of every important work upon Arctic Adventure and Discovery, most judiciously and clearly arranged We heartily commend it to the reader's attention. In this moderate-sized duodecimo he will find a record of the collective heroism of all countries and times. Such works are not merely entertaining. They furnish food for grave thought, and are, in a high sense, instructive and useful. In their perusal, we learn to what heights the self-sacrifice and devotion of man may sometimes attain, and thus our faith in humanity is strengthened, and we gather new courage for that eventful struggle with life and life's responsibilities, which presses upon the humblest as well as the most exalted of mankind.

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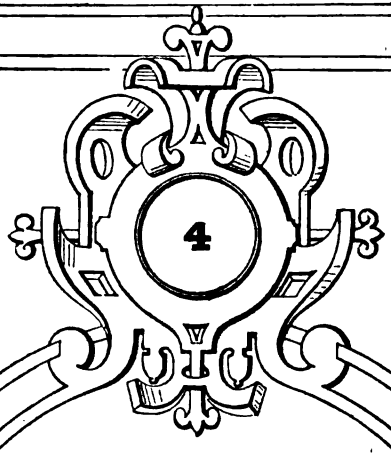

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CURSED MONEY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FREDERIC BASTIAT.

There is perhaps no more fruitful source of error than ignorance or misconception of the true nature and functions of money. The subject is one in which we are all more or less concerned, whether consciously or not, for every body buys and sells, and, therefore, necessarily has something to do with money. Nor are the errors which spring from this source merely insignificant and innocent. On the contrary they influence the action of States and Governments; embody themselves in legislative measures, and injuriously affect the interests of society in all its departments. It is entirely to such misconceptions that false systems of banking and laws against usury owe their existence; and they also enter very largely into the composition of protective tariffs and other violations of the freedom of commerce. We cannot, therefore, render a more useful, and, we venture to hope, acceptable service to the public than to lay before them the following translation of an article from the pen of that great French writer, Frederic Bastiat, whose untimely death, truth and freedom have so much reason to mourn. In it he expounds one of the most intricate and confusing topics of political economy not only without any of the repulsive gravity of a scientific treatise, but in a style so clear and simple, so free from technical terms, and at the same time so familiar and playful as to make it intelligible and even agreeable to persons who have never opened a book of political economy:

"Cursed money! cursed money! exclaimed with an air of grief the economist, F., as he came out from the Committee of Finance, where they had been discussing a project of paper money.

"What is the matter with you? said J. Whence comes this sudden disgust with the most adored of the divinities of this world?

Cursed money! cursed money! You alarm me. There is nothing that I have not heard blasphemed at some time or other—peace, liberty, life, and Brutus went so far as to say: Virtue! thou art but a name! But if anything has escaped hitherto——.

Cursed money! Cursed money!

Come, a little philosophy. What has happened to you? Has the chariot of Cresus just been splashing you? Has Mondor robbed you of the love of your mistress? or,

lastly, has Zoilus hired a newspaper to abuse you?

"I do not envy the chariot of Cresus; my reputation, by its insignificance, escapes the tongue of Zoilus; and as to my mistress, never, no never, has the shadow of the lightest stain———."

"Ah! I have it. Where has my head been? You, too, you are the inventor of a new social reorganization, *the F. system.* You intend your society to be more perfect than that of Sparta, and for that purpose all money is to be rigidly banished. What embarrasses you is the difficulty of persuading your disciples to empty their purses.—What would you have? That is the rock upon which all reformers are wrecked. There is not one of them who would not have done wonders if he could only have succeeded in overcoming all resistance, and if all mankind had consented to become like wax in his hands; but they are so obstinately infatuated that they will not be like wax. They listen, applaud, or disdain and ——go on just as they did before.

"Thank heaven, I am still free from that madness of the day. Instead of inventing new social laws, I study those which it has pleased God to invent, having, moreover, the happiness to find them admirable in their progressive development. It is for that reason that I repeat:—Cursed money! cursed money!

"You are then a Proudhonian or Proudhonest. Eh, well! you may satisfy yourself by the simplest means. Throw your purse into the Seine, reserving only a hundred francs with which to take a share in the Exchange Bank.

"When I curse money itself, you know that I must also curse its deceitful sign.

"Then I have but one hypothesis left. You are a new Diogenes, and you are going to weary me with a tirade in the style of Seneca, on the contempt of riches.

"God forbid! For wealth, let me tell you, is not a little more or a little less money. It is bread for the hungry, clothes for the naked, fuel to give warmth, oil which supplies the want of daylight, a career opened to your son, a dowry assured to your daughter, a day of rest for fatigue, a cordial for the fainting strength, a gift to slip into the hand of bashful poverty, a shelter from the storm, a welcome to gathering friends, diversion for the mind borne down with thought, the incomparable pleasure of making those who are dear to us happy. Wealth! it is instruction, independence, dignity, confidence, charity, all that the development of our faculties can furnish to the wants of the body and the mind; it is progress, it is civilization. Wealth is the admirable civilizing result of two admirable agents yet more civilizing than itself: labor and exchange.

"Good! But are you not now going to chaunt an ode to wealth, when scarcely a minute ago you were heaping imprecations upon gold?

"Eh! Do you not understand that it was merely a little explosion of the economist! I curse money precisely because people confound it with wealth, as you have just done, and out of this confusion arise error and calamities without number. I curse it because its function in society is ill understood and very difficult to make people understand. I curse it because it perplexes all their ideas, makes them take the means for the end, obstacle for cause, alpha for omega; because its presence in the world, beneficent in itself, has nevertheless introduced a fatal notion, a perversion of reason, an in-

verted theory, which, in its multiplied forms, has impoverished mankind and stained the earth with blood. I curse it because I feel myself incapable of struggling against the error to which it has given birth otherwise than by a long and tiresome dissertation to which nobody will listen. Ah! if I could find a patient and well disposed auditor!

"Zounds! it shall not be said that for want of a victim you have to remain in the state of irritation in which I see you. I listen; speak, discuss, don't by any means restrain yourself.

"You promise me to take an interest——.

"I promise you to have patience.

"That is very little.

"It is all that I can dispose of. Begin and explain to me first how a mistake about money, if there is a mistake, comes to be at the bottom of all economical errors.

"Then, frankly, with your hand on your conscience, did it never happen to you to confound wealth with money?

"I do not know; I have never wasted much time on political economy. But after all, what would be the consequence?

"No great matter. An error in your brain without any influence upon your acts; for you must see that on the subject of labor and exchange, although there may be as many opinions as heads, we all act in the same way.

"Nearly as we walk on the same principles though we are not agreed as to the theory of equilibrium and gravitation.

"Exactly. Any one who should be led by induction to believe that during the night we have our heads down and our feet up, might write fine books on the subject, but he would hold himself just like every body else.

So I believe. If not, he would soon be punished for being too good a logician.

"Just so, that man would soon die of hunger who, having persuaded himself that money were real wealth, should follow out his principles to the end. Therefore, that theory is false; for there is no true theory but that which results from facts, such as they manifest themselves at all times and in all places.

"I comprehend that in practice and under the influence of personal interest, the mischievous consequences of acting erroneously tend constantly to correct the error. But if that of which you speak has so little influence, why does it put you so out of humor?

"It is, that when a man instead of acting for himself decides for another, personal interest, that sentinel so watchful and so sensitive, is not there to utter the cry of suffering. The responsibility is misplaced. It is Peter that makes the mistake, and it is John that suffers; the false system of the legislator becomes forcibly the rule of action of entire communities. And behold the difference. When you have money and are very hungry, whatever may be your theory of money, what do you do?

"I go to a baker's shop and buy some bread.

"You do not hesitate to part with your money?

"It is only for that I have it.

"And if the baker in his turn is thirsty, what does he do?

"He goes to the wine shop and drinks a measure of wine with the money I have given him.

"What! He is not afraid of ruining himself?

"The true ruin would be not to eat or drink.

"And all the men in the world, if they are free, act in the same way?

"Without any doubt. Would you have them die of hunger for the sake of heaping up sous?

"Far from it; I think they act wisely, and I would desire that the theory might be nothing else than a faithful image of this universal practice. But let us suppose now that you are the legislator, the absolute king of a vast empire in which there are no mines of gold.

"The fiction is pleasant enough.

"Let us suppose further that you are perfectly convinced of this: wealth consists solely and exclusively of money; what would be your conclusion?

"I would conclude that I have no other means to enrich my people, or they to enrich themselves than by drawing off the money of other nations.

"That is to say, impoverishing them. The first consequence at which you would arrive would be this: One nation cannot gain but what another loses.

"This axiom has on its side the authority of Bacon and of Montaigne.

"It is not the less sad for that, for it comes at last to saying: progress is impossible. Two nations, any more than two men, cannot prosper along side of each other.

"It does, indeed, seem that such is the result of the principle.

"And as all men aspire to enrich themselves, it follows that all seek by virtue of a law of Providence to ruin their fellow men.

"It is not Christianity, but it is political economy.

"Detestable. But let us go on. I have made you an absolute King. It is not in order to reason but to act. Nothing limits your power. What are you going to do in pursuance of this doctrine, wealth is money?

"My views will be directed to increasing without cessation in the midst of my people the mass of coin.

"But there are no mines in your kingdom. How will you set about it? What will you command?

"I will command nothing; I will forbid. I will forbid on pain of death the exportation of a crown piece from the country.

"And if your people, having money, are also in want of food?

"It does not signify. In the system on which we are reasoning to permit them to export crown pieces would be to permit them to impoverish themselves.

"So that by your confession you would force them to proceed on a principle the opposite of that which governs you yourself in like circumstances. Why is that?

"It is without doubt because my own hunger pinches me, and the hunger of the people does not pinch the legislators.

"Eh, well! I can tell you that your plan would fail, and that there is no supervision vigilant enough when the people are hungry, to prevent the crowns from going out if the corn is at liberty to come in.

"In that case, this plan, erroneous or not, is inefficacious for good as well as for evil, and we need not concern ourselves any further about it.

"You forget that you are a legislator. Is a legislator so easily discouraged when he is making his experiments upon others? The first decree having failed, would you not seek some other means of obtaining your end?

"What end?

"You have a short memory; that of increasing among your people the mass of money, supposed to be the true and only wealth.

"Ah! you bring me back to the point. I beg pardon. But you know it has been said of music: *Pas trop n'en faut.* I believe it is

still more true of political economy. I am on the track again. But I really don't know what to imagine.

"Think well. To begin, I call your attention to the fact that your first decree solved the problem only negatively. To prevent the crown pieces from going out of the country does, indeed, prevent its wealth from being diminished, but does not increase it.

"Ah! I am on the scent—that corn free to come in—a bright idea just occurs to me. Yes, the device is ingenious—the means infallible. I am within reach of the end.

"In my turn, I will ask, what end?

"Eh! Zounds, that of increasing the mass of money.

"How will you set about it, if you please?

"Is it not true that in order that the pile of money may be always growing, the first condition is that nothing shall be taken from it?

"Well.

"And the second, that it should be constantly added to.

"Very well.

"Then the problem will be resolved, both negatively and positively, as the socialists say, if on one side I prevent foreigners from drawing any thing from it, and on the other I compel them to contribute to it.

"Better and better.

"And for that purpose, two simple decrees, in which money shall not even be mentioned. By one it shall be forbidden to my subjects to buy anything from foreign nations; by the other they shall be commanded to sell them a great deal.

"It is an extremely well conceived plan.

"Is it new? I will go forthwith and get out a patent of invention.

"Don't give yourself the trouble. The priority will be contested with you. But take care of one thing.

"What?

"I have made you a despotic King. I understand how you will prevent your subjects from purchasing foreign productions. It will be sufficient to prohibit their introduction. Thirty or forty thousand custom house officers will do the business.

"It is a little costly. But no matter; the money paid to them will not go out of the country. Assuredly; and in our system, that is the essential point. But to force the sale to foreigners how will you proceed?

"I will encourage it by bounties, for which proper taxes shall be levied from my people.

"In that case the exporters, constrained by the competition among themselves, will reduce their prices as much as the bounty; and it will be the same as if you made for eigners a present of these bounties or taxes.

"But, nevertheless, the money will not go out of the country.

"True. That answers everything; but if your system is so advantageous, the other Kings, your neighbors, will adopt it. They will establish your decrees in their dominions; they will have custom house officers and will exclude your products in order that there also the heap of money may not be diminished.

"I will have an army and I will force their barrier.

"They will have armies and will force yours.

"I will equip navies and make conquests; I will acquire colonies and raise up for my people consumers who shall be obliged to eat our corn and drink our wine.

"The other Kings will do the same. They will dispute with you your conquests, your colonies and your consumers. Then you have war every where and the world in a flame.

"I will increase my imports, my custom house officers, and my navy and my army.

"The others will follow your example.

"I will redouble my efforts.

"They will do the same. In the meantime, it is not proved that you will have succeeded in selling much.

"It is but too true. Fortunate, if the commercial efforts neutralize each other.

"And the military efforts also. And tell me, these custom house officers, these soldiers, these ships, these crushing taxes, this perpetual straining towards an impossible result, this permanent state of war, open or secret, with all the world, are they not the logical consequences necessarily growing out of the fact that the legislator has got into his head that idea (which you agree never governs any man acting for himself) wealth is money; to increase the quantity of money is to increase wealth?

"I concede it. Either the axiom is true, and then the legislator ought to act in the manner I have described, though it lead to universal war. Or it is false, and in that case it is only to ruin themselves that men tear one another to pieces.

"And remember, that before you were King this same axiom had conducted you by a logical process to these maxims. What one gains another loses. The profit of one is the loss of another," which imply an irremediable antagonism among all men.

"It is but too certain. Philosopher or legislator, whether I reason or act, setting out from this principle, money is wealth, I always arrive at this conclusion or result—universal war. You did well to point out to me the consequences before discussing it. Without that I would never have had the courage to follow you to the end in your economical dissertation, for, to be plain with you, that is not diverting.

"To whom do you tell that? That is just what I was thinking of when you heard me murmuring cursed money! I was groaning because my countrymen have not the courage to study what it so deeply concerns them to know.

"And yet the consequences are frightful.

"The consequences! I have pointed out to you only one of them. I could have shown you others still more fatal.

"You make my hair stand on end. What other evils has this confounding of wealth with money been able to inflict on mankind?

"It would take me a long time to enumerate them. It is a doctrine which has a numerous progeny. Its eldest son—we have just made his acquaintance—is called *prohibition;* the second, *the colonial system;* the third, *hatred of capital;* the Benjamin, *paper money.*

"What! paper money proceeds from the same error?

"Directly. When the legislators, after having ruined men by war and taxes, persevere in their idea, they say to themselves: 'If the people suffer, it is because there is not money enough. We must make some.' And as it is not easy to multiply the precious metals, particularly when the pretended resources of prohibition have been exhausted, 'we will make fictitious money,' they add, 'nothing is easier, and every citizen shall have his portfolio full of it! they shall all be rich.'

"In fact, this process is more expeditious than the other, and does not end in foreign war.

"No, but in civil war.

"You are very much of a Pessimist. Hasten then to sift the

question to the bottom. I am quite surprised to find myself desirous for the first time to know whether money—or its representative—is wealth.

"You will readily admit that men do not immediately satisfy any of their wants with crown pieces. If they are hungry, it is bread they want; if they are naked, clothes; if they are sick, remedies; if they are cold, shelter, fuel; if they desire to learn, books; if they wish to travel, vehicles; and so on. The wealth of a country consists in the abundance and proper distribution of these useful things. Whence, you must acknowledge with pleasure, how false is that wretched maxim of Bacon: *What one people gain, another necessarily loses;* a maxim expressed still more distressingly by Montaigne in these terms: *The profit of one is the loss of another.* When Shem, Ham and Japhet divided among them the vast solitudes of this earth, assuredly each of them might build, drain, sow, reap, provide himself with better lodgings, better food, and better clothing, instruct and improve himself better, in a word, enrich himself and increase his enjoyments, without causing any necessary diminution of the similar enjoyments of his brothers. It is the same of two nations.

"Undoubtedly two nations, as well as two men, without any relations between them, may, by working more and working better, prosper side by side without injuring one another.

"That is not what is denied by the axioms of Montaigne and Bacon. They only mean that in the commerce which takes place between two nations or two men, if one gains the other must lose. And that is self evident; exchange, of itself, adding nothing to the mass of those useful things of which you were speaking, if after an exchange one of the parties has more, it follows that the other party must have less.

"You conceive a very incomplete idea of exchange, so far incomplete as to become false. If Shem is on a plain fruitful of corn, Japhet on a slope suitable for the production of wines, and Ham on rich pasture lands, it may be that the diversity of their occupations so far from injuring either of them, may make them all three prosper. In fact that must happen, for the division of labor introduced by exchange will have the effect of increasing the mass of corn, wine and meat to be distributed among them.—How should it be otherwise if you admit the freedom of these transactions? The instant that one of the brothers should perceive that social labor, so to speak, that is confining his efforts to the production of one thing, and obtaining the others by exchange occasioned him constant loss, in comparison with solitary labor, that is, producing everything for himself, he would cease to make exchanges. Exchange carries along with it its title to our recognition. It is practised voluntarily, therefore it must be beneficial to both parties.

"But the axiom of Bacon is true with regard to gold and silver. If it is admitted that at a certain time there is a given quantity in the world, it is very clear that one purse cannot be filled without taking from another.

"And if we assume that gold is wealth, the conclusion is, that while there are among men transfers of fortune there is never any general progress. This is just what I said at the beginning. That if, on the contrary, you regard wealth as consisting in the abundance of useful things, fitted to satisfy our wants and tastes, you will understand

that simultaneous prosperity is possible. Money serves only to facilitate the transmission of these useful things from one hand to another, which is accomplished equally well with an ounce of rare metal, such as gold, or a pound of more abundant metal, such as silver, or with a half quintal of metal still more abundant, such as copper. It follows that if all the French people had at their disposal twice as much of all these useful things, France would be twice as rich, though the quantity of money might remain the same; but it would not be so if there were double the quantity of money, the mass of useful things not being increased.

"The question is, whether the presence of a greater number of crown pieces has not the effect of augmenting the mass of useful things.

"What connection can there be between these two terms? Food, clothing, houses, fuel, all these are produced by nature and labor, a labor more or less skilful exerted in turning to account powers of nature more or less liberal.

"You forget one great force, which is exchange. If you avow that it is a force, as you agree that crown pieces facilitate it, you must also agree that they have an indirect power of production.

"But, I added, that a little of a rare metal facilitates exchanges as much as a great quantity of an abundant metal, whence it follows that a people are not enriched by forcing them to give useful things in order that they might have more money.

"So, according to you the treasures which they are finding in California will not increase the wealth of the world.

"I do not believe that they add much to the enjoyments, to the real gratifications of mankind taken in the aggregate. If the gold of California does no more than replace in the world what is lost and destroyed, that may have its utility. If it increases the mass it will cause a depreciation of gold. Those who find gold will be richer than they might have been without that.—But those in whose hands the existing stock of gold may be at the time of the depreciation, will procure less enjoyment for an equal sum. I cannot see in that an increase but only a displacement of true wealth, such as I have defined it.

"All that is very subtle. But you will find it very difficult to persuade me that I am not richer, other things being equal, if I have two crown pieces than if I have only one.

"I do not say any such thing.

"And what is true of me is true of my neighbor, and of my neighbor's neighbor, and so on from one to another all round the country. Then if each Frenchman has more crown pieces, France is richer.

"And there is your error, the common error, which consists in concluding from one to all, from the particular to the general.

"What! is it not of all conclusions the most conclusive? What is true of each is it not so of all? What is all but every individual named at once? You might as well tell me that each Frenchman could suddenly grow an inch taller, and yet the average height of all the French people be no greater than before.

"The reasoning is specious I admit, and therefore it is, that the illusion which it covers is so common. Let us examine it, however. Ten gamesters were in the habit of playing together in a certain saloon. For greater convenience it was their custom to take, each one, ten coun-

ters, against which they deposited a hundred francs under the candlestick, so that each counter represented ten francs. After the game their accounts were settled, and the players withdrew from under the candlestick as many times ten francs as they could produce counters. Seeing which, one of them, perhaps a great arithmetician, but a poor reasoner, says: Gentlemen, an unvarying experience teaches me that at the end of the game the more counters I have the richer I am. Have you not made the same observation as to yourselves? So, what is true of me is true of each of you successively, and what is true of each is true of all. Then we would all be richer at the end of the game, if we all had more counters. Now, nothing is easier. It is only necessary to distribute double the number. And accordingly, it was done. But when the game being terminated they came to settle accounts, it was found that the thousand franks under the candlestick had not miraculously multiplied themselves according to the general expectation. They had to be distributed *pro rata*, as it is called, and the only result obtained (very chimerical) was this: Each player had, indeed, double the number of counters, but each counter, instead of corresponding to ten francs, represented no more than *five*. It was then made perfectly clear, that what is true of each is not always true of all.

"I see that very well; but you suppose a general increase of counters without a corresponding increase of the deposits under the candlestick.

"And you, you suppose a general increase of crown pieces without a corresponding increase of the things of which these crown pieces facilitate the exchange.

"Do you assimilate the crown pieces to counters?

"Assuredly no; in other respects, yes, in the point of view of the argument which you were opposing to me and which I had to combat. Remark one thing—in order that there should be a general increase of crown pieces in any country, it is necessary either that such country should have mines, or that its commerce should be carried on in such a way as to give useful things to obtain money. *Outside of these two hypotheses* a universal increase is impossible, the crown pieces only changing hands, and in that case, though it may be true of each one taken individually, that the more crown pieces he has the richer he is, the generalization which you were just now making cannot be deduced therefrom, since a crown piece the more in one purse implies by absolute necessity a crown piece the less in some other. It is, as in your comparison with the average height. If each of us grew taller only at the expense of somebody else, it would, indeed, be true of each one taken individually that he may be a taller man if he has good luck, but that will never be true of all taken collectively.

"Be it so. But in the two hypotheses that you have mentioned, the increase is real, and you will agree that I am right.

"Up to a certain point. Gold and silver have a value. To obtain them men consent to give useful things which have a value also. When, therefore, there are mines in a country, if that country extracts from them gold enough to purchase abroad a useful thing, for example a locomotive engine, they enrich themselves by all the enjoyments which a locomotive engine can procure, exactly as if it had been made at home. The question for them to consider is whether

they expend more effort in the first process than in the second. Not forgetting that if they did not export the gold it would depreciate, and then might happen something worse than what you see in California, for there they at least use the precious metals to purchase useful things produced in other places. In spite of that, people there sometimes run the risk of dying of hunger on heaps of gold. How would it be if the law prevented the exportation of gold? As to the second hypothesis, that of the gold which comes to us by means of foreign commerce, it is an advantage or a disadvantage, according as the country has more or less need of it, in comparison with the need which it also has of the useful things with which it parts in order to obtain the gold. It is for those interested to judge of this, and not for the law; for if the law sets out from this principle, that gold is preferable to useful things, no matter what may be their value, and if it succeeds in carrying out the idea effectively, it tends to make of France a second California, where there will be plenty of money to buy with and nothing to buy. It is always the system of which Midas is the symbol.

"The gold which comes in implies some useful thing that goes out, and in this relation there is a satisfaction withdrawn from the country. But is it not replaced with advantage? And of how many new satisfactions will not this gold be the source, as it circulates from hand to hand, stimulating labor and industry, until at last it goes out again in its turn and implies the entrance of some useful thing?

"There, you are at the heart of the question. Is it true that a crown piece is the principle which causes the production of all the objects of which it facilitates the exchange. It is agreed that a crown piece of five francs is worth only five francs, but people are led to believe that this value has a peculiar character; that it is not destroyed as others are, or, at least, is not destroyed for a very long time; that it renews itself, so to speak, at each transfer, and that, in fact, this crown piece has been worth as many times five francs as it has effected purchases, that it is worth in itself as much as all the things for which it has been successively exchanged; and they believe this because they suppose that without this crown piece those things would not even have been produced. They say without it the shoemaker would have sold a pair of shoes less, consequently he would have bought less butcher's meat; the butcher would have gone less often to the grocer's, the grocer to the physician, the physician to the lawyer, and so on in succession.

"That appears to me incontestible.

"It is then time to analyze the true function of money, considered apart from mines and importation. You have a crown piece. What does it signify in your hands? It is there as the witness and proof that you have at some time or other executed a work, of which you have allowed society in the person of your client to enjoy the benefit instead of enjoying it yourself.—This crown piece testifies that you have rendered a service to society, and moreover certifies its value. It further testifies that you have not yet received from society a *real* service of equal value, to which you had a right. To enable you to exercise this right when and in such manner as you please, society, by the hands of your client, has given you an *acknowledgment*, a title, a *due bill of the commonwealth*, a counter, in short, a crown

piece, which only differs from a written obligation in containing its value in itself; and if you know how to read with the eyes of the mind the inscription it bears on it, you will decipher distinctly these words: *Render to the bearer a service equivalent to that which he has rendered to society, value received, verified, proved and measured by that which is in me.* Now, you transfer your crown piece to me. This is either gratuitous or it is in discharge of an obligation. If you give it to me as the price of a service, this is what results from the transaction, your account of *real* satisfaction with society is arranged, balanced and closed. You had rendered it a service in exchange for a crown piece, you now restore to it a crown piece in exchange for a service; both parties are acquitted. For my part, I am exactly in the position in which you were just now. It is I who am now in advance with regard to society for the service which I have just rendered it in your person. It is I who become its creditor for the value of the work which I have just done for you, and which I might have devoted to myself. It is then into my hands that the certificate of this credit, the witness and the proof of the social debt must pass. You cannot say that I am richer, for if I have to receive, it is because I have given. Neither can you say that society is richer by a crown piece, because one of its members has a crown piece more, since another has one less. If you give me this crown piece gratuitously, in that case it is certain that I shall be so much richer, but you will be so much poorer, and the wealth of society taken in the aggregate will not be changed; for this wealth, I have already said, consists of real services, effective satisfactions, useful things. You were the creditor of society, you have substituted me in your rights, and it is of little importance to society which is liable to somebody for a service, whether it is rendered to you or to me. They acquit themselves by rendering it to the bearer of the certificate.

"But if we all had plenty of crown pieces, we could draw from society a great many services.—Would not that be very agreeable?

"You forget that in the order which I have just described, and which is the image of the reality, one draws services from the social store only because he has contributed services to it. Whoever says *service*, says at once service *rendered and received*, for these two terms imply each other, so that there must always be a balance. You cannot imagine that society renders more services than it receives, and yet that is the chimera which men strive after by the multiplication of crown pieces, the alteration of coins, paper money, &c.

"All that seems reasonable enough *in theory*, but in practice I cannot get it out of my head when I see how things go, that if by a happy miracle the number of crown pieces came to be multiplied in such sort that each one of us saw his little provision doubled, we would all be more at ease; we would all make more purchases, and industry would receive a powerful encouragement.

"More purchases! But purchase what? Without doubt useful objects, things capable of yielding effective satisfaction, provisions, clothes, houses, books, pictures.—You ought then to commence by proving that all these things are generated spontaneously, for no other reason than that ingots fallen from the moon are coined at the mint, and that the plate for striking off assignats is set to work

at the National printing press; for you cannot reasonably think that if the quantity of corn, of cloths, of ships, of hats, of shoes, remains the same, the share of each of us can be larger, because we all present ourselves in the market with a greater quantity of francs, metallic or paper. Remember our players. In the order of society, the useful things are what the working people themselves put under the candlestick, and the crown pieces which circulate from hand to hand, they are the counters. If you multiply the francs without multiplying the useful things, the only result will be that it will require a greater number of francs for each exchange, as the players required more counters for each stake. You have the proof of it in what takes place with regard to gold, silver and copper. Why does the same bargain require more copper than silver, more silver than gold? Is it not because these metals are dispersed through the world in different proportions?—What reason have you for believing that if gold was to become as abundant as copper, it would not take as much of one as of the other to buy a house?

"You may be right, but I wish you to be wrong. In the midst of the sufferings which surround us, so cruel in themselves, so dangerous in their consequences, I found some consolation in thinking that there was an easy means of making all the members of society happy.

"If wealth really consisted of gold and silver, it is not quite so easy to increase the mass of them in a country destitute of mines.

"No, but it is easy to substitute something else for them. I agree with you that gold and silver render but little service except as ininstruments of exchange. Paper money, bank notes, &c., do as much. If, then, we all had plenty of that kind of money, so easy to make, we would all buy a great deal, we would want for nothing. Your cruel theory dissipates hopes, illusions, if you will, of which the principle is surely very philanthropic.

"Yes, like all the barren wishes that can be formed for universal happiness. The extreme facility of the means which you invoke is sufficient to prove its emptiness. Do you believe that if printing bank bills was sufficient to enable us all to satisfy our wants, our tastes, our desires, mankind would have reached this period without resorting to so easy an expedient? I agree with you that the discovery is seductive. It would immediately banish from the world not only spoliation in its many deplorable forms, but labor itself, except that of printing assignats. It remains to comprehend how the assignats would buy houses which nobody would have built, corn which nobody would have cultivated, cloths which nobody would have taken the trouble to weave.

"One thing strikes me in your argument. According to your own view, if there is no gain neither is there any loss from multiplying the instrument of exchange, as appears by the example of your players, who came off with nothing worse than a very mild deception. Then why reject the philosopher's stone, which would at least teach us the secret of converting pebbles into gold, and in the meantime paper money? Are you so prepossessed with your logic that you reject an experiment without risk? If you are in error you deprive the nation, as your numerous adversaries say, of an immense benefit. If the error is on their side the people have nothing at stake, by your own

showing but a hope deceived.—The measure excellent according to them, is nugatory according to you. Let it then be tried, since the worst that can happen is not the realization of an evil, but the non-realization of a good.

"In the first place, a hope deceived is itself a great evil for a people. It is another that the government should announce the remission of many taxes on the faith of a resource which must infallibly vanish. Nevertheless, your remark would have force, if after the emission of paper money and its depreciation, the equilibrium of values took place instantaneously with perfect simultaneousness in all things and in all parts of the country. The measure would end as in the case of my gaming saloon, in a universal mystification, for which the best that could be done would be to laugh in each other's faces. But it is not thus that things go. The experiment has been made, and each time that the despots have debased the currency——.

"Who proposes to debase the currency?

"To force people to take in payment rags of paper which have been officially baptized *francs*, is as bad as to force them to receive as weighing five grammes a piece of silver which weighs only two and a half, but which has been also called a franc, if it is not worse; and all the arguments which can be used in favor of a legal falsification of the coinage.

"Truly, looking from the point of view in which you were just now, and in which you seem to be still, when it was believed that to multiply the instrument of exchanges was to multiply the exchanges themselves, as well as the things exchanged, men must have thought in good faith that the most simple means was to divide the crown pieces in two, and give by law to the halves the denomination and value of the whole. Well! in one case as well as the other, depreciation is infallible. I believe I have told you the cause. What remains for me to demonstrate to you is, that this depreciation which as to the paper may descend to *zero*, is effected by successively making dupes, among whom the poor, the simple minded, the common labourers and peasants occupy the first rank.

"I am listening, but abridge. The dose of political economy is a little strong for one sitting.

"Be it so. We are then well settled on this point, that wealth is the aggregate of the useful things which are produced by labour, or, still better, the results of all the efforts that we make for the satisfaction of our wants and our tastes. These useful things are exchanged one for another, according to the convenience of those to whom they belong. There are two forms of these transactions: one is called *barter;* it is that in which one renders a service that he might immediately receive another equivalent service. Under this form the number of transactions would be extremely limited. In order that they might be multiplied, might be effected in spite of the obstacles of time and space, between persons unknown to each other and in indefinite portions, the intervention of an intermediate agent was required; this agent is money. It gives rise to exchange, or buying and selling, which is nothing else than a complex barter. This is what it is necessary to observe and understand. Exchange is decomposed into two barters, into two factors, *sale and purchase*, the combination of which is necessary to constitute it. You *sell* a service for a crown piece, then with this crown piece

you purchase a service. It is not till then that the barter is complete; it is not till then that your effort has been followed by a real satisfaction. Evidently you do not labor to satisfy the wants of others, but that others may labor to satisfy yours. As long as you only have in your hands the crown piece which has been given you for your labour, you are only in a condition to command the labour of another person. And it is when you shall have done that, that the economical evolution will be accomplished as to you, since then only you will have obtained by a real satisfaction the true recompense of your labour. The idea of *barter* implies service rendered and service received.—Why should it not be the same of that of exchange, which is only a barter in two parts? And here there are two remarks to make: First, it does not signify materially whether there is much or little money in the world. If there is much, much is required; if there is little, little is required for each transaction—that is all. The second observation is this: As money is always seen to be brought in at each exchange it comes at last to be regarded as the sign and measure of the things exchanged.

"Will you even deny that money is the sign of the useful things of which you speak?

"A louis is no more the sign of a sack of corn than a sack of corn is the sign of a louis.

"What harm arises from considering money as the sign of wealth?

"There is this bad effect, that people believe that it is sufficient to increase the sign in order to increase the things signified, and so fall into all the false measures which you were adopting when I had first made you an absolute king. They go further. In the same way that they see in money the sign of wealth, they see also in paper money the sign of real money, and thence conclude that there is a very easy and very simple means of procuring for everybody the enjoyments of fortune.

"But you will surely not go so far as to deny that money is the measure of values?

"Yes, certainly, I will go as far as that, for it is precisely there that the illusion resides. It has passed into a usage to refer the value of everything to that of money. People say, this is worth 5, 10 or 20 francs, as they say, this weighs 5, 10 or 20 *grammes*, this measures 5, 10 or 20 *metres*, this land contains 5, 10 or 20 *acres*, &c., and thence it is concluded that money is the measure of values.

"Truly such is the appearance.

"Yes, the appearance, and that is what I complain of, but not the reality. A measure of length, of capacity, of weight, of superficies is a quality agreed upon and fixed. Such is not the case of the value of gold and silver. It varies like that of corn, wine, cloth, or labor, and from the same causes, for it has the same source and is subject to the same laws. Gold is put within our reach absolutely like iron, by the labour of miners, the advances of capitalists, the coöperation of navigators and merchants. It is worth more or less according as it costs more or less to produce, as there is more or less in the market, as there is more or less demand for it; in a word, it undergoes as to its fluctuations the destiny of all human productions. But here is something strange, and which causes a great deal of illusion.—When the value of money varies, it is to the other products for which it is exchanged that language attributes the variation. Thus, supposing all circumstances relative to gold to remain the same, and that

there is a deficient harvest of corn. Corn will rise: people will say the *hectolitre* of corn, which was worth 20 franks, is now worth 30, and they will be right, for it is indeed the value of corn which has varied, and the language here agrees with the fact. But let us make the opposite supposition; let us suppose that all circumstances relative to corn remain the same, and that half of all the gold in the world is destroyed, this time it is the value of gold which will rise. It would seem that they ought to say: This napoleon, which was worth 20 francs, is now worth 40. Do you know how they express themselves? As if it was the other term of the comparison which had fallen, and they say, corn, which was worth 20 francs, is now worth 10.

"That comes exactly to the same thing, as to the result.

"Without doubt; but figure to yourself all the disturbances, all the duperies which must arise in exchange when the value of the medium varies without its being made known by a change of denomination. Debased coins or bills bearing the name of twenty francs, are issued, which will retain that name through all the ulterior depreciations. Their value will be reduced a fourth, a half, but they will not the less be called pieces or bills of twenty francs. Skilful people will take care not to part with their products but for a greater number of bills. In other words, they will demand forty francs for what they formerly sold for twenty. But the simple will be entrapped. Years will pass before the readjustment will be accomplished for all values. Under the influence of ignorance and custom the days-work of the field laborer will remain a long time at a franc, when the money price of all objects of consumption will have risen around him. He will fall into frightful destitution without being able to discern the cause. Finally, my dear sir, since you wish me to come to an end, I entreat you, in conclusion, to give your whole attention to this essential point. Once false money, whatever form it may assume, is put in circulation, depreciation must come and manifest itself in the universal rise of everything that is capable of being sold. But this rise is not instantaneous and equal for everything. Skilful people, brokers, men of business, come out well enough, for it is their trade to observe fluctuations of price, to recognize their cause and even to speculate upon them. But the small shopkeepers, peasants, labourers, receive the whole shock. The rest are no richer for it, the poor become poorer. Expedients of this kind have then the effect to widen the distance which separates wealth from poverty, to paralyze the social tendencies which are constantly approximating men to the same level, and the suffering classes will then require ages to regain the ground they have lost in their march towards *equality of conditions.*

"Adieu, my dear sir; I leave you to go and meditate upon the dissertation to which you have just devoted yourself with so much complaisance.

"Are you already at the end of yours? I have hardly commenced. I have not spoken to you of the *hatred of capital*, of the *gratuitousness of credit;* fatal sentiment, deplorable error, which is nourished at the same source.

"What! Does this portentous uprising of the poor against the capitalists also owe its origin to the confounding of money with wealth?

"It is the fruit of various causes. Unhappily, certain capitalists have

arrogated to themselves monopolies and privileges, which would be sufficient to account for this sentiment. But when the theorists of demagoguism, wished to justify it, to systematize it, to give it the appearance of a reasonable opinion, and to turn it against the very nature of capital, they have had recourse to that false political economy, at the bottom of which the same confusion is always found.—They have said to the people: 'Take a crown piece, put it under a glass; forget it there for a year; then go and look at it, and you will be convinced that it has not engendered either ten sous or five sous, or any fraction of a sou. Then money does not produce interest.' Next, substituting for the word *money* its pretended synonym *capital*, they have made their conclusion undergo this modification: 'Then capital does not produce interest.' Then comes the series of consequences: 'Therefore he who lends a capital ought not to receive anything for it; therefore he who lends you a capital, if he takes anything for it, robs you; therefore all capitalists are robbers; therefore wealth, since it ought to be gratuitously at the service of those who borrow, belongs, in reality to those to whom it does not belong; therefore there is no property; therefore everything belongs to every body; therefore——.

"This is grave, so much the more grave that the syllogism, I confess, seems to me admirably linked together. I would be glad to have the question cleared up. But, alas! I am no longer master of my attention. I feel in my head a confused buzzing of the words *currency*, *money*, *services*, *capital*, *interest*, and that to such a degree that, truly, I scarcely know myself. Let us, if you please, adjourn the conversation to another day.

TO WHOM?

Awake upon a couch of pain,
I see a star betwixt the trees;
Across yon darkening field of cane
Comes slow and soft the evening breeze!
My curtain's folds are faintly stirred,
And, moving lightly in her rest,
I hear the chirrup of a bird
That dreameth in some neighboring nest.

Last night I took no note of these:
How it was passed I dread to say—
'Twas not in prayers to Heaven for ease,
'Twas not in wishes for the day.
Impatient tears, and stormy sighs
Enhanced my woe, increased my pain—
I cursed, and cursed, the wildering eyes
That burned this fever in my brain.

Oh, blessings on the quiet hour!
My thoughts in calmer current flow—
She is not conscious of her power,
And hath no knowledge of my woe.
Perhaps if like yon peaceful star,
She looked upon my burning brow,
She would not pity from afar,
But kiss me, as the breeze does now.

ESTCOURT:

THE MEMOIRS OF A VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN.

CHAPTER XII.

THE POST MORTEM EXAMINATION.

Estcourt and his friend, Gilbert, the reader may remember, had returned on the night of the "singular experiment" at the theatre, to *Fairfield*, the estate of the former.

The two men sat now in the ancient apartment used by Estcourt for a study, and the moment seemed to have arrived for the strange revelation promised to Gilbert.—Two lights in tall silver candlesticks burnt upon the circular table of walnut wood; and the grim old portraits, ranged upon the dingy wall, between the oaken bookcases, looked down curiously upon the intruders.

Half reclining in his great leathern chair, whose carven back rose far above his head, Estcourt gazed at the moon shining through the casement, and for a time preserved immobility and silence. His sad eyes, full of pensive gloom, wandered away to other scenes, and figures; entering in reverie beneath earlier skies, he seemed to be collecting his thoughts, summoning from oblivion or the grave those recollections which had nearly escaped him, and were thus almost wholly lost, either from lapse of time, or that gradual obliteration from the scroll of memory which accompanies the acutest suffering. As he sat thus, the mild light of the two candles fell upon his noble head—on the pale face, the eyes half veiled by the long dusky lashes, and the lips full of languid sadness; the painter gazed at this striking picture with absorbed attention.

"Alas!" said Estcourt, calmly, but with a deep sigh, "what I promised to relate, Gilbert, will probably afford you little entertainment. It is far more sad than amusing—tragedy rather than comedy, as most lives will be found to be if they are stripped of their jealous wrappings, and related in all the simplicity of actual detail. If you are made gloomy rather than merry by the recital, you have no one to blame but yourself—and even now I would pause in my design did I aim at simply unburdening my mind—at finding consolation in the history of my misfortunes. But I am impelled by another motive. You deserve this long withheld confidence—for between friends there should be no concealments I think. You have known—and I believe—loved me long, though not from boyhood, and I am now going to give you the highest proof that I appreciate that friendship with which you have honored me."

Gilbert did not reply—he only shaded his eyes with his hand, and continued to gaze steadily at his companion.

"How sweet the moonlight is!" said Estcourt, gazing through the

window upon the great trees and the sloping fields, which slept in the mellow beams. "I find in a scene like this some consolation and relief. Memory is more soothing as I gaze—I think now that I can go on calmly.

"I was born at my father's house of Wildfells, in the county of New Kent, and at the age of fifteen became an orphan—almost a destitute orphan. Of all my father's large landed estate, I retained only a small cottage on the roadside, and a strip of barren soil which barely furnished me the means of subsistence. It was the old, old tale of the 'ways of things' in our good old, honest, thriftless province of Virginia. My father had been a great landed proprietor, his ancestors having secured a magnificent grant from the English government; but, in process of time, high living and unbounded hospitality quite dissipated the patrimonial estate, and, as I have said, a cottage and a few acres only remained to myself.

"I lived here until I was eighteen nearly—hunting, idling, my own master. I had scarcely any friends or connections, and those which did remain to me, seemed to have lost sight of the poor youth, who led so lonely and wild a life, apparently forgetful of themselves, and all the world. I look back now upon this strange existence, however, and think 'twas not so unhappy, for I lived without the pale of worldly cares, heart burnings, and aspirations—my gun and dogs were true companions, and I was content.

"Sometimes, indeed, when I saw a splendid chariot drawn by its four glossy horses, flash by my little house like a brilliant meteor, to disappear like a sunbeam on the edge of the woodland; or when some merry party of young ladies and gentlemen passed rapidly upon spirited horses—the ladies shining in lace and satin, the young fellows covered with embroidery and the richest decorations; at such times, indeed, a sigh of regret and disquiet came unconsciously to my lips, and I think that, with a boy's instinct, I may have envied the fine chariot, or wished myself one of that party of young cavaliers, riding beside the lovely girls, who darted onward with perfumed hair and roses in their cheeks. But these emotions did not disquiet me long—the pageant passed like a bright bird of the tropics, sailing by on colored wings—a thing beyond my power, the mere grace of the passing moment. I returned to my hunting and my lonely thoughts, careless of the great world in which it seemed that no place was reserved for me—and content.

"My life must have attracted attention and caused comment, however—a fact which came to me upon many occasions. At long intervals I would wander to a race course, or an assembly at Williamsburg—going through the crowd with the calm indifference of a woodman who gazes at what excites his wonder, but in which he has no part to play. At such times I scarcely saluted any one; and after gratifying my momentary curiosity, would return as I came—lost like a leaf in the variegated and tumultuous crowd, indifferent to its hisses or its applause. But more than once on these occasions I saw the curious glances of young ladies directed towards me—I even saw pity in these glances—and I know now that many a tender-hearted dame had her sympathy and compassion excited by my appearance; a word, a gesture, my simple approach, indeed, would have insured for me a welcome reception. These good women needed

little to make them espouse the cause of the sad, lonely boy, who had neither mother nor father; and more than one comparison, I heard afterward, was made between the reduced youth of gentle blood, and the splendid parvenus who glittered in gold and velvet. The aristocratic feeling was stronger then than now. I am glad of it—I would see it dead.

"These few words will serve to show how my life went onward until I reached the age of eighteen. I had scarcely passed this period when the event which gave a new turn to my whole existence, occurred to me.

"The only relations of my family who resided in the county were an old gentleman, Mr. Dew, and Francis, his niece. Mr. Dew was a distant relative, but Francis was a nearer cousin of my own, and during my childhood, I had frequently visited *Bolton*, the family mansion. One morning, however, my lonely pride was wounded by what I considered a slight. I fancied that Mr. Dew, who was a stern hard man, looked askance at my poverty stricken vestments. From that moment I determined to visit them no more, and I carried out my resolution. I went away, and for two or three years did not go near the family. I will now briefly relate what led me to renew the connection.

"I was sitting one day in my little cottage, watching the ravages of a terrific thunderstorm, which had just burst in great fury upon the country-side—when suddenly two figures upon horseback darted up the road like lightning, flying evidently before the storm, the dangerous intensity of which every moment increased. As the two figures came opposite to the enclosure which surrounded my little mansion, a blinding flash of lightning, accompanied instantly by a terrific roar of thunder, blinded my eyes, and I unconsciously turned my head away. When I again looked, I saw that the gentleman—for they were gentleman and lady—had checked his companion's horse with a violent hand, and arrested the foaming animal before my door.

"In an instant I had hastened out—received the nearly fainting form of the young lady in my arms, and borne her beneath my roof for protection from the storm. She was so much frightened that for some moments her form was sustained only by my encircling arm, and her forehead rested faintly upon my breast. A single glance told me who she was—it was Francis Dew, my cousin, who had in three years passed from childhood into the loveliest womanhood. Miserable me! why—why did not the lightning blind me?" murmured Estcourt, who with difficulty restrained his emotion whilst uttering these latter words, "then should I have escaped the terrible effect of that resistless beauty! From that moment, Gilbert, I loved the girl with a wild, insane, infatuated affection; all the long-dormant passion of my lonely and wayward nature aroused itself, and glanced like fire in my breast; as at the touch of some subtle magician's wand, my heart throbbed violently, my pulses leaped; with that exquisite head reclining upon my bosom, I felt a thrill of rapture that was almost painful—in a moment, at a touch, without a word spoken, I had passed from my former world. I loved!—deeply, for the first time—I think, forever!

"Well, well! I promised you events, not exclamations. Let me proceed regularly with my narrative. The girl soon recovered her strength, and then with a blush,

and timid glance, she withdrew herself from my arms, and sank into a seat. Her companion, who had secured the horses hurriedly, now entered, and came to her assistance. He was a young man of the neighborhood with whom I had scarcely any acquaintance—and even that much was without my desire. His name was Willerton, and he was about twenty-five. He had inherited a splendid estate, which for four years he had been dissipating by the most vicious courses, and everything reprehensible was confidently laid to his charge, with too much reason and justice. He was the hero, indeed, of all that the better portion of the community stigmatized. He staked incredible sums upon cards—repeatedly engaged in the wildest and most disgraceful orgies, where brutal drunkenness was the least objectionable result, and it began to be whispered that among the poorer families of the neighborhood there was scarcely one which his unbridled profligacy had not plunged into woe and wretchedness. Willerton, however, seemed utterly to disregard these reports—he presented himself everywhere with perfect assurance, and this boldness, added to his splendid person and insinuating elegance of manner, completely routed, as far as the ladies were concerned, his most inveterate enemies. He managed, indeed, to procure the reputation of a persecuted saint with many excellent people; and as to the young damsels, they would smile, and say that Mr. Willerton was 'only a little wild—he would reform—a young man of spirit simply'—in other words, he was an 'eligible match,' and I am going to show you the effect which the fine position and wealth of this excellent young man 'produced!'

Estcourt's tone, as he uttered these words, was filled with such cold and gloomy hatred that Gilbert almost shuddered. This emotion very soon disappeared, however, and regaining his customary calmness, the narrator proceeded:

"But few words were exchanged between myself and my cousin, and she seemed to stand in a certain awe of the haughty young man, who bowed his head with proud condescension as he passed beneath my low roof. His manner to me was elaborately polite, but quite freezing, as became our relative positions. I was poor and obscure—he noble and wealthy. I was clad in a dingy suit of drab cloth, stained and worn—he wore a splendid costume of silk velvet, and lace. It was necessary, you see, to preserve that distinction which society has very properly drawn between the gentleman and the boor. It is true that his grandfather had been an overseer who lived with *my* grandfather—and sliming the old gentleman with uneasy flattery and fulsome adulation, smiling, bowing, bending his back—managed finally to save some money; to lend it to his employer at usurious interest; to take a mortgage, and to nearly ruin my grandfather. Mr. Job Willerton *grandpère*, had sustained this relation toward our family it is true—had been a fawning, submissive, cringing time server—and though he had secured a great portion of the Estcourt estate, had never failed to stand aside, with his hat in his hand, as my old grandfather hobbled by on his stick. They were gentleman and *nouveau riche*, you see—master almost, and employee. But since the days of Job Willerton, *grandpère*, times had considerably changed. Job Willerton, *père*, would say "Estcourt" in an easy way to my father, having purchased that privilege by lending him money at fifty per cent.—and

now, above all, the alteration in the relative positions of the families was complete. Montgomery Willerton, Esquire, of Willerton Hall, the 'representative of one of the ancient families,' living upon the 'old family estate,' with that 'noble hospitality which characterizes the fine old race of Virginia cavaliers' ——this splendid gentleman was quite in contrast with simple Edmund Estcourt, a shabby fellow, starving in a cabin on the roadside, along which the fine chariot of Mr. Willerton rolled grandly. He naturally could not presume for a moment to place himself upon an equality with the master of Willerton Hall. Their station in life was too markedly superior and inferior—the shabby fellow's place, rather, was to bow to the lord of the manor—to doff his cap respectfully when the grand chariot rolled by—to know and keep his proper distance, and inferior position. Friend," said Estcourt calmly, "I may seem to you bitter — contemptuous — still agitated by that memory and injustice? 'Tis not so—see my face, how very calm it is. I narrate clearly, that is all, and I no longer feel either hatred or indignation, such as I cannot deny I then felt. All that is past now—the grave covers it—I pass on in my story.

"Willerton, as I have said, treated me with cold and haughty arrogance, and as Francis gazed from my shabby figure to his own, so rich and splendid, I fancied that a species of flitting shadow in her eyes, betrayed a sentiment toward me somewhat similar to that exhibited by her companion. Certain it is that her manner was constrained, and scarcely more cordial, I thought, than it would have been toward a servant who had rendered prompt and valuable assistance.—She did not call me cousin—in fact scarcely spoke to me—and when the storm finally grew less, and less, and gradually disappeared, leaving the heavens again clear—and she took her departure, accompanied by the cold and formally polite young gentleman, she invited me to Bolton with a coldness which betrayed, I thought, very little desire to have me accept the invitation.

"Nevertheless, I went. This course was the result of a long and agitated conflict in my mind—a conflict which commenced as the two forms disappeared, and only terminated forty-eight hours afterwards. My pride was stung, outraged, thoroughly aroused, and strung for the conflict. 'Defeat this arrogant rival!' said this pride. 'Make her love you!' said my heart. Two hours afterwards I had passed over the ten or fifteen miles which separated me from Bolton.

"Mr. Dew received me with a sort of frosty welcome, which was neither cordiality nor neglect—it was all I had expected. I determined to secure, if possible, the affection of the young girl first—afterwards to attack the stony citadel of her uncle's will. I was ceremoniously polite, and the hard featured old gentleman seemed even a little flattered by my deferential bearing. I had no regard for him—but I was in love with his niece, and, like lovers in all ages of the world, truckled and smiled, and deferred to the keeper of the keys to my treasure.

"The old man said he hoped I would occasionally, from time to time, call at Bolton and see them—they were plain people, but did not wish to seem cold—I had grown a good deal since my travels—and after this pretence of ignorance, Mr. Dew went on with his reading.

"As he finished speaking, I heard the rustle of a dress behind me, and turning round, saw Francis.

"'My niece,' said Mr. Dew, in a chilling tone, as he retired to attend to some farm occupation.

"I bowed with calm courtesy, but did not move. The young lady's cheek colored, and, with a hesitating movement, she held out her hand.

"'Are you offended, cousin?' she said.

"'No, indeed,' I replied, smiling, 'at what could I be?'

"'At my coldness lately—at your house—pray pardon me; I was confused and embarrassed. Indeed, I did not mean to be cold.'

"I declared, smiling, that it was really nothing.

"'Then, as we have made friends,' she said, radiant with smiles, 'suppose we take a stroll, cousin.'

"I offered my arm, and she laid one finger upon my coat cuff.

"'That is too formal for cousins, I think,' she added, as we issued forth upon the lawn, 'will you take my hand?'

"You may imagine my emotions, Gilbert, when I felt thus in my own the soft, warm hand of the woman whom I loved. For an hour I think I held that hand, and nothing occurred to mar my happiness. We wandered over the beautiful sward, and beneath the great old oaks, laughing, speaking gaily of a thousand things—and those beautiful and dangerous eyes perfected the conquest of my heart, which they had commenced two days before. I have seen many women in many lands since—but never have I encountered a face half as lovely. Well! well! let me pass on—events hasten rapidly.

"We had reached the outer gate, when I saw a sudden color come to the girl's cheek, and in a few moments my attention was attracted by the sound of horses' hoofs, rapidly approaching. I turned my head, and saw Willerton coming up the road at a gallop—mounted upon a splendid and mettled courser. The young gentleman was superbly clad—indeed, his costume was one mass of silk, velvet, and rich embroidery, such as was twenty years ago more the fashion than at present—and thus decorated, with all the bravery of a noble and wealthy gallant, I felt what a dangerous rival he must prove in the affections of a young woman, however disinterested; for, friend, let it be said simply, a woman is always a woman. We deify them when we love, but they are angels only in our fancy. To go on, however.—Willerton came on, splendid and aristocratic—with an air of victorious superiority which not seldom characterizes the parvenu who knows the power of his wealth—a glance from his form to my own, revealed the immense difference between us. *I* was clad in a worn suit of brown cloth—my boots were dusty and in holes—there was a rent in my coat, and not a particle of powder upon my hair. In this costume I was to dispute the love of the damsel at my side, with a knight armed cap-a-pie in all the glory of rich purpoint and golden waistcoat. Was it not rather discouraging?

"Willerton did not see us at first, and had not recognized me it seemed, when, after securing his horse, he drew near the spot where we were standing. I still held the young girl's hand, and I think I never felt an emotion of so much haughty pleasure as when Willerton suddenly flushed to the temples, and almost uttered an exclamation of rage as he recognized me.

"'Good morning, Miss Frances,' he said, bowing with lofty respect, but with a curling lip. 'I find you pleasantly engaged.'

"'Yes, sir,' said the young lady, coloring at the covert sneer in the

words, 'my cousin and myself walked out to take the air.'

"'Your cousin!' exclaimed Willerton unconsciously, but suddenly remembering himself, he turned and made me an ironical bow.

"'My cousin, Mr. Estcourt,' said the young lady, 'if you are not acquainted, let me—.'

"'Useless my dear cousin,' I said, 'Mr. Willerton knows me perfectly, and I have the honor of knowing him. You know the old adage—peril levels all distinctions! Well, the storm made us acquainted—eh, Mr. Willerton?'

"I have rarely seen such an expression of concentrated rage, as was visible in Willerton's eyes, as I thus spoke, and I think the calmness of my tone enraged him even more than the words. Had I grown angry, embarrassed, confused—had I colored, and blurted out some rude hostility, he might have summoned to his aid the natural hauteur of his character, and replied to me with an arrogant stare. But this was impossible, and I had foreseen that it would be. Willerton found his calmness forsake him—he flushed with anger, and exclaimed:

"'I have *not* the pleasure of your—of Mr. Estcourt's acquaintance!'

"I could not forbear smiling, for I had humiliated my rival. He had betrayed his character—it was plain that he cherished convictions of the most vulgar aristocracy, if I may so speak—that a shabby fellow like myself should speak to him like an equal, instead of taking off my hat and lowering my voice! Incredible as it may seem, this young man actually betrayed all this in his countenance; and when, at the end of an hour—it is not necessary to repeat the conversation—he departed, he was sullen, and cold, unable to collect his forces, or make any contest.

"I shall not linger upon this interview further—I departed. On the next day I met Willerton at an Ordinary in the neighborhood, and I saw that his anger had deepened. As I approached, he was standing in the midst of a dozen friends—and when I lounged up, with my gun in my hand, his figure detached itself from the group, and came toward me.

"'You insulted me, sir!' he said, coloring with rage, 'you shall answer it!'

"'I am willing to do so, sir,' I replied as calmly as I am now speaking, Gilbert, for I really dispised this man.

"'You may thank me for the favor!' cried Willerton, with increasing rage, 'I generally address myself to gentlemen alone!'

"'Thank you, Mr. Willerton, I replied, 'I appreciate your kindness. Where shall we meet—and the weapons?'

"'Those of a gentleman!' cried Willerton, turning pale with rage, 'that is, if you know anything of such!'

"My coolness began to give way—in the space of half a minute this man had insulted me twice, and I felt my teeth begin to clench, and my chest to swell—a sure sign with me. How to wound my adversary? to resent his scoff adequately? how to sting him? These questions passed like lightning through my mind, and I am sorry that my internal rage prompted me to a course which, in cooler moments, I should not have adopted—to an unworthy course.

"'I suppose you refer to the sword,' I said, as his friends flocked to the spot, and surrounded us, "I have learnt to use it tolerably sir——."

"And the place!—fix it at once! I'll have no delay!'

"Anger quite overcame me, but as I grew more fiery, my voice became even calmer—a common phenomena.

"'The place?' I said, 'you then permit me to fix the place?'

"'Yes! you are challenged!'

"'Well, Mr. Willerton,' I said, 'what say you to the field by the Birch Lodge? Your grandfather lived there once, as my own grandfather's overseer—you know how the Lodge passed to him—little pecuniary affairs, involving usury and knavery! Come! let it be the Birch Lodge! An excellent place for you and myself to meet!'

"Willerton threw himself toward me with the fury of a wild beast—his bloodshot eyes glaring—his lips actually foaming with mad rage. But he was as suddenly held back by his friends, who wished me to be killed in another way. An hour afterwards, we stood in a little glade with bare arms and short swords in our hands—and at a signal struck out furiously at each other. He was an excellent swordsman, and at the third pass, his weapon passed like a burning wire through my side—at the same instant my own buried itself in his sword arm. He fainted upon my body I was told, but I did not remember further. At the end of a week, I was lying pale and faint in my cottage—that was all. My old nurse sat by me weeping.

"I shall not dwell upon the time which elapsed between the wound and my recovery. One thing I may mention, however. *She* came. Alone, on horseback, and with the marks of tears upon her face, she sought my poor cottage, and there first I found that she loved me. When I rose from my bed, quite well again, and went to Bolton, her gaze dwelt upon me with irrepressible affection, and her cheek colored when our eyes met. The grave covers all that light, and joy, and love now—I am alone!' murmured Estcourt, his head sinking on his hands, 'she is dead now—gone into the dust so long!—flowers grew from her maiden bosom and have faded years ago!—she lives but in memory—she who loved me with such deep, absorbing love—whose face lit up at my approach—whose dying lips breathed my name, as they breathed it in the prayer they offered up for me, she told me, when I lay in pain and weakness on my couch! Yes! she loved me, Gilbert!—loved me with all her heart and soul!—and yet—oh, my God! why has it seemed good to thee to make us—well, well, well! I break out into a cry of anguish—it is but labor lost! And yet the echoes of that beautiful and touching voice, ringing in my memory, seem real as I listen; but they die away—slowly, they die away—alas! I am alone again!

"Well, well—in brief words, I loved and was loved again. Heaven seemed to have dowered my life with a glory by which the whole world was changed. I entered upon another existence, and left the old lonely time behind me, as a serpent sheds his dingy and worn skin, to come forth in a coat of flashing splendor. As you may fancy, I did not achieve this delicious triumph of love and pride in a day, or a month. The heart of this woman gradually unfolded before my eyes—the wrappings of etiquette, and prejudice, and maiden modesty were one by one laid aside—it was only after many months of assiduous approach, that the last drapery was removed, and the fluttering heart throbbed visibly beneath my eyes—for me, me alone! Thinking now of that interview at twilight on the great portico, when to my whispered words she could

not reply even in a whisper—and when, with tears and sobs, her head rested on my bosom, as it had done on the day of the storm—thinking of that moment, now, and the rush of delirious joy which filled my pulse with flame, as I clasped her to my heart—I doubt if heaven has not measured joy and pain for me in equal balances!—if any agony can overcome that rapture and supreme happiness!

"Do I rhapsodize? If so, pardon me, Gilbert; did not the loveliness of this exquisite being plead my excuse—the events which followed in due time, might pardon my present rapture. When those after days came, there was little to make me joyous—the morning which dawned so pure and beautiful, and mounted toward its noon without a cloud almost in the serene heaven, was destined to be succeeded by a stormy evening—by heavy clouds from which burst at last that thunderbolt which struck me to the earth. As I come to this period, Gilbert, my heart sinks—I retain my calmness with difficulty. But I have promised you my whole history, and you shall have it."

Estcourt paused for some moments, and deep sighs slowly issued from his lips, as he gazed with the expression of one who dreams, through the window, upon the moonlit trees. Gilbert did not interrupt his reverie, and, after a long silence, he proceeded calmly with his narrative.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN ACCOUNT WITH THE DEAD.

"'I am afraid,' continued Estcourt, 'that I shall not be able to convey to you, an entirely distinct impression of the events which followed the scenes already related—for these events were shaped by the singularly mixed characters of the actors.

"Such is the difference between real life and fiction. In romances, as you know, all comes forth from beneath the author's pen, vivid, distinct, picturesque and *dramatic*, as the new phrase hath it; the hero is an undoubted heroic individual—the villain is portrayed in the blackest colors; the false and the virtuous, the true and the knavish—all is clearly and accurately delineated, for the *rôle* of the composer is to present vividly defined contrasts. The true maiden clings to her true lover—the rogue has no spark of good feeling—the bad is entirely bad—the good excellently good, and so the romance plays its part before you, and you rise from its perusal with a profound conviction that there is nought in existence but absolute light and absolute shadow—that the Almighty never permits them to be mingled.

"Such is the convenient theory of the dramatists and romancers, but real life orders otherwise! The vilest are not all vile, and alas! the truest are not true to the death, through all trials! This woman whom I loved and who loved me, was a beautiful, a noble charater, but she was still a woman, that is to say, she loved the vanity of the eyes—the glitter of wealth—the sheen of jewels, and silks, and laces, and they made her a coward! If I slander her, may a just Heaven forgive me!—but my narrative will show.

"You understand how I was placed, then—you see the elements

which entered into my existence, and my future.

"I loved a woman who loved me, and who was loved by a wealthy rival, I being utterly poor. That was it, so far. The other element was an avaricious and reduced uncle; there was, lastly, mixed up terribly with the whole, a man whose name was Crafton.

"But let me not anticipate my narrative.

"I went to Bolton at last, to demand the hand of Frances in marriage, and found Mr. Dew in an excellent humor. He greeted me with unusual favor, and when I announced my wish, his surprise was not nearly so great as I had anticipated.

"'But you have no means of support,' he said, 'marriage in your condition is out of the question.'

"'I shall have, sir,' I replied, 'I do not ask the hand of your niece at this moment, and only wish to secure your assent to our ultimate union. I have already enrolled myself as a student of law with a barrister of Williamsburg, and he assures me that I may obtain permission to pursue the practice in the General Court, by one year's assiduous study, or even in nine or ten months if I apply myself closely to the books. What I ask is, that in the event of my success at the bar within one year after being enrolled, you will then grant your permission, as guardian, to my union with Frances.'

"He listened to me in silence, and I think my boyish ardor had some effect upon the old hard heart. He had known and loved my father well, as long as he was prosperous, and I think a touch of pity came to the stony brain and surprised the citadel.

"'I will consider your proposition, Edmund,' he said at length, 'return to-morrow, and I shall then give you an answer. You might be of much service to me in the law, and many persons have made fortunes at it. Return to-morrow, and I will have decided.'

"I went and spent an hour with Frances—sought then my cottage, and on the morrow was again at Bolton.

"'I have no objection to granting my consent, if Frances is willing,' was Mr. Dew's reply to my question, 'in two years understand—so let us end the subject.'

"You may imagine my outburst of thanks—my delight—my interview with Frances. I will not dwell on them. For three months I lived in an atmosphere of ecstacy almost, and perhaps this was the most happy period of my life. I assiduously pursued my law studies in Williamsburg, and regularly went to Bolton on Saturday of each week—thus I say, passed three months.

"It was upon one of these visits that I first saw the man Crafton. He was a money-lender of the county, and had, I thought, a villainous face. He was coming out of Mr. Dew's back room, where the old gentleman did business, and I thought I never had seen such an expression of triumph upon any human face. I must tell you that my father, a short time before his death, had been the means of expelling this man from a club of country gentlemen, who met at each other's houses, statedly, to dine and converse—and that Crafton never forgave the injury, as he deemed it. I had never recognized him as an acquaintance, but I was aware that he knew me perfectly, and as he issued forth from Mr. Dew's now, as I entered, I experienced a vague impression of danger—some hostile influence seemed suddenly to have commenced its work upon my life.

"Crafton passed me without bowing, and I entered Mr. Dew's room. His brow was dark, and his lips were set with an expression of sullen anger.

"'Good morning,' he said, coldly, 'you come in good time.'

"'I do not understand, sir.'

"'Well, I'll explain! There are my obligations for ten thousand pistoles, or the memorandums, and I'm to pay promptly. This fellow refuses to grant further delay.'

"'I am very sorry, sir—truly sorry that my poverty——.'

"'Yes, your poverty! that's the word, sir!'

"The tone of the speaker was so harsh and insulting that my face flushed.

"'I do not consider poverty a crime, sir,' I said, with some haughtiness I fear, 'I simply regretted that I could not——.'

"'Assist me! Yes! I want none of your assistance!'

"'I am sorry you think it necessary to insult me, sir,' I said, as coolly as I could, 'I will not further annoy you with my presence.'

"Frances was playing upon the harpsichord in an adjoining room as I spoke, and rising, I was about to enter it, leaving Mr. Dew to himself. But before I could place my hand upon the knob he started to his feet, and stood between me and the door.

"'Stop, sir!' he said, 'you hold no further conversations with my niece! I am ashamed of my weakness in permitting you to pay her your addresses—but my eyes are opened at last to your goings on! Your place, I find, is to drive off other gentlemen, your betters, at the point of the sword!—you fancy that what you lack in estate you will make up by bravado and manœuvring! I am no longer ignorant of your conduct, sir! and I forbid you to approach my niece again; understand, sir! I forbid you, and you do it at your peril!'

"He had worked himself gradually into a rage as he went on; and as he now concluded, his eyes flashed, his lips trembled with passion, his cheeks were flushed; and in the excess of anger, he stamped his foot until the windows shook.

"As for myself, had a thunderbolt dazzled my eyes from a cloudless April sky I could not have experienced a sensation of profounder astonishment. I could not dream of any reason for this sudden rage upon the part of the old man—how his liability to discharge at once debts amounting to ten thousand pistoles connected itself with my marriage, I could not possibly divine. In cooler moments I should instantly have understood, as doubtless you do, but I was convulsed at the time with anger and pain.

"I do not know what reply I should have made, had not another actor appeared all at once upon the stage.

"The door opened, and Frances entered the apartment, pale, with eyes full of a wild fright, and holding one hand upon her heart, as though to restrain its tumultuous throbs.

"I cannot describe the scene which followed. I think I should again grow pale with anger as I did at the time—it would move me too deeply. Enough, that ten minutes after Frances entered, she was lying in a fainting fit upon the lounge, and that I was galloping back to my cottage, rankling under a dastardly insult—profoundly convulsed with rage, shame, love, despair—all the wildest and most stormy emotions which can tear the human breast.

"I remember sitting down and trying to collect my thoughts; for a long time it was a vain attempt. At last I succeeded, however, and

the consequence was that I fell into a second rage, which made me resemble a madman. Despair succeeded, and I lay almost inanimate for the rest of the day. It was not until the next morning that I could calmly survey my position, and speculate upon the causes of what had happened. The consequence of my reflection was, that I carefully arranged my poor attire, mounted my lean pony, and went straight to Mr. Crafton's house. To my demand at the door, a servant replied that Mr. Crafton was not then at home. There was something in the man's manner which convinced me that he was repeating a falsehood dictated to him, and I thrust him aside, and strode into the house. An abrupt entrance into two or three rooms ended in nothing, and I mounted my horse again and rode away with greater rage than before—for as I disappeared at a corner of the road, I thought I saw a window shutter on the second floor open, and the face of Crafton peering out. I afterwards learned that I had not been mistaken, and even heard his defence. I was a young, rash man, he said, with a fancy that he had done me some wrong—any interview would have been labor lost, and perhaps might have terminated in violence under the circumstances. This was Mr. Crafton's view, and he was perfectly correct in his surmise.

"With a fiery heart and throbbing pulse, I next proceeded to Willerton Hall. I was met with a similar intimation, that Mr. Willerton was not at home. The well fed and rich liveried servant gazed with an air of decided condescension at my miserable attire, and seemed to ask with his eyes what possible business his master could have with a person of my condition. At another time I should have chastised him with my horsewhip, but I had no anger for small game. Making him repeat that his master was out—and I saw that he was telling the truth—I departed as I came. In half an hour I was at Bolton.

"The old family servant who always admitted me, said that Miss Frances was sick, and his master had forbidden him to admit me. Where was Mr. Dew? In his study, and thither I accordingly proceeded. An hour afterwards, I issued forth, perfectly calm, and returned to my house. The interview with the stony and immoveable old man had ended all hope. My reproaches, entreaties, indignation, anger—all had broken upon the rock of his avarice, like idle waves. I went away with a dizzy feeling about my brain—silent, almost fatuitous; and I did not recover from this attack for three days and nights. Then I had a fever, which confined me to my bed for six delirious months. The first intelligence which I received after my convalescence was, that Frances and Willerton were married.

"Do you wish to hear the explanation, Gilbert? I discovered everything, detail by detail, and soon the whole history was complete; no link wanting; the tragedy was perfect.

"Crafton, the money-lender, had as I have said, never forgiven my father for the injury done him, in causing his expulsion from the country gentlemen's club. Aspiring to rank with the good society of the county, these aspirations had been all overthrown at a single blow, and it was not in Crafton's nature to forgive either the agent of this disappointment or any one connected with him. During my father's lifetime he had never dared to proceed to overt hostilities, and his thirst for vengeance had

accordingly remained entirely ungratified—but it still existed. It was not until Crafton chanced to receive intelligence of my affair with Miss Dew that he discovered any mode of paying off the old score which had so long been chalked up in his memory against the name of Estcourt. My poverty and obscurity had been a pleasing reflection to him, and he had often, I now remembered, leaned from his fine chariot, to look at my cabin by the roadside—but I think my contented existence, though in such poverty, galled him. Certain it is, that finding now an opening for further 'proceedings in my case,' he ardently embraced the occasion, and acted at once. To break my engagement with Miss Dew—to render me miserable—to overthrow all my dreams, and forever prevent me from again becoming an influential person in the county, this was Mr. Crafton's scheme, and he carried it out, with great acumen and vigor.

"He bought up Mr. Dew's obligations to the extent of ten thousand pistoles, and presented them for payment. The old man looked aghast, and replied that the holders of those obligations had distinctly promised to grant any time which he desired, and not call upon him for years—to all of which, Crafton answered, pay me. He knew perfectly well that Mr. Dew was wholly unable, and thus he could dictate. He would hear of no delay—he needed money—he had no conditions. He did not mind saying that reports touching Mr. Dew's family affairs had caused him to present the bonds—the projected union between his niece and a young man who would squander all that he could lay his hands on, who insulted and fought every gentleman in the county, and would ruin any estate. He wanted the money for the bonds—pay him.

"I need not linger upon this interview or trace the steps of the wily negotiator. In due time, he came to say that a marriage between Miss Frances and Mr. Willerton, a gentleman of high standing and great wealth, would materially change the face of affairs, and finally he promised, in the event of such a marriage, that the bonds should not be presented during the lifetime of the obligor. So completely impossible was it for the old man to pay the liabilities, and so strongly did the idea of having the rich Mr. Willerton for the husband of his niece work upon his avarice, that, after a two hour's interview he promised to use his authority; and it was after this interview that I saw him, passing Crafton, you will remember, as I entered.

"Of the woful, terrible, repulsive details of the old man's interviews with his niece, I will not, I cannot speak. I heard all, long afterwards, and from that moment all the illusion of life disappeared—all confidence in human nature left me—I saw abysses which I had not dreamed of, and thenceforth I saw them always. Beneath the green flower-enameled meadow, I saw the roots of the grass and the flower knitting around mouldering bones and awful corruption; beneath the fairest and brightest face, I never afterwards failed to divine the seeds of falsehood and horrible faithlessness.

"For this woman whom I loved and who loved me, yielded at last to threats and solicitations—to fear and the gaudy dreams of wealth and splendor. The young heart was silenced—the womanly faith dethroned—the grandest and loveliest nature I have ever seen trembled before a miserable menace, and yielded to a gilded chariot! Awful, terrible proof of human infirmity and weakness! This woman,

who had lain upon my bosom with eyes swimming in tenderness, too deep for words!—who had clung to me when I would go, as though she lived alone in my presence!—this nature whose every throb and emotion and sensation seemed connected with *my* life—who pledged an eternal love and pledged it with the utmost sincerity of her heart—this woman's strength gave way—her faith was broken—she shrunk from an angry brow, and cowered at the door of gold! She was foresworn!'

Estcourt paused to wipe his streaming brow, and for some moments he seemed unable to proceed with his narrative. He breathed heavily, and his contracted brow gave evidence of the deep and rankling pain which these recollections caused him.

"Well, well," he said at length, "I agitate myself vainly; 'tis gone—why recall it? The ember is cold—why tear it asunder to get at the fire which still lingers? It is enough, my dear Gilbert, that I was made miserable by the act of a poor child who had not nerve to resist incessant threats and the glitter of splendid objects. She became the wife of Willerton, and on my sick bed, turning and tossing with delirium, I did not even know when the morning dawned or night descended, all those weary months—nothing but the assurance of my poor old, faithful servant, made me aware of the lapse of time.

"Let me not further allude to that period—I shall pass over a year, and bring my tedious narrative rapidly to an end. I was sitting one day in the apartment which we now occupy, when one of my servants announced to me as a piece of indifferent news, that Mrs. Frances Willerton, the widow who lived in the small house in the woods, had died the night before.

"This summary conclusion of my long and minute narrative surprises you, does it not, friend? The explanation is, however, very simple. And first as to myself. Three weeks after rising from my bed of fever, I was notified that by the death, without a will, of my cousin, Mr. Walters, I was the legal owner of his estate of Fairfield here, and I proceeded at once to take possession. A month afterwards I read in the 'Virginia Gazette,' the first number of which had then just appeared, the announcement of the death of Bolton Dew, Esquire, of Bolton, and I incidentally learned that he died a bankrupt.

"Now, for the inmates of Willerton Hall. You may have observed that changes, like misfortunes, never come singly. One week afterwards, I was informed that Mr. Willerton's creditors had refused any longer to endure his wild extravagances, and had forced him to sell his estate, which paid just two-thirds of his liabilities. On the day of the sale, to crown everything, Mr. Willerton, while under the effect of wine, was thrown from his horse, and falling upon rough ground, had struck his temple against a stone, which caused his dissolution forty-eight hours afterwards.

"Let me finish—I shall do so very briefly. His widow and her child went to reside at a cottage in the forest yonder, which you have entered with me; and here she died very suddenly of a singular disease which they called an affection of the heart - I know not, more particularly, its nature. I had never visited the lady—indeed, had constructed a new road, which, by a detour, joined the highway beyond, leading to the capital; but a rumor had obtained credence that formerly I had been the widow lady's friend, and thus I was applied

to on the occasion. She had indeed sent me a short note, which I may show you. I have kept it."

As he thus calmly spoke, Estcourt opened a drawer, and took from it a discolored piece of paper. Upon it were traced the following words, in the broken and trembling handwriting of one about to die.

"I dare not ask to see you—I dare not call you—Edmund. Oh, Edmund! I am broken hearted, and dying! I have cruelly wronged you—I feel that you despise me, but think of me only as a poor wretched girl, who repents of her wickedness, and is dying. Oh, me! how can I write to you—but I must. It is Frances who writes to you, Edmund—who kneels at your feet and asks you to protect her child. In a few hours he will be alone in the world—I shall be gone—as you loved once the poor broken-hearted creature who speaks to you, Edmund, take care of my poor, poor, little boy!

"My sight is failing me—my hand—Edmund—farewell—my poor—poor—

"Fr——."

"You see," said Estcourt, as pale as death, and vainly endeavoring to suppress a shudder which ran through his frame, "you see, she was unable to sign her name in full, but two letters being written. Doubtless she died or fainted in the effort. See, the direction is in a different hand—doubtless that of her physician."

And with a low moan, the speaker rested his face upon his hand, and remained for a long time silent. At last, however, he raised his head, and by an immense effort controlled his anguish. Slowly returning the paper to the drawer from which he had taken it, he drew forth a small casket, which he opened. Within the lid was a miniature, the reduced fac-simile of the portrait in the cottage.

"I have gone so far," said Estcourt calmly, now, "that I may as well tell you all. I purchased the small dwelling of the deceased, Mrs. Willerton, and by my express orders, everything was suffered to remain as she left it. The book she had been reading lies open still; in the lace which she was working the needle still remains—'tis my fancy, you see. The child whom she intrusted to me you know under the name of Frank Hay—my fancy again, this change of names.

"And now do you see this casket, Gilbert? It contains the vouchers for the young man's support and education, which I have endeavored to make liberal. You see this memorandum is headed '*Edmund Estcourt in account with Frances Dew.*'

"I have told you all. I sometimes think of these past scenes, and sometimes revisit that house—indeed, I shall go thither to-morrow evening.

"And now," added Estcourt, rising, "let's to bed, Gilbert. I have told you a sad tale, have I not—unrolled before your eyes a picture full of gloom and shadow? But such has been my past. To some, life is full of laughter—to others, of sighing. Mine has been the latter—but let it pass. I think I grow more calm as the years roll—at last, I shall become contented and cheerful."

A sad smile touched the fine face of Estcourt as he spoke, and without suffering Gilbert to reply, he led the way to his chamber.

On the next morning the painter in vain sought the traces of Estcourt's profound emotion on the night before. His face presented its habitual expression of collected calmness, and muttering to himself, Gilbert mounted his horse, and nodding simply, set out for Williamsburg.

THE RHAPSODY OF A SOUTHERN WINTER NIGHT.

Oh! dost thou flatter falsely, Hope! sweet Hope!
The day hath scarcely passed that saw thy birth,
Yet thy white wings are plumed to all their scope,
And hour by hour thine eyes have gathered light,
And grown so large and bright
That my whole future life unfolds what seems,
Beneath their gentle beams,
A path that leads athwart some guiltless earth,
To which a star is dropping from the night!

Not many moons ago,
But when these leafless beds were all aglow
With Summer's dearest treasures, I
Was reading in this lonely garden nook;
A July noon was cloudless in the sky,
And soon I threw my shallow studies by:
Then sick at heart, and angered by the book,
(Which, in good sooth, was but the long drawn sigh
Of some one who had quarreled with his kind,)
Vexed at the very proofs for which I sought,
And all annoyed, while all alert to find
A plausible likeness of my own wrong thought,—
I cast me down where I am lying now,
And, with my hand upon a throbbing brow,
Watched lazily the shadows of my brain.
That feeble tide of peevishness went down,
And left a dreary waste of dullest pain,
That seemed to clog the blood in every vein:
The world of course, put on its darkest frown,
In all its realms I saw no mortal crown
Which did not crush or brand some restless head,
And Hope, and Will, and Motive—all were dead.
So, petrified to stone, I sank too low
To claim a kindred with the humblest flower;
Even that would bare its bosom to a shower,
Whilst I should henceforth take no pains to live,
Nor put myself where I might feel or give
A single impulse whence a wish could grow.
There was a tulip scarce a gossamer's throw
Beyond that Platanus. A pretty child,
Most dear to me, looked through the fence, and smiled
Her will that I should pluck it for her sake.
Ah, me! I trust I was not well awake!
The voice was very sweet,
Yet a weak languor held me in my seat.
I saw a pouted lip, a toss,—and heard
Some soft expostulating tones, but stirred
Not even a leaf's length. So, the graceful Fay,
Wondering, and half abashed at her own feat,
Climbed the low pales and laughed my gloom away.

And here again—but led by other powers—
A morning and a golden afternoon,
These happy stars, and yonder setting moon,
Have seen me lose unreckoned and untasked
Some very idle hours!
Oh! here, where in that Summer noon I basked
And strove with logic frailer than the flowers,
To justify a life of sensuous rest,

A question dear as home or heaven was asked,
And without language answered; I was blest!
A vague delight as yet is all I know,
A joy so boundless, it is almost pain,
And, like a trouble, drives me to and fro,
And will not pause to count its own sweet gain.
I am so happy! that is all my thought!
To-morrow I will turn it round and round,
And seek to find its limit and its ground;
To-morrow I will task my heart to learn
The duties which shall spring from this dear seed,
And where it must be sown, and how be wrought.
But, oh! this shadowy bliss is bliss indeed;
But it was sought so long, and found so late,
That for one day I choose to seal the urn,
Wherein is shut the problem of my fate.
Nor have I wholly hushed a certain fear!
Love to his own dear self is sometimes coy,
And in the doubts which chasten mortal joy,
Almost I've feared to give that joy a tongue,
Lest in the definite sound, its knell be rung,
And I awake with that old aching—*here.*
Meanwhile I give my fancy all it craves;
Like him who showed the world this Sunset Land,
Now, I but see the lights along the sand,
But trust when morn looks down upon the waves,
To find them rippling up a golden Strand!

Hath there not been a softer breath at play
In the long woodland aisles than daily sweeps
At this rough season thro' their solemn deeps,—
A gentle Ariel sent by gentle May,
Who knew it was the morn
On which a hope was born,
To greet the flower ere it was fully blown,
And nurse it as some lily of her own!
And wherefore, save to grace a happy day,
Did the whole West at blushing sunset glow
With clouds that, floating up in bridal snow,
Passed with the festal sun, rose-crowned, away.
And now, if I may trust my straining sight,
Yon Heaven appears with added stars to-night,
And deeper depths, and more celestial height
Than hath been reached except in dreams or death!
Hush! sweetest South! I love thy delicate breath,
But hush! methought I felt an angel's kiss—
Oh! all that lives is happy in my bliss!
That lonely fir which always seems
As though it locked dark secrets in itself,
Hideth a gentle elf,
Whose wand shall send me soon a frolic troop
Of rainbow visions and of moonlit dreams.
Can joy be weary that my eyelids droop?
To-night I shall not seek my curtained nest,
But even here find rest.
Who whispered then? And what are they that peep
Betwixt the foliage in the tree-top there?
Come, Fairy Shadows! for the morn is near
When to your sombre pine ye all must creep;
Come, ye wild pilots of the darkness! ere
My spirit sinks into the gulf of sleep—
Even now it circleth round and round the deep!
Appear! appear!

DON EMANUEL GREGORIO;

OR, THE MAN IN ADVANCE OF HIS AGE.

A ridge running from the Pyrenees into the northern part of Catalonia, terminates abruptly in an immense cliff, which rises many hundred feet above the surrounding country. First among its mountain compeers, it is honored by the earliest sunlight, and the last rays of the luminary, as if reluctant to abandon that lofty eminence, convert it into a point of fire, which glimmers long after darkness has invested the peaks below.

At the period of the crusades there stood upon the eminence we have mentioned, one of the most impregnable castles in Christendom. Its owner was a mysterious man, very much suspected by his enlightened neighbors of witchcraft, and a general improper acquaintance with the devil. His character not meeting with the approbation of the priesthood, procured him the delicate attention of the Inquisition, several of whose officers, with the proper certificates, visited his stronghold, inviting him to appear before the Grand Inquisitor at Thoulouse. But Don Emanuel Gregorio entertained a contempt for the church, and ventured upon a step which we presume no gentleman of that age had ever ventured upon before,—that is, he forcibly dismissed the Grand Inquisitor's messenger, and that, too, in the most peremptory manner possible.

It was, perhaps, on account of this bold and unparalleled measure, and a suspicion of approaching punishment, that Don Gregorio, a few weeks after, became a sudden convert, and marched at the head of five hundred vassals to join the crusaders. He looked, however, as several observant individuals remarked, more like a soldier of Satan, than a champion bound for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. As if to confirm this impression, Don Gregorio was never known to fail in any undertaking whatsoever. He was foremost in the field, dreaded in the council, and a leader wherever he thought proper to exert the strange power of his will and genius. No man was ever more hated, and at the same time respected by his compeers. Dark and bloody were the deeds of which on more than one occasion he was accused, but they could never be substantiated. Appealing to the combat whenever thus arraigned, he overthrew every champion that opposed him, and was, therefore, in accordance with the custom of the times declared to be innocent of the crimes with which he had been charged. In this manner two years elapsed, and Don Gregorio rose in the estimation of men. At length, however, he suddenly left Palestine. His five hundred cavaliers had dwindled to a few score, and even these followed him reluctantly, for he was feared—some said detested by his retinue.

It was on a cool evening in October, that Don Gregorio, with his handful of retainers, labored up the steep ascent to his castle, that had been guarded during his absence by

an aged seneschal and a couple of ancient matrons, his fit companions. That no one seized upon the stronghold, was owing to the fact of its situation, which would have enabled a few defenders to baffle a thousand men. The Don toiled wearily up to the gates of his fortress, which looked as melancholy and deserted as a lonely eyrie left to decay upon some grey solitude.

Long and loud the trumpet sounded before the portcullis was lifted and the drawbridge lowered to receive the war-worn company, to whom repose offered many charms after their protracted and hazardous career.

"Juan," exclaimed Don Gregorio to the aged seneschal, without any further greeting, "prepare me the eastern turret, and that instantly. My crucibles and a fire to work by; thou knowest the customary arrangements."

Juan lifted up his hands and eyes with an expression of mortification and impatience, but immediately departed upon his master's errand. The eastern turret was the gloomiest portion of the castle. Superstition located many foul deeds in its chambers, and Don Gregorio, it was firmly believed, there held nightly communication with the Evil One. Weeks passed, and not a single hour of the day and but few hours of the night found him absent from this dreaded apartment. At last it was observed that he grew pale and abstracted. Sometimes his page would propose to him the indulgence of field sports, but he dismissed the proposition with a frown. The nerves that had never quailed in the tourney or the battle, now became tremulous and weak. The hand whose grasp had once been like an iron vice, grew feeble as the hand of a child; and the late eagle eye, whose glances had struck like a sharp sword, looked lustreless and dim.

"What hath come to our Lord?" said Ginesta, the page to Juan the seneschal. "Gramercy! but he is changed sorely for the worst since he abandoned the stout blows and glorious excitement of the wars for this accursed old tower, which is fit only for owls and old women."

"Ah," replied Juan, shaking his head, "the matter lies deeper than that, master Ginesta; those who will deal in forbidden lore, what can they expect? There was the Doctor Domingo Abbad Huerta, who got into such practices in the old Lord's time, and who being discovered, was carried to the execution at Thoulouse, and was to have been burnt alive before the people, but, St. Francis defend us! the Doctor Domingo had compounded with the foul fiend, and when the faget was applied to the pile, he vanished with a great noise and a smell of sulphur," and Juan crossed himself devoutly.

But the fears of his attendants did not influence in the slightest degree the conduct of Don Emanuel Gregorio. Regularly every night, until the iron bell of the castle tolled with a hollow sound the hour of one, his light might have been seen twinkling from the window of the eastern turret, with a glare that was ominous and unearthly.

The guard was once heard to declare that a gleam resembling lightning not unfrequently flashed from the summit of the mysterious turret; and finally, the impression that Don Gregorio held supernatural intercourse, became so general, that half of his few remaining followers abandoned him. He did not heed their desertion, for he was wrapped in speculations which excluded the outward world. He believed him-

self to be on the eve of a grand discovery. Thought, invention, the intense speculations of a lifetime, (speculations, however, founded upon reason and investigation) had been brought to elucidate a profound chemical experiment, the successful prosecution of which would have changed the whole aspect of national relations, and for the brute rule of muscle and sinew —the dynasty of the strong arm— have substituted an agency less tangible, and yet how inconceivably august!

The momentous evening when the truth of the sage's dream was to be proved, at last arrived. The careless sunlight passing away into dusk flickered over the solitary crag, and the still more solitary castle of the anxious student. He walked out upon the battlements and surveyed the scene, flooded with subdued light, and beautiful in its gentle repose.

"God!" exclaimed Don Gregorio, with mournful fervour, "how insignificant is the boasted toil of man, how trifling the greatest results at which he is capable of arriving, when compared with those inconceivable secrets which we know that nature has locked in her breast, never, probably, to be revealed to our race. And yet here am I, struggling in a maze of—phantasies shall I call them—ho! we will soon discover that."

And with an unnatural gleam burning in his sunken eyes, Don Gregorio betook himself to his accustomed retreat.

. It was midnight, when a slow flame might have been seen coiling like an immense snake about the foundations of the castle, and mount gradually to the upper apartments. In an hour the whole building was ablaze, all save the eastern tower, against which the huge forks of fire plunged madly, but in vain. The spectators who witnessed the prodigy were dumb with amazement. Having hitherto almost burst their lungs in supplications to Don Gregorio to come forth and save himself, they now became proportionally silent, seeing that that worthy gentleman appeared to have the power of defying the elements, at least the one element of fire. And now every beam of the castle had been laid low except the eastern tower, which rose more gaunt and appalling than ever, from amidst the encircling ruin. The next morning, urged by an invincible curiosity, Juan, accompanied by the page Ginesta, proceeded to the dreaded chamber, where Don Gregorio had remained so calm during the progress of the conflagration.

After much hesitation, they opened the door, but it was only to start back with cries of horror, and a precipitate move towards a retreat. A moment's reflection, however, reinstated the courage of the page Ginesta, who again entered the chamber, dragging the seneschal after him. Here they found Don Gregorio bolt upright in his chair, grasping a huge parchment of unknown characters, upon which he was staring with an intense and very singular expression. This expression was *so* peculiar that the intruders shuddered as they gazed. At length the page ventured to address him. He was not favored with a reply. Then Juan, thinking perchance that his grey hairs might be respected, spoke in soothing and respectful words, but he, also, was disregarded.

"Our Lord is ill," said the seneschal.

In the meanwhile the page had laid his hand upon Don Gregorio's arm.

"You are wrong," said Ginesta, "our Lord is dead."

That afternoon a committee of religious inquiry from a neighboring convent marched solemnly across the threshold of Don Gregorio's studio, and proceeded to investigate the contents of the room. They found a variety of chemical preparations, several rude siderial maps, and the huge parchment of which we have spoken, still firmly grasped in the hands of the deceased.

"Holy mother!" exclaimed the Father Bernardo, "verily hath this man been polluted by Satan; see the heathen mixtures which he hath concocted, and the impious chart by which he interrogated the stars! What horrid preparation is this?" continued the holy father, examining a bottle full of a bright red fluid resembling blood. The problem was soon solved, for the excellent Bernardo, whose curiosity overcame his prudence, poured a few drops of the fluid upon the table, where coming in contact with some inflammable substance, it blazed into a flame that flew into his reverence's face, to the serious marring of his rubicund and comely visage. This catastrophe acted upon the clerical crew like magic; they all tumbled down stairs together in deadly terror and confusion, counting their beads and muttering aves and exorcisms with a fervency they had probably never exhibited before. Nevertheless, Don Gregorio was not suffered to rest in peace; he was anathematized as a heretic, and Christian burial denied him—and wherefore? Because Don Gregorio had ventured in advance of his age, had entered the realms of science with the high dream of exploring her arcana, and endowing mankind with a knowledge of their mysteries. Because, day after day, and night after night, with ceaseless enthusiasm and resolve, he had toiled, yea, suffered a great intellectual travail, in order that he might summon knowledge from her depths, and electrify the world with the light of new discoveries. And if from a necessarily imperfect knowledge of the materials with which he worked, he fell a victim to one of his own chemical inventions, should his labors have been the less respected? They buried him in a ditch, anathematized as a sorcerer and a magician. The very fact that the tower in which he died had escaped the flames, was considered as proof positive of the infernal protection. If the deluded bigots had thought proper to examine, they would have ascertained that this tower was built partly of iron, and was consequently impervious to fire. But there is no mercy for the great who rise intellectually above their contemporaries. Charges of witchcraft and sorcery may no longer be hurled against them, but Envy and Calumny and Littleness (the eager hounds) open upon their prey with the instinct of brutes, thirsting for the blood of the nobler animal. Therefore congratulate thyself, oh, honest mediocrity! when thou goest to the bank or the customs, the counter or the counting house, wrap thyself up in the consciousness that thou art one *regiæ stirpis*, a child of earth's royalty, whom fortune clothes in purple and fine linen, and elevates in thy golden maturity to mayoralties and corporations, and the inspectorship of public works. Thou hast nothing about thee like the unfortunate scroll of Don Gregorio, (which was simply a petition for patronage to the King of Naples,) written in an unknown tongue.—Thou art plain Smith or Brown, or

Wilson or Jenkins. Thou comprehendest stock; to watch the fluctuation of consols is thy delight; thou art always successful; the everlasting favorite of thy earthly divinities. Excellent, sleek, comfortable mediocrity! work, prosper, die, and be forgotten. Thy life is like an eddy on the ocean, individual for a moment only, then lost forever in the great waste of waves. But genius, poor disregarded, struggling in its mortal generation, may we not liken it to a majestic cataract, the sound of whose waters only swells upon the ear in falling? From the cold rocks of death the tide of its renown thrills strangely on the hearing of posterity, and thus to the loftiest intelligence, life's ending is the beginning of an immortality on earth.

LOVE'S LOGIC.

And if I ask thee for a kiss,
I ask no more than this sweet breeze,
With far less title to the bliss,
Steals every minute at his ease:
And yet how placid is thy brow!
It seems to woo the bold caress,
While now he takes his kiss, and now
All sorts of freedoms with thy dress.

Or if I dare thy hand to touch,
Hath nothing pressed its palm before?
A flower, I'm sure, hath done as much,
And ah! some senseless diamond more.
It strikes me, love, the very rings
Now sparkling on this hand of thine,
Could tell some truly startling things
If they had tongues or touch like mine.

Indeed, indeed, I do not know,
Of all that thou hast power to grant,
A boon for which I could not show
Some pretty precedent extant.
Suppose, for instance, I should clasp
Thus, so, and thus, thy slender waist,
I would not hold within my grasp
More than this loosened zone embraced.

Oh put the anger from thine eyes!
Or shut them if they still must frown,
Those lids, despite yon garish skies,
Can bring a timely darkness down.
Then if in that convenient night,
My lips should press thy dewy mouth,
The touch shall be so soft, so light,
Thou'lt fancy it—this gentle South.

WHAT IS POETRY?

What is Poetry? What constitutes the poetic Character?
What are the distinctive features of the School of English Poets?

These inquiries are short, but they cover a large space. We will confine our present article to the first—to the question, what is Poetry?

Can any question be more common-place? To ask what is prose would hardly be more so. Who is unable to answer either the one or the other? In the multitude of books, what reader is at a loss to determine which one is poetry and which prose? Yet, if we judge from the number and vagueness of the discriptions of poetry which we frequently hear, we must conclude that it is the most difficult of all things to understand or define. It is a mysterious power. Everybody admires it, but nobody condescends to tell what it is. Poet and philosopher, orator and critic, have all in turn exalted it with equal zeal, if not equal knowledge, and have so clothed it in robes of purple and fine linen, as to induce us to regard it as something supernatural and divine.

It is natural enough that the Poet should magnify his calling. His craft in his eyes is something more than human. It gives to airy nothings local habitations and names. It is the gift of a celestial power. The Muse speaks through the Poet and inspires his song. He never opens his lips without supplicating her aid. Homer invokes her to sing the wrath of his hero and its dire evils to the Grecian host. Virgil supplicates all the divinities of earth and heaven to help him while he instructs the husbandman in the science of sowing and reaping, of planting the vine and olive, of managing bees and cattle. Milton asks the Heavenly Muse's aid when he essays things unattempted yet in *prose or rhyme*. It is a divinity always that sings, the poet is the instrument only. He himself has about him something that is divine. No vulgar joys or employments command attention with him on whom, at his birth, Melpomene has looked with favoring eyes. He is prophet as well as poet—*sacer vates*. He belongs to the sanctuary. Let the multitude—the *profanum vulgus*—stand apart and afar. His communings are with Gods or Celestial Spirits. He is borne aloft by no earthly wing—*non usitata penna*—and his head is among the stars.

We submit ourselves to these voices of the oracle and our minds are filled with vast and vague conceptions of the character of the Poet and the nature of his art. Now and then an infidel is rude enough, perhaps, to question their divinity. Occasionally a barbarian may be found savage as Coleridge's Schoolmaster, old Bowyer, when animadverting on the performances of his young bards whose verses were filled with Lyres, Pierian Springs and inspiring Muses.—"Lyre, harp!" he would say; poh, boy, you mean pen and ink; "Pierian Spring!" ah, true, the pump in the Cloister yard; "the Muse!"—yes, yes, I understand, you are thinking of your nurse's daughter. But such carping spirits are outside barbarians and evidently come within the meaning and limits of Horace's "*odi profanum vulgus et arceo.*" Those of gentler training

hold a better faith and cherish devout and indefinite conceptions of the artist and the sacred art—"the vision and the faculty divine." It is their attention that the Poets invokes in his "*favete linguis*," and not that of the incredulous and profane.

But if the Poet glorifies his calling, the Orator is hardly behind him in doing it reverence. In the exuberance of his rhetoric he forgets or scorns all the requisitions of logic or sober thought. How the Roman orator expatiates on the divine arts, in his defence of the poet Archias! "Other arts, he tells us, are dependent on learning, practice, persevering efforts, but the Poet derives his power from nature alone; he is self-dependent; there breathes through his soul a certain divine spirit, the peculiar gifts of the Gods." Hence, he says, our Ennius, the old Roman bard, called the Poets sacred. Among the most refined and cultivated nations, their name is hallowed. No people is so barbarous as not to reverence it. Rocks and deserts echo the Poet's song. Cruel wild beasts stand still arrested by the charms of his voice. Cities and States contend for the honor of being his birth place. What are the glorious exploits of the hero if he fails to obtain the aid of the sacred bard, who alone can give them immortality." The wonderful deeds of his own consulship, the wisdom, the eloquence, the statesmanship, which saved the great republic and crushed the conspiracy of Cataline, would have been incomplete, and without their crowning glory in his eyes, had the Muse's votary, whose cause he was defending, withheld the expected eulogy.

Grave Philosophers take up the subject with almost equal enthusiasm. If Plato banished the Poets from his ideal republic, it was, perhaps, an indirect compliment to the seductive powers of their art which overshadowed the Philosopher's less alluring dreams and visions. But one at least equal to Plato, does all honor to the gentle craft. No more noble sketch of the limits and purposes of poetry can be conceived than that which Bacon gives in the "Advancement of Learning," nor is there one that more severely rebukes the low and vile purposes to which the art of poetry has been sometimes degraded by its unworthy votaries. He makes it to be office of Poetry to repair the inequalities of fortune, to redress the wrongs of virtue, to introduce us into a higher world of being, to cheer, purify and elevate the heart.

The Poets, Orators, and Philosophers may exalt the divine art extravagantly, but they are honest as well as earnest in their praise. Their commendations do no harm if they are received with a discreet and proper spirit. We are not able to say as much for the Critics. Their zeal is not always attendant on knowledge. They love refinements and subtle speculations. They are not content with seeing through a millstone no better or farther than other people. They make poetry not divine only, but unintelligible. They embody the eulogies of rhetorician and poet in canons and definitions. In discussing the nature of poetry, they do what Selden says the Catholic does in the question of transubstantiation—they turn rhetoric into logic, not without evil consequences. Poetry becomes transmuted, in their hands, into an indefinable something, which is neither prose nor verse, but which may be found indifferently in either. Poets and Orators exalt poetry vaguely by extravagant figures of speech. The Critics turn these figures into curious dis-

tinctions and definitions, until at last we are puzzled to know where poetry or prose begins or ends.—Poetry becomes prose and prose becomes poetry. The confusion of ideas and language is endless, and we talk of prose poems and poetic prose, as if these terms were not as incongruous as the phrases, round square and oblong circle.

These vague conceptions naturally lead to false theories. They are numerous . accordingly. One Critic announces, authoritatively, what he calls the invariable principles of poetry, and according to these, gives judgment on all poems and poets. Another decides that it is identical with the delineation of the forms of external nature or of passion and emotion, subjects it to the terms of a corresponding definition, and thus limits the art to one only of its numerous departments. So Aristotle, if one may venture to introduce so great a name, defines poetry to be an imitative art. He had in his mind, probably, that province of poetry which exhibits to the eye, on the stage, a mimic representation of the actions and passions of mankind, and which makes so large a part of the glory of Athenian literature. To this alone the definition seems properly applicable. So every Critic has his bed of justice in the shape of theory or canon, and poetry is cramped or curtailed to suit its length, breadth and depth.

Nothing is more amusing, in their way, than these fanciful standards of criticism, and nothing more ridiculous than the conclusions to which they sometimes lead. One Critic, in conformity with his essential principles of poetry, determines that certain classes of poets are no poets at all. They are not conversant with that order of subjects to which, by his essential principles, all poetry is confined. He excludes the Satirists, for example, from the precincts of Parnassus. The satires of Juvenal, Horace, Dryden, Churchill, are not poems. Mr. Harnay thinks that the very existence of the doubt as to their claims shows the accuracy of the theory by which they are excluded. His inference ought to be that the absurdity of the conclusion proves the falsity of the theory. The doubt exists no where except in the minds of those who maintain the opinion that produces it.

Poets, termed critics, like Bowles and Wordsworth, are as prone as others to false speculation and erroneous judgments. Wordsworth began his career with a creed of essential principles. In those days he disparaged Virgil, thought slightingly of Gray's elegy, repudiated Pope, and could see nothing admirable in Johnson's magnificent imitations of Juvenal. He lived to renounce his theory, at least in practice. Indeed, he freely confessed, when older and wiser, that he once talked a great deal of what he was willing his friends should entirely forget. Yet he was tenacious of his creed. He did not often praise the works of other poets. He was unlike Walter Scott in that respect. He was also unlike him in being always ready to defend his own. In one of these defences, contained in a letter to an American friend, who had ventured to *hesitate dislike* to the simple beauties of the "Idiot Boy," he replies to the criticism in these words: "You begin what you say upon the 'Idiot Boy,' with the observation that nothing is a fit subject for poetry which does not please. But here follows a question: Does not please whom? Some have little knowledge of natural imagery of any kind and, of course, little rel-

ish for it; some are disgusted by the very mention of the words pastoral poetry, sheep or shepherds; some cannot tolerate a poem with a ghost or any supernatural agency in it. * * * * Others are disgusted with the naked language of some of the most interesting passions of men because it is indelicate or gross or vulgar, as many fine ladies could not bear expressions in the "Mother" and the "Thorn," and as in the instance of Adam Smith, who could not endure the ballad of 'Clym of the Clough,' because the author had not written like a gentleman. * * * * I return then to the question, please whom or what? I answer, human nature, as it has been and will be. And where are we to find the best measure of this? I answer, from within."

All this is very true, and it is precisely because it is true that we see so great a variety on the poetry of all nations. Because tastes are different, therefore poetry assumes a diversity of forms, applies itself to all subjects, addresses itself to all minds, and becomes, like them, multiform in shape and character. The resources of the poets for pleasing must be as various as the tastes to be pleased. If there are "Idiot Boys" there must be "Londons," and "Rapes of the Lock," and "Elegies in Country Church Yards." If we have Wordsworths, we must have Virgils and Popes also. The diversity in taste growing out of the difference, mental and moral, of human minds, is natural and unavoidable. It is this variety that is alone consonant to what Wordsworth calls the "eternal nature and great moving spirit of things." Each class of readers has its favorite subjects and poets, and admires and prefers them with equal reason.

These varieties in taste and judgment meet us at every turn. There is hardly a poem in the English language, or we suppose in any other, which is not differently valued by different classes of readers. Ossian was once almost universally admired. Blair gives it a high place among poems. The great Napoleon was addicted to reading it. Dr. Johnson, on the other hand, treated scornfully the ghostly creations of the Northern bard, and the same diversity of appreciation still exists, with, perhaps, a diminished number in the ranks of his admirers.

The old dramatic writers have been at one time neglected, at another eulogized without limit.

The ancient ballad poetry, once almost forgotten, has again taken possession of the public mind. The ruder and more uncouth the language and the metre, the greater the admiration. Chevy Chace modernized as criticized by Addison, was not judged to be equal to the old rough original. Everybody read, every body imitated or admired. Still there were exceptions. The sturdy old master of vigorous common sense ridiculed ballads and imitators. He was accustomed to say that any one may write such verses all day long. He sustained theory by example. Boswell gives us a specimen of an extemporized imitation produced to prove the assertion. It reminds us of Goldsmith's Edwin and Angelina, although not quite as pathetic:

Hermit hoar in solemn cell
Wearing out life's evening gray,
Strike thy bosom, sage, and tell
Where is bliss and which the way;
Thus he said, and saying, sighed,
Scarce repressed the starting tear,
When the hoary sage replied,
Come my lad, and drink some beer.

A very pleasant termination certainly, and much more natural than that of Chevy Chace, where men

fought upon their stumps when deprived of their legs!

> When their legs were smitten off
> They fought upon their stumps.

The "Ancient Marinere," the wonder of ballads, creates the same diversity of judgment with different classes of readers. Some think it the most charming poem in the language, and are delighted with its ghastly dead men, putrid seas, and crawling abominations. Others judge it to be drawn out to a wearisome length; its hideous images produce disgust at last instead of giving them pleasure; they regard it as offending against the first principle of good poetry, according to the authority of Coleridge himself—the principle that every poem should be common sense at least. They insist that whatever amount of rhyme it may contain, there is no reason whatever in a poem which represents a wedding guest as caught by a lunatic on his way to a kingsman's marriage, held by his button, during the night, within sight and hearing of the merriment, and made to listen to the long yarn of an old sailor, unable or unwilling to get away. They believe that the glittering eye, instead of fixing the guest, would assuredly have induced him to run away or call for the help of the nearest police officer, and that it would have been much more in conformity with probability to make the seizure of the unfortunate listener happen, not before, but after the festival, when being filled with wine and wassail, the maudlin carouser would have been a fit, and perhaps a willing auditor, to the lunatic old Salt.

Sir Walter Scott, as often as he read the "Vanity of human expectations," shed tears of sympathy and delight over the noble and pathetic picture of common disappointment and sorrow; Wordsworth could find nothing in it worthy of remark, except a clumsy personification at the begining.

The world of readers admire Shakspeare enthusiastically. Coleridge thinks it as impossible to displace advantageously a single word in his poetry as it is to push out a stone from one of the pyramids with one's hand, although, it may be remarked in passing, commentators have been pushing these words out and in, with their pens, for more than a hundred years. Other critics, like Voltaire, describe him as a barbarous violater of the unities and other principles of the legitimate drama, and Byron and Rogers, to say nothing of inferior names, are cold in their devotions to the Bard of Avon.

We regard Milton as supreme in sublimity and beauty, "his soul is like a star that shines apart;" some of the German critics class him with Klopstock and the Paradise Lost with the Messiah.

Tennyson's last poem, which, to some readers, is Tennyson's "Maud," to others is Tennyson's "Maudlin."

On the night of his attack on the heights above Quebec, while silently dropping down the stream with muffled oars, beneath the overhanging shadows of its dark and lofty banks, under all the excitement of a dangerous military movement, on the eve of a battle which changed the fortunes of a continent, General Wolfe slowly repeated the elegy in a country church yard; and now, gentlemen, he said, on concluding, I would rather be the author of this poem than to be the victor in a great battle. Others find in it nothing but borrowed phrases ingeniously dovetailed.—They think the Curfew bell was tolled by the poet at an improper hour, and consider the charge on the owl, of complaining against intrusion on her solitary reign, as

signally unjust to that sweet singer of the night season, as Wordsworth considers her to be. Coleridge professed to prefer Collins to Gray, whom he affected to believe a man of taste and learning only, without imagination. Whereas, in truth, if such chimeras as the Marinere or Abyssinean maid had presented themselves to Gray's pure taste, he would have run away from them with horror and disgust.

No writer writes to all minds. No preacher is able to reach all hearts. Even Wordsworth himself affords a strong illustration of the truth of this maxim, substantially his own. He has been unduly depreciated—he has been as unreasonably praised. Some place him at the head of the writers of his age, others talk of him with slender reverence. They are even disposed to think that as the "curse of Kehama," and "Madoc," and "Thalaba," have passed away and been forgotten, the "Prelude" and the "Excursion," the "Idiot Boy" and the "White Doe of Rylestone," will follow on the same road to oblivion; that in professing to discover a new or better way to the hill of the muses, he really bewildered himself in the fogs at its base; and that he came into the community of Poets ungraciously and ungracefully, with the air of a quack doctor in possession of a patent medicine, and not like a regular bred son of the craft. Coleridge himself, although the most partial of critics, admits that there are lines in his friend's verses absolutely intolerable—lines introduced, it would seem, as he says, for no purpose but to vindicate his peculiar principles of art. We may naturally expect to find something hard and mechanical in the man, and in his works, who would set out to make poetry in the nineteenth century in conformity with a certain newly invented theory. And just so it is. He was a sort of verse making machine all his life. He lived to manufacture verses. His morning and evening walks were taken to levy poetical black mail from every stock and stone, every shrub and flower, every bird and butterfly.—The daisy that to Peter Bell was a daisy and nothing more, was to Wordsworth a very different and much more important object—it was a peg to hang verses upon. He turned over every pebble in his path to see if there might not be a stanza lurking beneath it. If he sat down on an occasional bench it produced a poem. If he visited a river it was made to rhyme. If he returned again to its banks it was forced to do double duty. Not an old thorn bush in his neighborhood escaped the general tax. Every creature within reach, asses and idiots, pedlars and prostitutes, brought grist to his indefatigable mill. He wrote with a sort of malice prepense. He walked to make verses. He traveled to make verses. He never thought of his bills but only of his rhymes. He looked on nature as a kind of poetical milch cow, which he was never tired of milking—a mass of raw material to be made up into metrical dresses. He interrogated her without ceasing, examined her minutest details, and turned every discovery to a rhyming purpose. He deals with her as a task master requiring his work to be done. He hunts up the daffodil or daisy, he does not stumble on them accidentally like Burns, when he turns one up with his plough. See, accordingly, the difference in the manner of the two writers—the words of Burns seem to gush from his heart, warm, fresh, touching in their tenderness and beauty. Wordsworth's utterances are mechanical, as if he had walked a mile with a trowel in his

hand and dug up the flower over which he makes his lamentations with the express purpose to make them. There is about his poems what Coleridge calls "a matter of factness," and which he imputes to the over minuteness of the descriptions. But Coleridge has not asked himself what this over minuteness proceeded from. It was itself an effect, not a cause. The whole sprung from the trade like spirit of his friend's poetry. Not that he wrote for gain. He wrote to write. It was his business, his occupation, his trade. He wrote from the eye and the head, and not, like Burns, from the heart. The verses came from him not like a stream flowing from a fountain, but like water pumped into and from a reservoir. The objects producing them were not ready witnesses volunteering a willing testimony, they were dragged into court and tortured into confession. He regarded his subjects and characters in the manner of a spectator *ab extra*—to use another phrase of Coleridge concerning him; he feels for them, not with them. He looked on nature as capability Brown, the great landscape gardener, was accustomed to look, only to see what could be made of her in reference to his art. Each of them valued her as a means to accomplish an end. What is here to make a garden, asked one; what can I turn into a poem was the inquiry of the other.

In this infinite diversity of taste and judgment so obvious to all, if a poet's claims to be free of the corporation of poets are disputed by some theoriser in essential principles, we may reply, therefore, to the assertion, that he does not please as a poet, by asking Wordsworth's question—does not please whom? The minds are infinitely varied to whom poetry is addressed. Poetry itself is endless in its forms and in its grades of merit. Parnassus is not a hill of precipitous rocky sides, like the stone mountain in Georgia, with a narrow summit, affording scanty accommodation to a few great masters of song, as some who know nothing about it affect to think. It's sides are sloping woodlands resonant with melodies and harmonies various as the songs of birds, from the chirping of the sparrow to the warbled notes of the nightingale or mocking bird, each one of them with a charm of soothing and delight for some one or other among the listeners. The great masters of song alone may occupy the summit, but every thicket and dell and bosky bourne from side to side, has its attendant melody. Let them all be enjoyed according to the hearer's taste, and carefully and reverently cherished, but let no rascal marauder enter the sacred precincts to murder or maim the humblest and gentlest of its inmates. The least pretending of the poets gives pleasure, and helps to fill up the measure of sweet sounds acceptably to some indulgent and attentive ear. One makes nature his subject, hill and valley, grove and field, flowers and trees and running streams, and the thousand sights and sounds that she presents in summer and winter, spring or autumn. Another delineates the passions that agitate the heart—love, fear, hate, revenge. Others, as Byron says, "rise to truth and moralize their song," not stoop to truth, as originally written, and array their moral teachings in sonorous and attractive verse. Others scourge the vices of their times with indignant rage and scorn, like Juvenal, or with playful severity, like Horace. Another is the poet of refinement, of wit, sense and polished society, and condenses the maxims of life in pointed, brilliant and harmon-

ious verse. And so on without end, all deserve and may receive admiration and applause, and we may prefer one or the other without derogating from the claims of either to his own proper measure of honor and reward. All this is plain enough, so long as we are free from the bewildering phantoms of a theory. But let the critic once set up his peculiar standard of poetry, founded on what he considers the invariable principles of art, and no one can tell at what conclusions he may arrive. Instead of sound and catholic taste co-extensive with art and nature, he substitutes some narrow judgment as limited as his own views. He excludes himself from the length and breadth of nature and poetry to wall himself up in some corner of their domain, insisting that there is nothing beyond his own boundaries.

Setting aside, then, the speculations and refinements on what is supposed to be the essential principle of poetry and their mischievous consequences, let us try to arrive at a more homely and common sense, as well as comprehensive and logical answer to the question with which we began—the question, what is poetry?

It will help us in knowing what it is, to determine first what it is not. It is not, then, the nature of the thoughts expressed that makes a book a poem. It is not beauty of imagery, nor play of fancy, nor creative power of imagination, nor expression of emotion or passion, nor delineation of character, nor force, refinement or purity of language, that constitutes the *distinctive* quality of poetry. Because it is evident that there are passages in prose capable of being compared, in all these properties, not disadvantageously, with the noblest productions of the ancient or modern muse. Take, for an example of beautiful imagery, the often quoted passage from Milton's Tractate on Education, where he expatiates on the delights of learning, "I will lead you to a hill side laborious, indeed, on the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospects, and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming," or Burke's eulogy on the adventurous hardihood of the seamen of America, or his description of the French Queen, radiant with hope and joy, at whose slightest need the sword of every gallant gentleman should have been ready to fly from its scabbard. Where in poetry shall we find invention, fancy, imagination, more abundantly exhibited than in the writings of Defoe or Fielding, or Scott or Dickens? What poet excites more readily than they do the emotions of pity or love, contempt or hatred, anger or fear. And yet, unless it be metaphorically only or to sustain a theory, no one calls Tom Jones or Robinson Crusoe or Ivanhoe a poem. The grandest example of the sublime is the simple passage from Genesis, "God said let there be light and there was light." The most exquisitely beautiful of all ethical teaching is from the sermon on the Mount, "Ye have heard that it hath been said, thou shalt love thy friends and hate thy enemies, but I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and abuse you, that ye may be the children of your Father in Heaven, for He maketh his sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and sendeth his rain on the just and on the unjust." But all this is plain prose nevertheless. A prose translation of the Illiad, containing every sentiment and description faithfully

expressed, would not be a poem. The passage from Milton, if turned into his own sonorous verse, would be as genuine poetry as the Comus or Paradise Lost. Turned into metrical form by the commonest hand even, the prose is changed into poetry, the words remaining the same.

> We lead your footsteps to a mountain's side,
> Laborious on the first ascent, but else
> So smooth, so green, so full of goodly sights,
> And sounds melodious, that the harp itself,
> Or song of Orpheus not more charming seemed.

But if it is not the thought, sentiment, imagery, either grand or beautiful, that makes the distinctive quality of poetry, what is it that does? If the distinguishing property be not in the substance, it must be in the form of the work, if not in the conceptions it must be in the words that express them.

But the words of a language are common to poetry and prose.

It must, then, be in the form of arranging words, that we find the peculiar something that constitutes poetry. Coleridge defines prose to be "words in their best order," and poetry, the "best words in the best order." If he had made the distinction to consist in the order, and not in the words, it would be nearer the truth. For certainly the "best words" are as fully the property of fine passages in prose as they are of poetry. It is in the order, then, and not in the words, that the point of distinction is to be found.—Poetry must be defined, not from the ideas expressed, nor from the words expressing them, but from the form in which these words are arranged. This may be illustrated very clearly from the passage of Milton already quoted. A slight change in the order of the words changes it from prose to poetry.

As all language is the articulate expression of thought or emotion, so every language recognizes two forms of expressing them—one more free and loose called prose, and one, more restricted and subjected to certain rules, called poetry. This is the universal law of expressing thought in all languages. Poetry is nothing more than one of the grand divisions of articulate sounds, found among all cultivated nations, and designated by similar terms. There are but two, and so Milton asks the muse to aid him in telling things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme, meaning that they had never been attempted in any form at all. The certain rules to which, as we say above, the poetic form of expressing thought or emotion is subjected, are rules of metre and rythm. They exist in similar forms in all languages. We may, therefore, define poetry to be the expression, by words, of thought or emotion, in conformity with metrical and rythmical laws.

Each of these great divisions of language is co-extensive with the limits of human thought and emotion. The whole compass of man's mind and heart is within the reach of either. Poetry is confined to no such whimsical boundaries as those of Mr. Bowles. It is true there are subjects more suitable to one mode of expression than the other, and it would indicate a want of taste and judgment to mistake in the use of one or the other as the topic may require. But the error would in nowise touch the validity of the distinction between them. It may be true, for example, that prose is more suitable than poetry for the exposition of a philosophical system, and Lucretius may have been injudicious in expounding the doctrines of Epicurus in any other form than prose; but no one ever doubts that his work is a poem. It may

be said that the fine descriptive passages, and not the metaphysics, constitute the poetry. But no critic has yet undertaken to maintain that certain portions of the work are not poetry at all. And yet, if we abandon the only solid and true distinction between prose and poetry, and discriminate between this and that passage as poetry or not poetry, in reference to the ideas expressed, and not to the form of expression, we shall be compelled to cut up this and every long poem into slips of alternate poetry and non-poetry, according to the images and thoughts which we find in them. The Illiad will then be a poem, where Achilles shouts from the ramparts, and puts to flight the advancing and victorious Trojans by the terrors of his voice alone; or, where Helen is represented on the walls of Troy, describing to Priam, and naming the chiefs of the Grecian hosts arrayed on the plain below; but it will be no poem where, in the catalogue, the names of tribes, cities, chiefs and countries, are enumerated. The Paradise Lost will be a poem where Satan calls to his fallen multitudes, weltering in the fiery gulf confounded, though immortal—or where the charms of Paradise or the beauty and grace of Eve are described; but not where, in long discussions, the poet makes "God the father turn a school divine." And so of every long poem in every language.

So, too, in all the great prose writings of every country, we shall find long passages which are to be considered poetry, the purpose of the authors to write prose only, to the contrary notwithstanding.

But those who are jealous of the dignity of poetry, and who carry in their memories and imaginations the brilliant rhetorical descriptions of the art found among poets and orators, are not content with being told that the art of poetry is a mere form of expressing thought. And yet what higher account can be given of poetry than this, that it is the noblest, most refined, pointed and energetic of the two modes by which among all people, thought and emotion are expressed by language. Language itself is something wonderful. It is the gift of God. All that poets and orators say of poetry may be said of language. It is a divine art, and of this divine art the poets are masters of the highest form. The greater the artist, the greater his mastery in this instrument, by which he rules the hearts and minds of men. Homer paints with a word. Virgil's style or diction is inimitable. To Horace belongs the *curiosa felicitas* of words. In Milton and Shakspeare, according to Coleridge, you cannot alter a word without spoiling a line. To be the master of this wonderful power in any form, divinely imparted as it is, confers high distinction—to be its master, in its noblest form, makes the poet's honor and constitutes his art.

If we are met with the question, what, then, are we to consider as poetry the metrical lines, assigning its number of days to each month, or shall we class the stanzas extemporized by Johnson as such? We would meet the one question by another—are we to regard the chat at a corner, or the plain talk of a laborer, or the slang of a pot house, as prose? In either case there is a wide interval between the lowest and highest specimens of the two divisions of language—between the doggerel and Comus, between the slang and Burke—but not more so in the one than in the other. The question as respects both refers not to the triviality of the thing expressed, but to the form of expression, and

the answer in both must be the same.

But it is said again, the ordinary phrases of conversation intimate a difference between poetry and mere verse—we say of a clumsy poet, that he is a mere versifier, and of a dull poem, that it is no better than prose. But we are not to understand this as meaning that the writer is not a poet and his work not a poem. Such phrases mean only that the poet and poem are deficient in vivacity or vigor, or refinement and finish. It is a criticism which touches the execution and not the form of the work. We say of a tedious talker that he is prosy or a proser, but we do not mean that he is speaking something different from prose. So, we say of a man that he is effeminate or womanlike, or an ass, or a mule or a fox, or a tiger, but in no case do we intend to say that he is not a man. We propose only to designate the qualities or character of the party, and not the sex or genus to which he belongs. The critic, however, seizes on these figurative expressions, in reference to poetry, and turns the whole subject into confusion by mistaking and confounding two questions essentially different—the one asking to what category of expression a work belongs, the other what degree of merit it may possess; one inquiring into its nature, the other into its merits.

When from asking whether a book is a poem, we turn to examine into its faults and beauties, the whole province of inquiry is changed. The critic may lavish upon it any amount of disparaging names that his nomenclature happens to include. It may be dull, stupid, prosaic, but he can by no means convert it into prose. We can allow him any latitude of censure, but we protest against his giving point to his censure by confounding all logical distinction in the modes of expressing thought. A bad poem is still a poem, the most excellent prose is still prose, and the landmarks must remain undisturbed by the conflicting parties.

The department of literature to which a writer belongs, will not depend on the subject treated, but on the form of expression in which he treats it; in making poetry to consist in the noblest form of language, itself so noble a distinction of man, we in no respect derogate from the dignity of the art, it is the noblest form of that noble faculty without which thought itself would perish or be deprived of its wings.

THE SOUL.

The soul, which is the needful property
Of manhood, should be sovereign o'er the thought,
Which ever more should work for wing to fly!
Men only live in power as they have wrought—
And, working for the soul, can never die.
Even when they err with blindness, or with will,
Made stubborn by passion, or wild vanities,
'Tis lack of the soul-working which doth kill:
The working soul is that which never dies;
So lives it, in the incessant and brave strife,
When soul-world is the only world of life.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON SOUTHERN CIVILIZATION.

NO II

Before proceeding with our subject, it may be well to give with some definiteness, the meaning we wish to convey in the word *intellect*. Like all popular terms, it has almost as many shades of meaning as there are pursuits, we had almost said as there are individuals. Even were we to appeal to the philosophers, though, perhaps, there might not be the same variety in significations in their employment of the word, yet we should find ourselves limited to distinctions, which are, for the most part, artificial, and often more applicable to the objects to which mind is applied, than to the mind itself.

When we speak of the soul, we include in its idea not only the perceptive or thinking faculty, but, also all the forces which operate upon and impel the spiritual being in different directions, we consider not only the spiritual existence of man in his present limited earthly condition, but our thoughts instinctively turn also to eternity and immortality. The word soul suggests the past, present and everlasting future of our spiritual being, and implies not only the forces to which they are at present subjected, and the faculties we now enjoy, but brings to mind that hidden part of our natures, not subject to the exploring eye of our inward consciousness, but of whose existence we feel assured, as of an untrodden field, whose richness may yield we know not what, of new capacities and powers in the phases, to pass over us in the cycles of immortality.

The word mind would also be ill-adapted to our purpose, on account of its exceeding vagueness and the circumstance that it has all the inclusive character of the word soul, with the exception that it suggests only what is immediately phenomenal in our spiritual existence, and does not specially look to the life after death, nor to the powers yet to be developed in us.

We have, therefore, chosen the word Intellect, as one to which, at least, it would not be so difficult to join a definite and limited idea, as it would be to the other two. We are aware, indeed, that this word, also, is open to objections, as every popular term will and must be, when employed in the treatment of subjects demanding a strong and distinct outline, as artists would say, in the forms of expression we employ. But we choose this word as the least objectionable, not as a perfect exponent of our meaning.

Intellect, in our acceptation of the term, is the faculty of forming and multiplying ideas and trains of ideas or thoughts. We intend to include here, every class and kind of ideas, as well ideas of material as of immaterial things—from this general power we exclude none of them—nay even the moral ideas, the conscientious perceptions of moral distinctions, are, in this view, all attributable to this comprehensive faculty. We are far from denying, that this intellectual unit has its parts, that it is subdivided into powers which may properly receive distinctive names; but these faculties—limbs and senses, as we might call them of

the intellectual man, all agree in certain general characteristics which enable us thus to view them as they really are, a collective unit.

We also do not wish to be understood as including under this one expression all the attributes of mind. The passions, the instinctive tendencies and proclivities of the soul, are not so much powers of its own, as forces which operate upon and compel it in certain directions. They are like the chemical affinities of atoms, which compel them to certain combinations under given circumstances. And since they are many, the general tone of the mind results from them collectively, though often influenced by some one which becomes paramount. That force which compels human progress, and to which we have already referred, is undoubtedly one of these, and operates no less upon the individual than the masses; for man is always striving either to gain what is new, or to keep the old from falling into decay, and though his progress in the latter case is like that of the poor beast on the treadmill, always moving as if to advance, but never advancing in reality, still the effort to progress is always making, and there must be some counter force in play, where progress is not the result.

If it be asked whether a progressive development may not be traced in these soul-directing forces, that fix the orbit of human mind, by no means do we deny that such a phenomenon may be disclosed in the history of mind, but it is a progress not so much in the degree of strength of these forces as in the introduction of new combinations of them, and the calling into active life those of them which ordinarily remain dormant. And this progress is consequent upon the progress of ideas, that is, the intellectual progress.

To give the most satisfactory proof of our position, that civilization is progressive intellectual development, would require a history of the culture of each nation acknowledged to be civilized, and to show that its progress was one of ideas. We believe such a work perfectly possible, but confined as we are to narrower limits, a different mode of proof must be adopted. Three Europeans of distinction, who have made profound studies of this question, have also given us definitions of the term, succinct expressions of what they believed essentially characteristic of civilization. These, though similar in some respects, are, on the whole, quite different, one from the other. Yet truth, of some kind, is to be found in each of them, and if we can show that in each case those particulars wherein the definition makes civilization to consist, necessarily presuppose as a common principle, a progressive intellectual development, we can conclude, that this principle will harmonize their diversities, and that in truth it is that motive power, whose working takes so many forms, that each regarding its results only from his particular point of view, will be led to describe it differently from his neighbors.

We shall, therefore, devote some space to a consideration of the definitions by Guizot, Wilhelm von Humboldt, and de Gobineau, noticing afterwards that of Mr. Hotz, who, with some verbal differences, takes exactly the same view of the nature of civilization as ourselves.

The definition given by Guizot, distinguished no less as a practical politician than as a philosophic writer, first claims our attention. If we turn over the general discus-

sion in the first volume of his Histoire de la Civilization, wherein he investigates the nature and causes of civilization, what do we find but a constant appeal to the agency of ideas, (their origin, existence and gradual development,) in producing the phenomena of civilized society. "The first idea," says Guizot, "comprised in the word *civilization*, is the notion of progress, of development." It then becomes the inquiry what is this progress—this development? He considers it as consisting in the gradual melioration of the social condition, and in "the development of the individual life, the development of the human mind and its faculties the development of man himself."

These, then, are the two elements of civilization, "the progress of society" and "the progress of individuals;" "the melioration of the social system, and the expansion of the mind and faculties of man."

Here, then, is the full acknowledgment that the development of the human mind and its faculties, is at least one of the elements of civilization. We think that it is the sole element. For it should not be overlooked, that there is an associate as well as individual intellect of Humanity, of the Races—of Nations. There are mental impulses, ideas and intellectual strivings, which are not the property of individuals merely, but which belong to and characterise masses of men. And these have not an existence merely in the mind of the generalizer and closet-philosopher, but an active and effectual existence in society, producing results which no other agencies could. Such was the idea and striving for the freedom of thought and speech, which had been gradually developing itself during the middle ages, and which burst into life with so much brilliancy about the time of the Reformation. Such was the idea of and strife for a freer form of government in the religious revolution in England, and such were the ideas which led to the establishment of Colonies in America, by English and French refugees. And, indeed, every effort at social melioration, at improvement in the form or condition of the social fabric, is the result of a want, intellectually perceived, of an intellectual impulse to satisfy it—and this perception often is awakened in the individual mind before it is developed in the mind of the mass, and with its attendent impulses, producing the restless and revolutionary spirit, often exists in the mind of the mass long before its general drift and ultimate tendency is understood by any, the most powerful and contemplative of individual minds. Even in assigning causes of barbarism, M. Guizot acknowledges this truth and appeals to the intellectual condition. "Certainly," says he, "after all is said and done, whatever may be the course of external affairs, it is man himself who makes our world. It is according to the *ideas* the *sentiments*, the *moral* and *intellectual dispositions* of man himself, that the world is regulated, and marches onward. It is upon the *intellectual state* of man, that the visible form of society depends." To the fact that there the intellectual horizon is narrowed to the bounds of self, he attributes the imperfections of a barbarous society—and as main-springs in the development of European civilization, designates the four following mental phenomena: first, the instinct which impels man to the effort of improving himself, the society in which he lives, and the circumstances by which he is surrounded;

second, the treasured recollections of Roman civilization and its comparative blessings; third, the intellectual activity kept alive by the Christian Church; and fourth, the appearance of great men. These four primal and fostering causes of a striving after better things, show, in the case of European civilization at least, that its origin was an intellectual one, and that in itself it was and is an intellectual phenomenon.

But it would be useless to consume time and space in multiplying instances of the direct or indirect acknowledgment on the part of this masterly mind, of the intellectual origin and and character of civilization. His whole work is a great and perhaps an unintentional, and therefore, more trustworthy witness to this truth, and were we asked for a demonstration of it, we could only say read and re-read, and read again Guizot's History of the Civilization of Modern Europe. From prudential considerations, Guizot avoids, as much as possible, a definition of the term, Civilization, and attempts rather to treat it as a fact affording material for description. In this form and at great length, he lays it before his readers, and his very able analysis has been the result. But it is certainly from a mistaken notion of the true nature of a *definition*, as applied to any other than mathematical truths, that he has dreaded the trusting of his views to such a channel of communication. A definition may be said to be the most condensed verbal expression, of the ultimate generalization attained by the mind in its investigation of a given subject. In mathematics where knowledge of the truths defined, may be absolutely complete, so also may be the definition—while in the moral and physical sciences, where knowledge though voluminous, is never complete in the mathematical sense, the definition of truths is never absolutely perfect, but improves with the gradual growth of knowledge, always approaching perfection, and almost certainly, we may add, destined never to attain it. Still definitions as succinct expressions of the sum of truth already attained, are extremely useful and convenient, and it is only through a too jealous regard to one's reputation, or a want of sufficient information, or a small attempt to gain plaudits from the pit and gallery of the world's theatre, by slighting the pretensions of a science, which to be precise must be exclusive, that an able thinker, could resolutely avoid them. None of these could finally influence M. Guizot, and accordingly we find in a note, the following definition:

"Civilization, in its most general form, is an improved condition of man, resulting from the establishment of social order, in place of the individual independence and lawlessness of the savage or barbarous life."

The gradual establishment of social order, he elsewhere shows, is the result of intellectual effort of masses and individuals in that direction, and, hence, still the whole rests upon the intellectual basis which we consider its origin and essential element. "It may exist in various degrees; it is susceptible of continual progress; and, hence, the History of Civilization is the history of the progress of the human race towards realizing the idea of humanity, through the extension and perfection of the social relations, and as affected, advanced or retarded, by the character of the various political and civil institutions which have existed." The whole sense, here, turns upon the meaning attached

to the phrase, "the idea of humanity." On this idea of humanity, directly or indirectly, how many volumes have been, how many might be written. But here it is M. Guizot's understanding of it, which is important. In his mind it seems to be closely, necessarily connected with the "destination for rational development" which he ascribes to man in a paragraph just preceding that quoted. How then are we to understand his "rational development?" We think he can only mean the growth of a sound wisdom, from the sober measured advances of a gradual intellectual development. How far man may be destined to attain in such an onward progress, is a secret of Providence; but this we know, the progress exists, and in it, not in its distant future as yet undescribed goal, may we find the the thing called civilization.

We turn now to a definition emanating from a very different point of view—we mean that of Wilhelm von Humboldt. The Frenchman, true to the instincts of the Roman element of his ancestry, finds the State every thing, and derives his definition simply from a review of the manner in which the most complete civil society has been formed. His definition, therefore, is one of civilization, viewed in its political aspect. The younger Humboldt, though, also, high in political station, was a German, one of a people pre-eminently indisposed to politics, whose life, whose world is comparatively domestic, to whom a work of art or science, gradually moulded in retirement and privacy, is a far more congenial labor, than the more public and brilliant achievements of the man of the world. The definition of Humboldt is what might have been expected of him, first as a German, and then as a man of science, more especially as a Philologist. It is in the form of an explanation of the distinct meaning of the three German synonyms, *Civilization*, *Cultur* and *Bildung*, and is found in the introductory essay of his great work on the Kawi language, the ancient tongue, in which the sacred books of the Javanese are written. It reads as follows:

"Civilization is the humanization of peoples in their outward regulations and customs, and in the inward dispositions which depend thereon. Culture joins to this improvement of the social condition, science and art. But when in German, we use the word Bildung, we mean something higher and more inly, namely, the feeling for truth, which, from the knowledge and consciousness of the collective intellectual and moral strivings, harmoniously pervades the feelings and character."

The first part of this definition, is extremely like that of Guizot, but differs from it in being not so inclusive. It confines the meaning of civilization to a particular moral and social condition, wherein man has learnt to respect the rights of his neighbor of the same community, and to treat him as a fellow-being, so that the general sense and intelligence acknowledges the necessity of this respect and this treatment, and its particular precepts embody and enjoin these obligations in the form of laws, the fundamental maxim of which, whether expressed or understood, is, that man should love his neighbor as himself. It is, in fact, the gradual progress of society, towards realizing this maxim in temporal things; of society, in a more particular sense, than of individuals, for the common intellect of society, often more fully realizes certain truths and moral obligations, than the selfish instincts and

strivings of individuals permit them to do. But this humanization, we suppose no one would contend, ever has been or anywhere now, is complete. In truth it can only be viewed, like all other phenomena of human society, as progression, a gradual development never stationary but always passing from one point to another of progress. Of what nature then is this progressive development, the gradual unfolding of what powers does it pre-suppose? We think the gradual unfolding of the collective intellect of a people, its progress from one perception of what is good and salutary to another, until at last its march reaches that point where experience teaches a body of social doctrine, as to what is best for the individual and the community which contains as its fundamental maxim, the golden rule.

This part of our definition, therefore, is the same as that of Guizot, with the exception, that it looks in a more especial degree to the private social life, as well as to the public or political fabric of a people. It regards more the effect of the general intellectual progress in matters that relate to social happiness, as it is evinced in the private, as well as in the public social aspect. But whichever view be assumed, we think the fundamental principle is the same —a progressive intellectual development.

To obtain a correct idea of the term Culture, (die Cultur,) especially of its relation to progressive development, we may consider the analogous case of individual development. When the human mind has progressed in any given direction, so far as it can without labor, it begins to be more reflective, more distinctly conscious of itself and of its own workings, weaknesses and capacities. It perceives that more is to be done, that the field still lies but partly explored, that the prospect still opens, and that there are allurements to advance—more than all the instinct of motion, which is independent of us, and which is never inactive, spurs it onward willingly or unwillingly. But to proceed, now, is no longer so easy; the things immediately about us have been brought to the test of experience, and if the mind would contemplate those dimly discerned in the horizon of thought, it must rise, shake off sloth, carefully examine its own capacities, prepare itself to encounter difficulties, and then set out resolutely a spiritual champion to conquer spiritual spoils and treasures. Now it is this study and preparation of itself, this proving and sharpening of its own powers, this mailing and fortifying itself against contingences, which constitutes what we call Culture. It is the effort of the mind to fit itself for further effort. It produces self-consciousness, self-study, it knocks at the doors of Experience and demands the use of all her stores; it arranges, it classifies, it reduces to order, it inquires what is the use, the beauty and the significance of each portion of material already attained; it allows nothing to be out of place, it moulds the old materials into new forms of usefulness and beauty—in a word, it analyzes with system, it applies a masterly synthesis based upon the universal principles of natural affinities and harmonies. This analysis, this synthesis, what are they but Science and Art? And it is thus that the collective as well as the individual intellect, attain that phenomenon, Culture, which in the words of Humboldt, adds to the amelioration of the social condition, science and art.

But it is to my purpose here to remark, that the great Humboldt, has used these words Science and Art, in a vague sense; in fact in their half-defined, vulgar sense. He seems to mean by Science, those only which have received the name, and by Art, perhaps, though I may do him wrong, only the fine Arts. Else would he not have separated these from that Science and that Art of Sociality, the Science of human nature and the Art of dealing with men, whose results are the tone of a gradual humanization. Of course in this science is included the science of political history and law, and in this art, the art of government, and of the conduct of commercial relations. Of the latter, we may give the single instance of the Credit system, which has grown to such gigantic proportions, testifying to a gradual progress in the art of dealing with men. Nor should even the private social relations be excluded from those subjects, wherein an intellectual progress, a progress of ideas is possible—nor yet can we exclude politeness and refined manners from a position among the fine arts.

We, therefore, regard in a more practical light the ideas expressed by the great Philologist, than de Gobineau has thought it possible to do. We think the social phenomena, civilization and culture, so expressed, have not only a visionary existence, but that they are general definitions of an elevated cast, of realities which have existed and still do exist in human societies. Whether looking at the relations of these two phenomena, independently of their connection with particular words in particular languages, we would separate them one from the other, is a question of another sort. Certainly we should not. For the culture here spoken of, to us appears only one of the higher phases of intellectual development. And in our treatment of the subject, we collect under the common term civilization, not only his civilization and culture, but the idea attached to his third term "Bildung," for which we can find no exact equivalent in English, but to the meaning of which an approximation may be made in our word finish, when used in its most elevated sense, and applied to an inward condition of the cultivated intellect, rather than to its external visible accomplishments.

In this sense the idea so contained is not so nearly important to our purpose, for it has its exemplification rather in particular geniuses, than in the collective mind of a community. It is that general intellectual tone, that instinctive feeling for all truth, that acute sensitiveness of the perceptive faculty, which is the crowning result of culture, and which gradually imparts to the mind a characteristic elevation and refinement. Yet, also, in less striking degrees, it actually exists in the collective mind of a civilized people, and imparts to its intellectual development its aspiring universality of scope, direction and adaptiveness.

Now if our imperfect analysis of this exposition be substantially true, the ideas expressed by Humboldt so evidently and so necessarily, presuppose an intellectual development as the moving cause of the results indicated in the three synonyms, that it seems to us unnecessary to prove by argument, that it is an unavoidable deduction. No one, we think, contends that humanization, culture and the development of the higher and more inly senses of the soul, are the characteristic phenomena of a society in which no intellectual development has taken place—nor,

on the other hand, could one be found to deny that an intellectual development, not of one or two individuals only, but of a community, a progress of ideas pervading a society, a collective body of human beings, is implied, as the antecedent of these three phases of civilization.

So we will now pass to the consideration of a definition emanating from a diplomatist, and conceived in the spirit at once of the historian and the man of science. In an essay, remarkable for its temperate tone, wide learning, originality of thought and treatment, no less than for the philosophic feeling which pervades it, Count de Gobineau has endeavored to prove the intellectual and moral diversity of the various races of men. So vast a subject must necessarily include a consideration of the question we are here discussing, and de Gobineau, though we think he has fallen short of the true solution, has brought to the task of unravelling its difficulties, no little strength of limb and delicacy of sense. We have already given his definition and expressed our belief that it seized what was only the necessary condition and matrix of civilization, and left unobserved the living principle itself, which there underwent development. But this is true of his definition only, for one who reads the eighth and ninth chapters of his Essay, finds that the argument is this—the civilization of the different races are diverse, *therefore*, their intellectual and moral qualities are also diverse; necessarily implying the premises that the civilizations of different races are so intimately and inseparably connected with their intellectual and moral characteristics, that one cannot vary without a corresponding variation in the other. Looking upon civilization as essentially consisting in the development of the social system, he defines it "*a state of comparative stability, in which a large collection of individuals strive by peaceful means to satisfy their wants and refine their intelligence and manners.*" And at the close of the chapter on civilization. he says, "I arrive at the conclusion, that all intellectual or moral activity results from the combined action and mutual reaction of these two tendencies" (the *speculative* and *utilitarian*,) "and that the social system can arrive at that development which entitles it to the name of civilization, only in races which possess in a high degree, either one of the two without being too much deficient in the other." Here again very plainly, we have civilization as a certain state of development of the social system, and this state dependent on the intellectual and moral status of the races.

To show that de Gobineau is wrong in taking simply the political aspect of the question, will be unnecessary after what we have already urged in treating of the two former definitions. The development of the social system, necessarily implies a progress of ideas and intellectual development—and such could hardly exist having for its end and aim, merely the improvement of the social structure, but would at the same time show itself frequently in many other channels. "So much," says Lord Bacon in his Answers to Politicians, "so much is manifest, that the Romans never ascended to that height of Empire, till the time they had ascended to the height of other arts," and that the development of political progress is never the sole progress achieved by the march of intellect, may be proved by merely calling to mind any of

those civilizations which have already existed and passed away. Besides those of Greece and Rome, which are present always to the mind of every educated European and Anglo American we may summon to answer our question, Egypt and Assyria, Phenicia, Mexico and Peru—and passing to those which may be still said to exist, though with the weight of heaped-up centuries upon them, we may take India, China and Japan, and then coming to our own quarter of the Globe, and the civilizations of modern Europe and the United States, —we risk nothing in asserting that it will not be possible to discover a single instance where amelioration of the political condition, has been the only form of progress, but that every where the intellect excited to progress, advances also with various degrees of rapidity and vigor in the development of those arts and sciences, which have no necessary connection with politics, the social relations and the art of government.

From the consideration of definitions emanating from these high European authorities, it gives us pleasure to pass in connection with the last of them, to a definition, modestly advanced by an American. Mr. Hotz, in the able and highly interesting analytical introduction to his translation of de Gobineau's Intellectual and Moral Diversity of the Races, after exposing the insufficiency of the definition of that author, himself proposes the following: "*Civilization is the continuous development of man's moral and intellectual powers.*" This definition we claim, is essentially identical with that we have proposed, and since our ideas on this subject and our definition were formed before our acquaintance with those of Mr. Hotz, and probably in the course of a somewhat different path of thought, we cannot but look upon the conformity even in language between the two, as very pleasant confirmation of the truth of our common view. When two travelers, ignorant of each others movements, set out for the same country, and reaching it by somewhat different paths, return home each with a description of it, not only conveying the same ideas, but couched in nearly identical language, we may consider this coincidence as the best evidence of the truth of their reports.

But while we feel sure that the ideas entertained by Mr. Hotz, are the same as our own—we would not have used exactly his language in defining them, and since the difference between us in this respect, involves the consideration of points of some importance, a few remarks upon it will tend to make our own meaning more clearly understood.

"Civilization is the *continuous* development of man's intellectual *and moral* powers." *We* have said, that civilization is the progressive intellectual development of human society. Now we may suppose a community characterized by such social unity, that the formation of a collective intellect is possible; that this collective intellect is formed, and at once takes up its march of progress, developing as it advances its distinguishing peculiarities, and already attaining after the lapse of sufficient time, no small distinction for political stability, social order and refinement, commercial or agricultural prosperity and the growth of some of the higher sciences and arts. But as yet it is comparatively at the outset of its career, and just then occurs one of those many events which operate to retard civilization. Depopulation by even successful warfare, may have

diminished the numerical strength of the collective intellect, or it may have been dispersed by the sudden acquisition of extensive uninhabited territory, which must be occupied—or the equally sudden ingress of foreign hordes as conquerors, may have destroyed for a time the unity of the collective intellect. In each of these cases, and others which will readily suggest themselves to minds familiar with the subject, a pause must take place in the development, a transition period, during which the effects of depopulation or dispersion, are to be overcome, or a new amalgamation of elements, the formation anew of a collective intellectual unity, embracing the foreign element, has to be effected, such a period must supervene and so break for a time, and partially only, (for we do not mean to suppose the worst cases,) the continuity of development. But would we consider this civilization as dead because it has been so interrupted? It has been retarded, it may even have retrograded somewhat, but should no fresh impediment be thrown it its way, its march will again be taken up at that point where it was checked, and proceed to the accomplishment of new results, to the evolution of new characteristics, perhaps to receive yet another retardation, and break in the continuity of its progress, before its full history has been enacted.

We think, therefore, that the idea of *continuous* development, is not strictly applicable to the history of most civilizations. Every such history viewed as a whole, is a *progressive* development, that is, one, wherein, how many soever the temporary interruptions to which it has been subjected, we may still observe that at intervals, though irregular, successive strides of progress have borne it through the phases of an intellectual development, and that this history like the life of individual man, from the death-like quiet of that earliest chamber wherein "the bones do grow," to the quiet of death itself in his "last home," has no one period which in all its characteristics is identical with those which go before, or with those that follow it. Such a gradual unfolding of new phases from infancy through youth to manhood, from manhood to the confirmed characteristics and decaying powers of old age, is what we mean by a *progressive development.* We do not mean that the achievements of a civilized people at any one stage of its existence, *must* necessarily be greater than its achievements at any former period of its history, and less than those of its subsequent stages, but that its whole history however interrupted, will evince a gradual progress in the development of its intellect, and that this constitutes its civilization.

Mr. Hotz also includes as a separate element, concerned in this development, "*the moral powers.*" We have also included progress in moral ideas and distinctions as part of progressive intellectual development. The difference between our author, therefore, and ourselves, here is, again, not so much in our notions of civilization and the elements which compose its progress as in something anterior to these, namely, the relations of these elements. The distinction between moral and intellectual powers, recognized by Mr. Hotz, is the usual one, and is no doubt very convenient in all the practical employments and processes of thought. It also has a real existence, but not one of the kind its use in such connection would lead us to suppose. For the moral powers do not differ more from the intellectual, than the in-

tellectual powers severally differ from each other. The perception of right and wrong, differs from the perceptions of beauty and unsightliness of harmony and discord, of symmetry and deformity, of cause and effect, by a quantity no greater than that by which these differ from the mathematical perceptions of position, length, surface and solidity, or the perceptions of quantity and of the relations of numbers. In fact, all of these, perceptive faculties are not more essentially distinct from each other than are the senses of sight, hearing, smell, taste and touch. Yet we class all of these together as the material senses, and never dream of confusion while we know, that they may all be considered as modifications of a general sense of touch, whose common law is that the thing to be perceived and the organ of sense must be brought together in forcible contact, and the impression so made, communicated to the soul, we know not how, to tell its own story. Precisely analogous, is the law of the non-material senses—there must be an encounter of the thing to be perceived and the perceptive faculty—the result is an impression, a sensation—and this, when analysed, distinguished into its parts, or compared, distinguished from other sensations, and referred to the object which produced it, becomes an idea. These ideas have relations to each other in the mind corresponding to the relations between the things which produced them—at last these relations become themselves the causes of a new order of ideas, by coming in contact with the consciousness, that sense by which mind becomes cognizant of its own workings. Now it matters not, whether the idea be a moral one, or an æsthetic, mathematical or physical one, the general laws which govern its inception, relation and retention by the mind are the same, and though we may very naturally suppose from analogy, that as the physical organ for the perception of the undulations of sound differs in structure from that for the perception of the undulations of light, so the spiritual sense for the perception of one class of truths differs in something analogous to structure from the sense adapted to the perception of another class of truths, yet we cannot say we know in what that difference consists: but this we do know that just as we can class together all the senses of sight, hearing, smell, taste and touch, as material senses—so we may bring together under a common term all the perceptive faculties of the soul, and that together they constitute a whole consisting of parts. This whole *we* denominate *Intellect.*

And in order not to be misunderstood, we must recur again to the distinction we have already drawn between Intellect, this perceptive faculty and the Passions, the instinctive tendencies and affinities of the soul which are called into action by the contact of those objects which produce ideas when brought to the test of the perceptive faculty. These forces may also be to some extent developed by civilization, but their development, where it does take place, being mainly dependent upon that of the perceptive faculty, is a wholly secondary, not essential part of the actual progress of civilization. And thus it is that in an undoubtedly civilized society, the standard of morals may be high, the progress of moral ideas may have been considerable, but still if we regard such a society as a whole

we may find that the actual strength of the corresponding impulse to choose what is morally good and shun what is morally evil, is no greater than in an uncivilized society where the standard is lower, where the same progress of ideas has not appeared.

We think, therefore, that so far as morals are concerned, the progress is one of intellect; more elevated ideas of what is right, not only exist in the minds of individuals, but become current in society, yet it is at least very questionable whether the whole amount of good actually realised is proportionally greater. Indeed, we believe that the worst vices, the most abandoned populations as well as the highest virtues, the purest society are to be found in civilized communities. But the actual amount of good and evil is not improbably nearly equally balanced in the same community, at nearly every stage of its progress. The principle from which this results, however, we must leave, until we have opportunity to speak of the law of development.

Casting back a glance upon the ground we have been over, we have seen that sociality is a belonging of all animals, and that even the organized forms of it are not *peculiar* to man, and that when we are led to enquire into the essential nature of civilization, we must look to some element of human nature other than strong social tendency. That which is essential to civilization, we have contended, is progressive intellectual development—and have endeavored to show that those phenomena which have been considered its characteristics by the ablest minds, all necessarily presuppose this intellectual development as their necessary antecedent.

When we reach this point of our investigation, so many and so various are the questions, which rise before us, that it is difficult, to make choice between them. The law of development, the rise and fall of particular civilizations, the actual progress of man from the time of his creation, the relation of Christianity to civilization and its influence upon it, each of these questions has a charm and an importance peculiar to itself. Then comes, also, the awful presence of that grander question suggested by words of Guizot, whether the life of human society, unlike the lives of the souls which compose it, is limited to this world and the narrow bounds of time. Are those instinctive tendencies which knit soul to soul in the love of country, in friendship, and the closer ties of home, to slumber forever in the tomb of that earthly civilization in which we live? Is that development of collective intellect, which here has but a limited progress at best, is it a growth which cannot thrive on the new earth and under the new heaven of eternity? Is its final object—the great goal to which it tends, attained on earth? Is there a probation of nations as well as of individuals, and will each have to answer for the use or abuse of the talents confided to it? Ours is not the province and this is not the place to discuss these questions. But let each one who has in his hands the power to mould the progress of society, or to add to it even an humble contribution, consider what more of moral responsibility may attach to the enjoyment of such a power.

MY NEIGHBOR'S ROOSTER.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

"And hark again! the crowing cock!
How *lustily* he crew!"—*Christabel.*

My name is Richard Rask. I am sixty-two years old. For upwards of half a century it was my fortune to serve as Teller in the Great Rock Rail Road Bank in the flourishiug city of Babbleboro'. Some time ago I retired from business, upon the moderate income of eighteen hundred per annum. Real estate was at that period below par. I purchased for a mere song a cottage in the suburbs, three hundred yards, at least, from any other dwelling, with a snug little portico in front, and a lovely cabbage garden in the rear. My temperament is wonderfully equable upon all points but one. I detest noise, and particularly that kind of noise which proceeds from farm yards and nurseries. Of course I am a bachelor. A man who begins life upon a capital of poverty and phlegm is not likely to fall into the matrimonial noose. So, I have accomplished my destined development more placidly perhaps than most other human vegetables. An extreme sensitiveness of the auricular nerves has been my only source of annoyance—but, good Heavens! WHAT an annoyance!! Conceive of an everlasting chronic ear ache, rising upon provocation into acute spasms, accompanied by a tintinabulation like the throbbing of a hundred brazen bells! In my fortieth year a celebrated auriculist visited Babbleboro'. Six deaf gentlemen and three deaf old ladies of my acquaintance were restored by him to hearing in the course of a week's treatment.

Now, thought I, if Dr. —— has so readily succeeded in making these people hear, why should'nt he succeed in making me deaf! This logic seemed invincible—so I went to the Doctor and propounded my case.

He looked very grave, and confessed that the case was an unusual one, and required consideration. I told him by all means to consider, but at the same time to understand that I was willing to submit to *any* operation, however painful. He looked graver still, and observed, after a pause, that he knew of but one certain remedy, and that remedy I might possibly consider as worse than the disease. Nothing, I said warmly, could be worse than THAT. "Well then," rejoined the man of science, "you must agree to the amputation of both your ears——!"

"But, my dear sir," replied I, dubiously, "do you not perceive that I am growing bald. How, supposing that I undergo the operation you suggest—how am I to conceal the loss of my—ah! my—organs——! It would'nt be pleasant, you know, to be taken for a for a malefactor, or any vulgar thing of that sort——!"

"Certainly not! but you forget that we live in an age of wigs, and besides," added he, opening the drawer of a cabinet, and carefully unrolling something which had rested therein, "besides, art is all powerful—look here!" and the Doctor held up a pair of exquisitely colored caoutchouc ears, which

looked so white, flesh-like, and natural that for a moment I was deceived, imagining them to be human *aures* which had somehow been marvellously preserved. I examined these curious works of art with breathless attention. They resembled their fleshy prototypes in the most minute particular, and were so contrived as to fit upon each side of the head in a really graceful and genteel manner.

I was so delighted with their appearance that I consented to lose my own ears instanter, and had actually settled myself for the operation, when the six deaf gentlemen, and the three deaf old ladies, whom Dr. —— had dismissed as cured, precipitately entered the room together — deafer — twenty times deafer—than ever they had been before, and set up such a clamor of denunciation that I fled from the scene aghast.

With the morning my better reason returned, and I really felt thankful that my ears, (however poignant the anguish they caused me) had *not* been sacrificed. During the fifteen years succeeding this adventure, many other celebrated auriculists came to Babbleboro'. But I did not consult them. It had at length occurred to me that the only alleviation of my peculiar wretchedness was to be found in seclusion. Therefore, I retired to the suburbs. My family arrangements were unostentatious, the household consisting of but two servants, and a bull-dog, who would bite but never growled.

My cook was an ex-patriated mute, whose sympathy with his patrons during an active professional career, had engendered a habit of continuous, but subdued, weeping, which proved so soothing to my feelings that I paid him extra wages in consequence. My butler had belonged to the detective police, and moved about the house with the stealthy pace of a cat, always walking on tip-toe, and speaking considerably under his breath. In the midst of such an establishment, is it any wonder that I enjoyed the blessings of peace? But, alas! this pleasant state of things did not continue.

The town of Babbleboro' had of late years been made the terminus of three different Rail Roads, and as the authorities thought proper to build a depôt in my immediate neighborhood, of course the place became suddenly populous. New houses rose like mushrooms in every direction, and soon my modest dwelling was completely surrounded. All minor causes of annoyance were, however, swallowed up at last in one mammoth evil, which threatened to drive me mad.

The house directly in front of mine was a flashy edifice of red brick. Its owner was a poulterer, who devoted his premises to the raising of geese, fowls, ducks, turkeys, guinea hens, and various other domestic birds. I have seen three hundred of these feathered fiends congregated in his back-yard at the same moment, presided over by a flaming peacock, with a tail like the train of last year's comet. Mrs. Nickson, the poulterer's wife, a fat vulgarian, one of whose eyes had been put out by a game rooster, with whom she had had an "affair of honor," was in the habit of feeding the vast assemblage four times every day. She called them together by performing "the devil's tattoo" on the bottom of a tin pan, and then the diabolical tumult which arose it is not in the power of my feeble pen to depict. I can only liken it to an unmentionable place let loose, and declare that under the accumulated horrors of gobbling, quacking, clucking, crowing and screaming, overtopped by the one eternal shriek of the accursed

peacock, I was continually on the verge of frenzy, and acted when more than usually aggravated in so frantic a manner, than once I saw the ex-policeman make a sign to the ex-mute, which I knew signified straight waist-coat, whereupon the ex-mute wept with more silent copiousness and looked fifty times more dismal than ever.

But my sufferings had not yet reached the last point of intensity. About the period to which I refer, one of those extraordinary manias which suddenly seize upon whole communities, leading to the wildest dreams, the most unwarrantable hopes, attacked the whole army of speculators in the town of Babbleboro', threatening to divert the currents of legitimate business, and to addle past alleviation, or remedy the brains of the soberest citizens.

I refer to THE COCHIN CHINA AND SHANGHAI FOWL EXCITEMENT, that unparalelled frenzy which spared neither sex nor age, and in whose brilliant, but delusive dreams, the goose that laid golden eggs was dethroned to make way for regiments of long-legged feathered Titans, who, multiplying from tens to hundreds, and from hundreds to thousands, filled the air with strange noises, the only intelligible burden of which was, ten per cent! twenty per cent! fifty per cent! according as the voices proceeded from the frail fledgling, but a few days released from the shell, or from sonorous cocks begirt with gorgeous wattles, and marching solemnly in the midst of their hareems.

Nickson was the first man in Babbleboro' who succumbed to this foul disease. He disposed of his poultry at cost, and with the proceeds bought thirty pair of Shanghais, and as many Cochin Chinas.

These were conveyed to his house in three immense wooden cages, accompanied by a bodyguard of all the ragged and worthless little blackguards in the neighborhood. For several nights previous, I had enjoyed a blessed calm. This was during the interregnum which occurred between the disposal of the old stock of fowls and the installation of the new. But as the three wooden cages thronged with screeching inmates, whose dirty yellow legs gleamed dully between the bars came full into view, my spirit sank within me! It was a hot afternoon in July, and the sight made me faint and sick.

I contrasted the recent heavenly repose in which I had luxuriated with the approaching Pandemonium, and bitter, dangerous thoughts took possession of my soul!

Meanwhile the cages had been carried to Nickson's back-yard, and the Shanghais and Cochin Chinas set at liberty. I watched the proceeding with deadly disgust, which changed into a thrill of fear as my eye rested upon a colossal COCK, the imperious sultan of the brood, who stepping from his cage with the air of a prince of the blood—the richest *sangue azula*—shook his broad wings with a stately triumph, and exerted his lungs in one harrowing prolonged, stentorian CROW! I knew from the very first that this Rooster was my fate. A "voice you cannot hear," compounded of a sigh and a groan, said to me with mournful emphasis, "Richard Rask, thou art bull-necked, and rubicund of visage. Thou should'st be devoted like thy worthy ancestry, to the demon of apoplexy; but, Richard, it shall not be so—thou must die of atrophy, of exhaustion of the vital forces, sapped by long irritation, and lo! Richard, the CAUSE is before thee!" Yes! there he stood, the merciless, arrogant, insufferable cockscomb! At any rate, if I am to be sacrificed, thought I, it shall

not be in cowardly submission to destiny. I'll drag my enemy down with me—we shall perish together! Whereupon, as if in scorn, the cock crew more defiantly than before. Henceforth, this cock was individualized. Amongst a throng of his fellows, he stood peerless and alone—the arch fiend of his race and generation.

From that period the great conflict of my life began.

With the exception of five brief hours, viz: from 8 o'clock at night to 1 in the morning, my existence resolved itself into a continuous intolerable sense of nerve agony, a kind of universal set-on-teeth edgitiveness, worthy of the lowest circle in Dante's "Inferno." At one o'clock punctually, the Shanghai shook off the dews of slumber, and gave his preparatory crow. It was short, shrill, and snappish. It said plainly, "I hav'nt yet got my pipes in tune, but wait a bit Richard Rask, and see if I don't sting you directly!" Two more preparatory crows and he has surmounted his hoarseness. Then, the imp pours forth his notes, volley upon volley, not with the sonorous uniformity of ordinary cocks, but with all possible variations of tormenting sharpness. There was quite as much of the parrot as the rooster about this bird, and rather more of the devil than of either.

For nineteen hours out of the twenty-four the Shanghai kept up his discord. At last, I came to regard him in the light of one of that malignant race of Hobgoblins falsely supposed to be extinct, who can assume any shape, (excepting that of humanity,) for purposes of ruthless torture.

Even in sleep I could not get rid of my Familiar. He perched on my bed-post, and a ghostly cock a-doodle-doo caused me to writhe upon the pillow. He would next deliberately alight upon my abdomen, and proceed, with a grave business like air, to drill my body with his sharp bill, until I was riddled through and through, and began to fear that unless somebody plugged me up, I should certainly catch my death of cold. Then, he would rise slowly aloft, and flap his heavy wings, which distilled the quintessence of all abominable odors until, half suffocated, I woke with a shriek.

Under the pressure of these accumulated agonies, I lost both health and hope. Twenty times, at least, I endeavored to poison my tormentor. But arsenic, prussic acid and vitriol were powerless to work *him* harm. That Shanghai was no ordinary cock—ordinary! he was not mortal. I tried to crush him with weights, to shoot him with silver bullets, to entangle his wattles in a poisoned fish hook, but he avoided all the snares, and regarding me askance with his fiery, spiteful eyes, set up, after each escape, such a fiendish scream of triumph, that baffled, and, raging, I could only curse the hour wherein the creature, whether rooster, imp, or the bonâ fide "old Scratch" himself, had been hatched, and commissioned by some malign power to execute the vengeance of the God's against me.

My constitution grew more and more enfeebled. The by no means too solid flesh, which for some time had been hanging "like a lady's loose gown" about me, melted rapidly away, dissolving in torrents of cold sweat, accompanied by ague fits and a strong desire to dance off into nothingness. This last singular symptom reached at length to the dignity of a passion, so that whenever the cock crew I dashed into a whirlwind of motion, going through more antics than Harlequin in the circus, and in the ecstasy of my vio-

lent performances, breaking the furniture to pieces, and slamming the doors with such fury that soon not a sound hinge or lock remained in the whole establishment. Of course it was impossible that this sort of thing should continue. I began to borrow the striking phraseology of N. Parker Willis, to experience a notion of no-leggedness, succeeded by an acute pit-of-the-stomach-rheumatic-sensationality, and a general savage impulse in the direction of chaotic pitch-a-head-a-tiveness.—The faculty could do nothing for me. My case was desperate—*was*, nay! is desperate! I moved from the town of Babbleboro'. I came here to the borders of the Indian territory—on the remotest confines of civilization, preferring the dangers of storm, sack, scalping, and even the terrific WAR WHOOP, to the horrors of my former home. But those horrors are with me still. My neighbor's rooster MAY to other people be fifteen hundred miles away, but to me miserable, he is eternally present. I see him flap his heavy wings, I hear his triumphant crow as he escapes from shot, steel and poison, I feel his sharp bill drilling me through like the bill of the Vulture of Caucasus and—and—oh! Beelzebub, that I should tell it! I feel that the demon has possessed me utterly; an overmastering impulse urges me on, and from "interior depths profound," where henceforth the Fiend is enthroned in state, there rushes to my frenzied lips *a-cock-a-doodle-doodle-doodle, cock-a-doodle-*DOO!

SONG—IMPROVISATION.

Take the assurance, sweet, from me,
All the lovely things I see.
Are but counterfeits of thee;
Poorly imitative creatures,
Only worthy, as they be,
Faint reflexes of thy features,
Which, enshrined in memory,
Make the heart look forth in seeking
For thy brighter, better speaking.

Beauty is in the earth and sky,
But to bring it to the eye,
Much it needs the heart to share,
In the delicious search of sight.
The heart still keeps the rich and rare,
The love in the soul is the source of light;
Thou in possession of all of mine,
Oh! I find beauty on land and sea,
And, with a wing forever exploring,
I am soaring ever to worlds divine,
Soaring and singing, dreaming adoring,
With an eye to lead me that looks like thine.

DEPARTURE OF YOUTH.

At what time of life does youth end? We lately heard this question discussed by parties of various ages and experience. One assigned one period—another, another—twenty, twenty-five, thirty. All differed, and we think all were wrong. The truth, of course, is, that it is impossible to fix any precise limits to the period of youth; that it varies with character and circumstance; and that in many cases it melts so imperceptibly into manhood, that no survey, however thoughtful or minute, can trace the dividing line. As boyhood ends with the first blush of love, so at any age, grief, misfortune, may close the gates of youth upon us forever. In such instances the transition is marked and sudden, like the fall of tropic night. But amid quiet scenes and happy fortunes, the mind matures with the slow process of a vegetable. Unreflecting persons let the years go by like mile-stones which they are too indolent to reckon. As a ship, under the influence of a gentle breeze, is lifted along the sloping current of a river to the height of a thousand feet above the sea, so, unconscious and observant, these people glide softly from youth to manhood, from manhood to old age! Some startling change in themselves—perhaps the growth of more than one lustrum, yet unnoted till its completion—awakes them, like a blow, to the consciousness of approaching grey hairs.

The life of boyhood is not less busy and stirring than that of manhood. The rivalries in school and out of it—the ambition and the struggle—the success and the disappointments—the friendships, heart-burnings, and enmities—the boisterous sport, and the bitter ridicule—call forth, in a smaller degree only, the same passions which tear the heart and stir the spirit on the larger theatre of the world. And between these two states—like an Indian summer with its atmosphere of dreams—comes the most delicious period of all. The fever of boyhood is over, the ripe purposes of the man yet undeveloped. It is a time of vague longings, indefinite wishes, visions of poetry and love! It is a passage through a fairy land, where as in the "field Elysian."

> "Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
> Purpureo; solemque suum sua sidera norunt.

When these vague longings begin to concentrate into a single passion, we are approaching manhood. As often, youth ends with a disappointment which, like the shock of cold water in the morning, startles us from our dreams, and compels us to think of action.

The Romans continued to call a man "*adolescens*" at forty. Such an epithet applied at this day to one of thirty, would suggest to us the garland on the ears of Bottom. However, the custom speaks volumes in favor of the wholesome habits of the early Romans. In the nineteenth century one might die an old man at thirty-five.

It is melancholy to see how rapidly we contrive in America to get over the golden period of youth. In the life of not a few individuals, we believe there is actually no youth at all! What a loss! Whenever we look upon a *man of twenty*, (he is known at a glance,) we are reminded of a story which we have read somewhere, in which, to pun-

ish some cold-hearted and practical plodder, a good spirit deprives him of the beautiful faculty of dreaming.

It is impossible to be youthful always, it is not impossible to carry many of our youthful feelings into manhood, and even into age. We ourselves have just stepped into the responsibilities of maturity, but we hope to see for a long time yet,

"A glory in the grass, a splendor in the flower."

Life is worth something even when youth is past; and none but persons of unimaginative temperaments will find it altogether insipid. Though it be a desert, overhead are a sky and stars!

In a vague recollection of the emotions of childhood and youth, (and undoubtedly of *dreams* also,) we find an explanation of the feeling of prëexistence. A morning or a sun-set sky, a leaf, a flower, a soft touch of the breeze, wake some old but long silent chord in our bosoms; and alas! years of business or sorrow have put, in effect at least, so many centuries between ourselves and childhood, we stand

"At such a distance from our youth in sin,"

that we refer their dimly remembered emotions to another and impossible life!"

ADIEU! THE SAIL IS SPREAD.

I'm weary of the same blue arch,
The same bright stars' unchanging ray,
I long to see their radiant march
In skies that glitter far away.

I long to leave the tiresome shore,
From homely haunts abroad to stray,
And see and hear the swell and roar
Of ocean surges, far away.

The deep blue surge, where flitting wings
Of flying-fish and dolphins play,
The sea, in storm and calm, that brings
The bark to regions far away.

To isles of balmy breath that know
No season but an endless May,
Where citron flowers and orange blow,
And scent the breezes, far away.

To Nile's old shores, Ausonia's strand,
To Greece, yet glorious in decay,
And Judah's hills, a holy land
For Jew and Christian, far away.

The tide is full, the anchor weighed,
The whispering breezes chide delay,
Till now my steps have never strayed
To stranger regions, far away.

But now adieu! the sail is spread
Above the bannered stars display
Their guardian sheen—my heart is led
To travel's joys—away, away.

THE INITIALS;
OR
MY FATHER'S GHOST.

On a stormy March evening, in the year 17—, I found myself benighted upon a lonely road, which ran through one of the most sparcely settled districts of North-Eastern Virginia. The clouds, which had been lowering all the afternoon, gathered at twilight into tempestuous masses, which swept madly before an east wind, and soon overspread the entire heavens with one impenetrable veil of gloom.

The rain rushed down in torrents and so blinded was I by its force, that I literally could not see the head of my horse in whose sagacity and sure-footedness, however, I was ready implicitly to confide.—The storm raged for three hours with uninterrupted fury, and I began to despair of finding shelter for the night, when a feeble glimmer on the left, proceeding apparently from the summit of a steep hill, apprized me of the vicinity of a human dwelling. At the same moment, my animal quickened his pace, and in a short time stood panting before the entrance of a house, which, in the imperfect light of a lantern that swung in the front passage, seemed to be of considerable size and pretension. I dismounted, and knocked loudly at the door. There was no answer. After a pause I knocked again.—Still, no answer. Were the inmates dead, or had they, like myself, lost their way in the storm? For full five minutes I pounded the panels of the heavy oak door, shouting at intervals until I was quite hoarse and exhausted. At last there was a stir within. The stairway creaked under the footsteps of some person descending to the first story. The movements were slow and cautious, as of one who anticipated meeting with a foe. In a moment or two they ceased altogether—everything was silent as before. I now grew impatient, and taking the butt of my riding whip, which was bound with iron, struck against the door furiously and without intermission. "Who are you?" said a quavering voice from the interior. "What do you want? go away—go away. I've nothing to give you—go a-w-a-y." Never before or since have I listened to tones which denoted such an abyss of abject terror. Here's some wretched miser, thought I, who fears an inroad upon his iron chest! I explained my position, and besought shelter and hospitality until morning. The bolts were slowly withdrawn, and to my amazemet there stood before me a hale and stalwart man of about sixty, habited in a faded dressing gown, and slippers, but whose face, as revealed by the candle which he carried in his trembling hand, was as pale as the face of death.

"Sir," said he, with an evidently Herculean effort to recover his composure, "I beg your pardon—this is a wild neighborhood—burglaries are common—and—and—in short, I did not know I should have to deal with a gentleman.—You're welcome sir, walk in."

I followed my host, who, with a singularly uncertain gait, (not the gait of an intoxicated man,) led me up one flight of stairs to an apartment which I presumed to be the drawing room. If so, it had evidently not been put to its legiti-

mate uses for a very long period. Heavy layers of dust rested on the chairs and ottomans, and the rich carpet upon which we walked, defaced rather by neglect than age, gave out a dry musky odour, excessively pungent and disagreeable. The mirrors, of which there were four of extraordinary size, were completely mil-dewed, and a huge chandelier depending from the ceiling, and enveloped by several thin wrappers of gauze, looked wholly dim and lustreless.

The ceiling itself was of most remarkable construction. It was concave, very lofty in the centre, and adorned in several parts with elaborate bas-reliefs by no means inartistically conceived. Two tall wax candles, in ponderous silver candlesticks, stood upon the mantle piece. Hastening to light one of these, my conductor happened to stumble. The lamp fell from his hand, and was instantly extinguished. This simple accident appeared to give him the most intense concern. I could hear his teeth chattering in the dark, and he fumbled so long about the floor attempting to regain the lamp, that I was forced to come to his assistance. I had a box of matches in my pocket, a few of which were dry, and with one of these I succeeded in illuminating the room. The face of my companion was even more ghastly than it had been before.

I tried to re-assure him by assuming a gay and frank manner.

"What a noble old mansion, sir, yours seems to be! I had not expected to find such an establishment in the back-woods."

The man mumbled something in reply, pulled the bell rope with violence, and then fell languidly back into a seat.

I followed his example, and for five minutes neither of us spoke. During this interval, I repeatedly observed that my companion's eyes were fixed upon me in a furtive, suspicious manner. He was dreadfully nervous and uneasy, shifting his position every moment, and looking from time to time keenly towards the door. At length, a brawny negro, his servant, I presumed, entered, and to his charge I was instantly committed. The master slunk rather than walked away, simply honoring me with a hasty bow as he left. My curiosity was aroused, and I addressed a few leading questions to the servant, who replied in a manner which led me to fancy that the fellow was idiotic. I could absolutely extract but a single intelligible sentence from him, and that embodied the information that my horse had been carried to the stable and was comfortably provided for.

I observed that, having ridden thirty miles in the course of the day, I was both hungry and weary, and that, therefore, supper and a bed would be immediately acceptable. The negro signified his comprehension of my wishes by a grunt, left the room with some alacrity, and returned in a short time bearing a waiter loaded with cold ham, and two decanters of wine.

I made a considerable meal, and was then shown into a snugly furnished chamber, enlivened by a roaring fire, and presenting an appearance of comfort, and even luxury.

Oppressed by fatigue as I was, it would naturally be supposed that sleep would have visited me unbidden. But no sooner had I thrown myself upon the bed than a strange restlessness took possession of every limb. The mattress on which I lay was soft and downy, and yet I could not have been more uneasy had I reclined upon a couch of thorns. Exhausted to the last degree, but unable to close my eyes

for a moment, I tossed and tossed for hours, until I became aware by the burning heat of my hands and forehead, and a parched feeling in the throat, that I had contracted a raging fever. I was constitutionally liable to this disease, which never failed sooner or later to affect the brain, and I now knew by a ringing in my ears that I was about to be attacked by delirium. Gradually, my fancies grew fantastic. Unearthly faces grinned out from the embers. The flickering shadows on the wall leaped up towards me, waving what I imagined to be the tawny arms of savages, performing a furious war dance. Then, from amid this motley group, there rose a low wailing sound, which resembled the cry of some tortured victim, pleading for release and mercy. Now, with regard to the quickly-swaying savages and the *grotesquerie* of their wild movements, I entertained that half consciousness of illusion which seldom deserts us either in delirium or in dreams, but the wailing sounds I profoundly felt to be *real*. The dancing became more rapid and reckless; the weird figures increased prodigiously in bulk and outline, until suddenly they seemed to dart towards the door, through which they disappeared, doubtless in chase of their victim, who, as I thought, was making a last desperate effort to escape, rending the air with shriek on shriek as he retreated.—In a state of unbounded excitement, I sprang to my feet, and rushed madly after the shadows. A light was still burning dimly in the reception room, which, let me observe, was in immediate proximity to my chamber. I dashed up and down this apartment, crossing the floor at every possible angle, for the phantoms were all around me, and the victim still wailed more pitiably than ever. I have said that at the very acme of my madness I *knew* the sounds of lamentation and terror to be real. Well, as I ran frantically about the room, I was arrested immediately beneath the muffled "brilliants" of the chandalier by a wonderful increase of distinctness in these sounds. Previously there had been no definite syllabification, but now I could catch the meaning of words, pronounced in a plaintive, beseeching manner, accompanied by deep groans, and the occurrence at intervals of what I took to be the blows of some dull and weighty instrument. Under the instinctive conviction that I was about to be brought in contact with what was actual and tangible, the delirium which possessed me became at once intensified and systematic. I determined to penetrate the mysteries by which I was surrounded, and especially to decipher the riddle of the blows and wailings, which grew louder and more painful every instant. Evidently, they issued from the room above me, and this room I now determined to find. Stealing cautiously into the corridor, I crept with a swift and quiet pace up the stairway, and speedily reached the door of the apartment whence the singular noise proceeded. I was now enabled to hear everything which passed within. There could be no doubt that a cruel personal chastisement was being inflicted upon some one.—Groans of deep anguish and hoarse petitions for pardon were interrupted only by the repeated and regular strokes.

Fever developed into frenzy as I listened. It was easy to persuade myself that nothing less than murder was about to be committed. *That*, of course, it was my duty as a man and a Christian to prevent. So I seized the handle of the door, which, to my surprise, yielded to

the pressure, and quickly entered the room.

The spectacle which met my eye was certainly most strange and startling. Grovelling at the foot of a rough wooden image of the Virgin, lay the man whom I supposed to be the master of the house, gathered up into a heap, with a leathern thong held loosely in his right hand, and the blood flowing freely from his side and shoulders, which were perfectly bare. He was motionless, and I perceived upon approaching nearer that he had fainted away. A taper was burning on the table before him, in the blaze of which lay a mysterious looking scroll, marked at the top with a cross, wrought, I imagined, with red ink. No sooner had I perceived this scroll than all care for the condition of my host was superseded by a burning desire to possess myself of the contents of the paper. I snatched up the first page and glanced greedily over it. Incapable of reading consecutively, for I was dizzy and dim of sight, the document before me resolved itself somewhat into the following shape:

——, August 20th, 17—.

This is the confession of ——. I have done the ———. He is d——, and —— by the arbour in —— ——, near the enclosure marked ——. It was all —— —— foot to foot ——, but his swo—— was sh——. I knew that ——. What —— say to Emi——. Oh! God —— —— confess —— confess —— —— die ———.

Thus far had I deciphered the scroll, which was blotted, worn, and in parts almost illegible, when I heard a faint rustle behind me. My host had recovered, and was standing bolt upright by his chair. His figure was as rigid as the figure of a corpse. The muscles of the face were drawn down, and his eyes rested with a stony glare, *not upon the scroll*, which I held in my right hand, but on the folds of a cambric handkerchief, saturated with *eau de cologne*, which I had mechanically bound around my forehead to soothe the raging headache of fever.

Into the substance of this handkerchief *the initials of my name were distinctly worked in black and blue thread.* The intensity of the man's gaze fettered me as with invisible chains. At length with a moan, not of pain or anger, but of deadly suspense, he bounded up to me, tore the handkerchief from my forehead, and staggered with it to the light. He held the initials in every possible position, repeating them to himself in a tone of abstracted inquiry. All at once his manner changed to an air of the wildest terror. Springing up like a madman, he waved me off with outstretched arms, shrieking out, "Have you come to torment me before the time? Fiend that you are, would you drag me to a lower hell than this? I will not go—no —no—I will not go! I defy you!" he shouted, apparently gaining courage from the very extremity of his despair. "I defy you," and then in a lower key he muttered idiotically some old Latin exorcism, "*Conjuro te—sceleſissima—iniquissima—atqua miserrima—conjuro te! conjuro te!!*"

In one of those fantastic changes of mood so common under the influence of delirium, I now grew heartily tired of the scene, about which I thought there was a vast deal of mummery, so, tossing the scroll, which I had all along retained, scornfully from me, I reeled back to my chamber. Towards morning I was visited by a deep, but unrefreshing slumber. It was late in the day when I awoke, ra-

tional, but greatly exhausted. My first impulse was to attribute the events of the night to disorder and excitement of brain. I knew from experience how startling and vivid a fever-dream might be, but in the present instance a trivial circumstance demonstrated that I had not been moving altogether in a region of phantasy. The cambric handkerchief no longer enveloped my head, nor could I find it either beneath the bed clothes or in any quarter of the chamber. Now I was *absolutely certain* that I had, just after retiring, made use of the handkerchief for the purpose I have specified, and in confirmation of this there stood the uncorked bottle of cologne upon a chair within reach of the bedstead. My speculations were disturbed by the unceremonious entrance of the negro who had served me on the evening before. He brought in an excellent breakfast, which he arranged on a side tabe of mahogany, presenting at the same time his master's compliments, with the hope that my fever had subsided! How, I asked, did his master know that I had suffered from fever? The fellow opened his eyes in the extremity of astonishment, informing me that I had been sleep-walking, and had come nigh murdering my host in the entry. The explanation satisfied me. I really then *had* committed certain extravagances, which were materially exaggerated by an inflamed imagination. After the necessary apologies, and thanks which I charged my attendant, (who, by the way, was *not* the stupid creature I had supposed him,) to convey to his master, I partook sparingly of the meat and bread before me, making up for this neglect of the substantials by copious draughts of coffee.

Somewhat refreshed, I sunk back upon my couch. By degrees a strange lethargy crept over me. The window curtains, stirred by a faint wind, and waving to and fro with a monotonous motion, stole upon my senses with the effect of low, regular and mournful music. Soon all consecutiveness of thought was lost, and I lapsed into a condition of absolute and rayless oblivion.

* * * * *

When next I woke to a sense of life, it was with a feeling of awful depression—a sensation of almost suicidal gloom. Darkness was all around me—thick, palpable darkness. The atmosphere was cold and damp, chilling me to the very soul. I attempted to move, but imagine my horror and dismay, when the dull clank of chains informed me that I had been bound hand and foot. My brain was dizzy and vacant, and the effort to penetrate the dreadful mystery of my situation, resulted into a second attack of delirium in which the darkness suddenly became luminous with blue and red meteors, and winged serpents flying towards me with tongues of flame. Then occurred another spell of total unconsciousness.

I was aroused at length by a slight sound above my head. Upon glancing upward I perceived a ray of light glimmering from the ceiling. It gradually increased until an aperture like that of a trap door was discernable, and in the midst of it a pale human face peering anxiously down into the dungeon. I recognized my host, and saw at the same moment that a rough wooden ladder communicated with the apartment above. My first foolish impulse was to call for aid and deliverance, but I instantly subdued it, and determined to resort to stratagem. I lay perfectly still, scarcely breathing. After the lapse of some minutes, the ladder com-

menced to creak, and I observed my host descending cautiously and pausing upon every round.

Having reached the floor, he groped towards the place where, reclining at full length, I rested as one dead. He felt my limbs, which were rigid and clammy, and then ventured to stoop towards my face. With a quick, furious motion I threw my arms about his neck, and pulled him violently down beside me. I had expected a savage struggle, but the man seemed paralized with surprise and terror. I held him in the firm grasp of desperation.

"Villain, scoundrel! demon!" said I, tightening my fingers upon his throat, until his breathing changed into a short spasmodic hiss, "I have you now! Either release me this moment, without one second's delay, or, by the Eternal, I shall strangle you on the spot!" "Let me go!" he replied, "you are killing me—only let me go, and you are free!"

I bounded to my feet, still retaining a strong, though less painful grasp upon my jailor, threatening to brain him without the slightest ado, if he ventured to escape.

"Now, sir! release me!" The wretch took a small iron key from the pocket of his waistcoat, and unlocked the manacles with which I had been confined.

So soon as I felt myself at liberty, I seized my companion more fiercely than before, and, although he was a person of powerful frame, dragged him bodily up from the wine-vault, as I afterwards discovered my place of durance to be, and confronting him in the honest daylight which flashed cheerily upon me, sternly demanded an explanation of the treatment to which I had been subjected. The man's answer was strange enough.

"Is that your property?" he inquired, pulling a cambric handkerchief from his bosom, and extending it towards me.

"It is my property," I replied.

"And the initials—the initials! what do they signify? Your name, sir, for God's sake your name!"

"My name is La Roche—Agustus Edward La Roche!"

The effect of this announcement seemed to me miraculous. The tall, athletic man, to whom I had made so natural a communication, started back with an indescribable gesture of fear and loathing, and uttering one sharp shriek of anguish, fell at my feet, rigid—inanimate—*dead*.

The explanation of this mysterious narrative, which, let me assure the reader, *is not a fiction*, for I have it in my power to demonstrate the truth of every word of it, was revealed to me some days subsequent to the singular catastrophe which I have recorded.—The explanation is briefly as follows:

Many years before the date of my story, a gentleman of French extraction owned the gloomy old mansion in which I accidentally sought shelter on the tempestuous March evening of 175–. The proprietor's father was a certain Monsieur Auguste La Roche, who had left his country upon the revocation of the edict of Nantes.

Burning with a sense of the tyranny from which he had escaped, M. La Roche, with a reckless desire to leave the despotisms of convention, and (so-called) legitimate monarchy far behind him, penetrated into the back woods, and with the remains of a regal fortune, settled moodily down amid the solitude of a remote and savage wilderness. His family consisted of twin children, both of them boys, and the infant daughter of a dear friend, who had perished in

the civil wars of that unhappy period.

Madame La Roche had died some months before her husband's departure from France. The young La Roches' grew up, tall, vigorous, and manly, well skilled in woodcraft, and with considerable general information derived from their father, who, himself a scholar, faithfully grounded them in the "humanities," and whatever else was then considered necessary to the education of a gentleman.

Emily Montaign, the old man's ward, matured, as the years passed, into a maiden of exquisite beauty. Louis and his brother Augustus Edward La Roche both very naturally fell in love with her. In the course of time what had been a mere boyish fancy assumed the most passionate strength and earnestness. The brothers became deadly rivals, and the hatred which grew up between them, it was terrible to witness. As for the fair Emily, she could not conceal her preference for Agustus, and that the girl's love was sincere will at once be conceded when I mention that Louis, being by a few hours the senior, was looked upon as the heir of his father's estate. Upon the death of his parent which occurred about the period to which I now refer, Louis formally offered his hand to Emily Montaign, and was respectfully, but firmly, refused. He extorted from her a haughty confession of her attachment to Augustus, whose chamber he instantly sought, subjecting him to an unheard of indignity.

"Were you fifty times my brother," exclaimed the insulted party, snatching his rapier from the wall, "you should answer for this!—Come with me, sir, if you be a man!" And Augustus rushed out of the house like a maniac. Louis followed him more calmly, but with a deadly purpose in his soul. They met in an adjacent garden, and a ferocious conflict took place. At length, Agustus fell, pierced through the body, and apparently quite dead. Horrified by the crime he had committed, the survivor fled from the scene. He abandoned his home for months, and when, with partially disordered reason, he ventured to return, it was only to find that Emily had disappeared, and that his "house was left unto him desolate."

Led on by a resistless fascination he sought the garden in which the fatal conflict had occurred, and there, the tender grass just sprouting upon the mound, he beheld a new-made grave, with a rude headstone of wood, bearing the familiar initials A. E. L., deeply carved, and colored, as he thought, with the dead man's blood. Thenceforth, Louis became a misanthrope. A more utterly wretched creature existed not upon the face of the earth. He renounced his father's faith, and espoused the strictest tenets of Romanism. In vain he sought to exorcise the fiend within him by fasts, vigils, and cruel bodily torture.

What, meanwhile, had become of Emily Montaign? Impelled by a presentiment of evil, she sought the garden not long after the encounter, and there discovered her bleeding and senseless lover. Agustus, although desperately wounded, still retained some signs of life. She used certain simple restoratives, staunched his wounds as well as circumstances admitted, and after great difficulty, succeeded in conveying him to a cottage which was near at hand.

There, she nursed him until he was convalescent, when they were privately married. A day or two after they left the neighborhood,

sought the nearest sea-port, and, chiefly by the sale of the wife's jewels, obtained money sufficient to carry them to England. They settled in Liverpool, where Agustus, by great good fortune, obtained a mercantile position sufficiently profitable to yield a support to himself and his wife. Sometime in the autumn of 173—, I, Agustus Edward La Roche, the younger, was born. At my own request, I was educated as an engineer, and had just attained my majority when both my parents died. After vainly trying to obtain any lucrative employment in my native land, I sailed for Virginia, and was engaged in a professional tour, when the events of this narrative occurred. I was strikingly like my father, and it cannot therefore be matter of wonder that Louis La Roche should have taken me, his nephew, for the ghost (permitted to reassume its mortal body) of the brother, whom it was his firm belief that he had slain thirty years before.

Everything tended to strengthen his suspicions, and when at length I revealed my name to his urgent questioning, nothing could have been more natural than the catastrophe which ensued. Why I should have been dragged, and then incarcerated, I cannot divine. Who can account for the vagaries of a madman?

A few more points remain to be unriddled. My father never wholly recovered from his wound. It left him with shattered nerves and a morbid dread of his brother, whom he now looked upon as a hardened villain capable of any atrocity. He determined to let him live in the awful conviction that he had murdered his nearest kinsman, and therefore he caused a mound to be erected, resembling the packed earth of a grave, headed by the wooden cross which I have described as bearing his initials.

It is not necessary that I should enter more minutely into my family history, or specially refer to the sources whence these various startling facts have been derived, and whereby they were finally combined into a consistant record.

I would merely observe, in conclusion, that *I* am now the sole proprietor of my uncle's once gloomy mansion, and that if any of my readers would like further to satisfy themselves of the truth of this story, they have only to address a letter to me, care of Geo. Washington Skittleflint, Esq., box 8,968, P———h P. O., and I shall be happy to give them all the additional information in my power.*

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* We are indebted for the preceding story to the courteous attention of A. E. La Roche, a grand-son of the gentleman who was mistaken for his father's ghost. Mr. L. is now residing in Portsmouth, Va.—[Ed.

THOUGHTS ON COAL—AND ITS FUTURE IMPORTANCE.

De Quincey says, in some one of his multitudinous disquisitions, that "the ancient test of hardihood was the tolerance of *heat*, as in modern times we consider it to be the endurance of *cold*." It is our private opinion, that, whether this assertion be true or not—a point upon which we have not made up our minds, nor do we recollect whether the old gentleman gives satisfactory authority for it—it is our opinion that there can be alleged sound reason for the difference.

We are not sure that the early Jews or the primitive heathens, had any thermometers, any methods of measuring heat; we wish they *had had*, (an awkward but correctly grammatical phrase,) for we are persuaded that our world is getting steadily colder, and it would be well to be able to prove it clearly if it is so. But one must think that the fire of youth is gradually dying out in this aged planet; there is less water and more ice than even in recent historical or traditional times; there are fewer active volcanoes and more extinct ones, and none of the former are quite so rampant as they used to be; there are no living elephants within many degrees of latitude of the spot, where Pallas found one standing in hide and hair, preserved in frozen snow, or of the grand accumulation of tusks in Siberia, whence the Russian traders have for so long been bringing away their profitable masses of ivory, an apparently inexhaustible source. We need not refer to the fossil proofs existing in every museum of the residence of tropical animals and plants, in regions now infinitely too cold for them.

It is fortunate that Morton, one of the companions of the hero Kane, saw the "icy sea" wide weltering near the pole still capable of waves and motion. We will wager an amount equal to the paid subscriptions to Russell's Magazine, that the next pair of eyes which shall overlook the same Arctic space, will gaze upon a shining, smooth and steady surface, as hard as rock crystal.

We are sorrowful when we contemplate the future woes of our coming posterity. A long and dreary winter impends over them all. The Esquimaux, already fast diminishing under frost and famine, will first perish before it; the Icelander will be astonished to find the boiling water of his Geysers losing its heat, until at last it will freeze in the midnight air, an enormous columnar icicle; the Laplander and the Reindeer will starve for want of the nourishing moss which sustains the one, and enables it to support with milk and flesh the life of the other; and the "exiles of Siberia" sharing the fate of Sir Hugh Willoughby and his sailors, will be found by some future explorer, congealed in the pursuit of their various avocations and duties, or like the skeletons of Pompeii, cowering and hiding away, not from overwhelming clouds of fiery dust, but from the keen north winds and the blinding sleet and snow. They will be found, that is, if those doubly desolate regions are ever hereafter traversed by some hardy adventurer, who shall flounder thither under the auspices of his reckless government in those times, as lavish of life and wealth for some then seductive and shadowy object

as those of our own generation have been in search of a northwest passage, which, if discovered, will prove, like the complicated corridors and passages of Mrs. Radcliffe's mysterious novels, to "lead to nothing."

"Heat is life and cold is death," says the Solomon of the American system of Medicine, a truth too obvious to be gainsaid. Animal life will gradually concentrate itself more and more toward the tropics, deserting the polar extremities entirely, and in process of time leaving even the temperate zones, as they are now called, to the cheerless dominion of old Boreas, with his mist and hail. These zones indeed are already beginning to be almost uninhabitable by man and the domesticated creatures which accompany him every where, and without whom he cannot subsist. During the two past winters, these have perished miserably in vast numbers, even when tended and sheltered as well as their wretched masters could afford. When the Esquimaux eat their dogs, they must die out themselves. When our western brethren can no longer feed their cattle and hogs, thousands of whom have sunk directly under the cold of unexampled bitterness, and thousands more starved from its indirect effect in lessening the requisite supply of nourishment, they must retreat and emigrate to warmer regions. It is questionable whether any portion of the European continent will, by and bye, be tenable; the nations will all be driven together upon the low flat and sunny plains of Asia and Africa, and Southern America, leaving the mountains every where, to lift their heads in the solitary glory of their glittering glaciers. Yet men will make good fight, doubtless, against the ineffable terrors of the North wind, and will persist in adhering to to their native homes as long as they can keep warm. In this struggle they must have *fuel*, however, or they will be promptly defeated. "Coffee is an excellent restorative to a man chilled by exposure," says Cooper the novelist; but then it must be *hot* coffee, and how shall we heat it without fire. Strong drink will revive him that is "ready to perish" with cold; but it cannot be distilled without fire, and a fire cannot be made without fuel. Men will, therefore, be forced to concentrate wherever the great stores of combustible material are collected, for even the Sun of the Equator will, in those days, prove insufficient and ineffectual.

We surely need not remind our reader, of course well informed and readily apprehensive of our train of thought, that the circumambient heat so indispensable to our existence, does not depend exclusively by any means upon the great luminary from which we derive so palpably a large share of our warmth and light. We are nearer to him in winter than in summer; we were quite as near to him last winter and the winter preceding as usual; he is so many millions of miles away, that he might almost as well be nowhere, for certain portions of our planet. We cannot trust to him as the sole or even as the principle source of our supply of caloric. He will often leave us shivering in the dark if we do. We must find or contrive fuel; we must make lamps or gas; we must manufacture artificial heat and light.

The materials fit for these urgent uses, combustible substances, are of very different nature and quality. They are all derived ultimately from the vegetable kingdom, and arrange themselves under two general heads of Wood and

Coal, which are, however, more nearly allied than might appear at first sight. Peat and Turf, and the few animal matters that have been in a limited way, employed as fuel, are of no great importance in our present discussion.

The amount of wood now growing or to grow hereafter on the earth's surface, is destined to be rapidly consumed wherever a dense population shall collect itself; the demand, under such circumstances, as malthus maintained of food must soon outrun the supply. In some hot countries to be sure, the exuberant fresh vegetation seems, at the present day, to present an exhaustless resource. But observers inform us that the desert is every where spreading its barren sands; the prairies are extending themselves in all directions; a fire in the woods will, in a few hours destroy acres and square miles of tree-life, and this desolation, sometimes permanent, is always of slow remedy, defying the efforts of years to restore what was lost in a day; nay some affirm that such resoration never occurs.

If we inquire farther we shall find that rivers, even of the largest size, carry less tribute to the ocean than of old; that in all inhabited countries, the smaller streams are known to have diminished in depth and breadth, as the trees are cut away upon their banks, the forests waste away near them for want of water at their roots; the terraces and lower shores of our great lakes show that they, also, are subsiding and rains are becoming less and less abundant every lustrum. Thus in a regular series of causes and and effects, we trace the gradual disappearance of wood and water from the Globe whose surface they vivify and adorn. The time will come, no matter how remote, when the chill and arid plains of Hindostan will be stripped of their jungles, and the vast deltas of the Ganges, the Indus and the Burrampooter, resemble the bare heaths or the mosses and peat bogs of Scotland and Norway. Unfurnished with the hemlock, pines and firs, which still linger in the inhospitable North and will not bear migration, the children of the equator will be driven to depend on the few hardy classes of plants, found under the line, such as the ferns and grasses; for the baobab and the palm, the leak and the mohogany, will soon disappear for want of heat and moisture, and their extermination will not be long delayed.

We confess that we look forward with profound regret and serious misgivings to the period when all the wood shall have been burnt up. That period, we know must come; delayed in some regions by the resisting character of the native trees; protracted in others by economical foresight and prudent care, but inevitable everywhere. It is true, there are other resources of which we shall speak below, but we are reluctantly driven to them. We delight in the pictures of the "days that are past," when the yule log of our forefathers was dragged by the strength of stout hands, and with the loud shouts of happy voices, into the great chimney, where its burning cinders diffused a glow over the wide circle of merry Christmas revellers.—And in the great hall fireplace in the country, what pleasure to hear the welcome of the roaring blaze, and see every face around gleaming in the fierce flame with hearty hospitality. There is no fuel on earth to compare with the hard and heavy pine knot, rich and resinous, whose flashing red and yellow fire carries with it such intense illuminating power, with such ve-

hement and genial warmth. No! there is nothing like the fat lightwood. If we were sure of a constant and abundant supply of it on the voyage or the journey, we should be "ready and willing" to accompany Capt. McClure or Dr. Rae, in the projected, but hopeless and irrational, expedition in search of the possibly discoverable relics of Sir John Franklin's party.

But when all the forests of the earth are reduced to ashes, hickory, chesnut, oak and pine, and the last turf peat has mouldered away, there will still remain for fuel unmeasured and perhaps immeasureable beds of Coal, some of which will probably remain unconsumed to swell the glories of the last great conflagration. From these will be derived, meanwhile, the resources destined to sustain the declining existence of the human race, then past its culminating point and sinking in universal decay. In their efforts to avoid extinction, they will collect over and around the coal beds, the vast mines of combustible material which will furnish them the means of living. The course of improvement, civilization and "progress" so-called, has already shewn a tendency to prepare for this emergency, of which we have been warned by the suggestions of a blind but infallible instinct. England has almost become independent of climate and season. The triumphant success of the hot house gardens, gives her wealthy citizen the pine apple of the West Indies, the peach of Persia and the grape of Damascus, in the most luscious excellence, forced at will under her dim sun and in her foggy atmosphere. The vine land of the Berserkers, our "down east" country, whose bleak winds are fatal to almost all fruit, and especially to that which, if we believe old stories, it produced in such glory, as to give name to its now cold and barren shores, furnishes artificially under glass, and by well adjusted and properly diffused air heated by coal fires, such clusters as would put to shame the trophies brought by the spies from the promised land.

Do not these familiar facts foreshadow the coming future both in its gloom and sunshine? We remember the time, in our long-faded youth, alas! when the air of spring was redolent here, where we are writing this bleak, chilly, dreary June day, with the fragrance of the sweet orange flower. Here, too, leaning from our window, we have plucked from amidst the dark foliage of the tree its rich, ripe, juicy, golden globes in autumn. How different the case now! how sadly has the climate deteriorated! Even in Florida the groves are perishing with quick and irreversible decay; the tree—native there, was it not?—has lost so much of its original vigour that it can no longer contend against the ravages of a petty parasite, incapable of inflicting injury upon a healthy and sturdy trunk. Let us suppose this gradual encroachment of inclemency of climate to go on with unchecked steadiness, exterminating one after another the vegetable tribes, in the successive ratio of their hardiness or capacity of resistance to cold or dependence upon genial degrees of heat. It matters not how long a series of years, of centuries, or of ages the process may require. The period will at last arrive, a million of years or a million of hours hence, (all measurements of time count for little in eternity,) when men must subsist entirely upon artificial heat, if upon any terms they are permitted to protract the duration of the race. Not only will their peaches, pine apples, pears, oranges and strawber-

ries be forced under careful shelter and in hot houses, but their very breadstuffs, their wheat, rye and maize, their sauces, condiments, spices and sugars, their potatoes, peanuts, beans and cabbages will be made to grow in great crystal palaces, or immense Sydenham winter gardens, or fields heated by subterranean fires, factitious imitations of the Solfaterra, where fat sheep shall be fed on forced turnip, for their wool and mutton, and cows for their milk, butter and cheese, on forced grass and hay.

How long the world will be able to get along on these terms, we will not pretend to say. Doubtless there will be many difficulties to contend with, but "necessity is the mother of invention," and the ingenuity of our Yankee bretheren will exult in such a wide field to expatiate in. Coal is heavy and transportation costly, and there will be much contest for propinquity to Newcastle, Wolverhampton, Cumberland, Cloverhill, Pottsville, Mauch-Chunk and Deep River, but as knowledge and science improve, locomotion and transportation must become more and more easy, and thus the circles crowding around these coal-deposites will be larger and better accommodated than we can now conceive to be possible.

We take for granted that our readers know as well or better than we do what is meant by the terms coal beds and "coal measures," and coal deposites. It is not very easy to comprehend how ferns and other vegetable matters came to be charred in these immense masses and long drawn out veins; nor how and under what pressure they came to be so tightly packed, so hard and heavy as we find them now. A question arises as to the difference of quality in these several collections, and whether there was in the original materials the same variety as we find now in the degrees of combustibility. Some coal we know is almost as slow to take fire and burn as slate. All anthracites catch very reluctantly, and go out readily unless in a strong draught. That which is found in Rhode Island is, indeed, called coal by courtesy merely, as being somewhat less incombustible than asbestos, and, indeed, might be made use of for the furnace, hearth, vent and chimney of a volcano. On the other hand the bituminous species makes a very good torch, and cannel coal especially blazes at once when held near a flame. We have often inquired its etymology; *unde derivatur cannel?* Is it not a vulgarism for "candle?"

We have been long observant of the changes and substitutions of one kind of fuel for another in this, our ancient, well-beloved, native city of Charleston. We recollect the time—alas! for our gray hairs—when we did not know of any other than a wood fire. Then our level hearths glowed with the fat lightwood, and the brightly burning hickory and the slow consuming oak. Then the axe gave employment to hundreds of sturdy negroes in the neighboring forests, and the saw and "horse" afforded occupation and support to the aged and comparatively feeble at our doors and within our enclosures. Then, the chill morning air rung all around with the musical cry of the chimney sweep, now so seldom heard comparatively, as "crawling like snail reluctantly" along he sought for a job, or, having found and half completed one, "crowed like Chanticleer," perched upon the outlet of some tall chimney.

The ships that came hither from Great Britain for our cotton and rice, soon fell into the custom of

bringing us, partly, at least, as ballast, and at no very high rate of cost, the "sea coal" of old England, always the favorite fuel of the emigrant from the old country.—The use of this valuable article soon became common. All houses of any pretension in the city were furnished with grates; and the cheerful blaze and genial and very manageable fire which it made, recommended it to all who could afford it. But for the distance of the supply and its occasional and increasing irregularity, it would have grown into universal and exclusive use. Our lamentable, perhaps unavoidable, commercial dependence upon New York, and the consequent uncertainty of direct voyages from England to this port, augmented the price of the article, and shook the confidence of the housekeeper. Wood fires were never abandoned, therefore, and seemed likely to be resumed more generally again after a time, when the discovery or invention of easy and economical modes of burning anthracite, which was found in prodigious abundance and of good quality in Pennsylvania, brought this cheerless but convenient variety of fuel into our houses. Of late it has constituted our principal supply, and thousands of tons are employed annually in our houses and kitchens.

We cannot help approving of anthracite, but we do not take to it. We are fond of blaze, flame, and crackle. We dote on domestic pyrotechny. Like good Catholic Christians, civilized Chinese, and simple children, we take delight in fireworks of all lively kinds, from the flashes of summer midnight lightning or the sublime flame jets of a volcano, or the casting of a bed plate for an ocean steamer, or the festal illumination of Pisa or of St. Peter's at Rome, down to a Bengal blue light, or a line of torches at a Mississippi wood pile, a sky rocket, a serpent, or a Catherine wheel.

A dull, changeless, reddish glare, hot and dry, fanned into existence by the dark suffocation of a "blower," which, when taken off, is sure to burn the carpet or scorch somebody's fingers, and once set agoing keeps itself up at a wearisome and monotonous average, exciting no attention and requiring no care for some long hours—this is the characteristic of a "red ash" fire. If it goes out unhappily by your forgetfulness, a thing not unlikely, as it demands so little current notice, you will have a hard fight to get it alight again—freezing before you succeed and simmering when you have succeeded. Nor will you find it easy to manage the degree of heat to your wish in moderate weather, being forced to comply with the exigency that requires a considerable mass to be burnt, together with a fierce draught, or resort to the use of a small stove and the suppression of that ventilation without which there can be neither health nor comfort.

We never understood the commercial reasons that prevented our resorting to the mines which supply Richmond and Baltimore with their bituminous coal, while we imported from Great Britain and even from Nova Scotia, an article not at all preferable. We ourselves with some delay and difficulty, obtained it from both the sources named, and found it of admirable quality. But there was no one engaged in the business, and our opportunities of procuring it were few and far between. It seemed to us nearly as good as the best English Cannel and far inferior to

it in price, while it was decidedly superior to all other trans-Atlantic varieties.

Quite recently an excellent coal has been discovered, or rather re-discovered by the geologists of North Carolina. It seems that the existence of coal in the counties adjoining our own State on the Pee Dee and in the neighborhood of Deep River, was known to our anti-revolutionary masters, who were about to avail themselves of the knowledge when the war of independence broke out. This coal is highly bituminous and very free from sulphur; catches quickly, even at the flame of a candle; burns brightly with cheerful flame and glowing heat; cakes readily, so as to burn either slowly or fast as you choose to let in air with the poker; and is very decent, leaving very little cinders or ashes. It makes a very choice cake, too, and is well adapted for culinary purposes.

Best of all, perhaps, it lies very accessible to us, and the line of rail road from Cheraw to the deposites, projected and about to be built, will bring it to us in any amount, and at a rate of cheapness that will altogether set aside any from Anthracite, Orrel or Newcastle. Our forests will henceforth be spared to adorn the landscape and furnish warmth to the dwellings of the rustic poor and the isolated planter.

RETIREMENT.

The truth is trite upon a thousand lips,
That wisdom is a child of sorrow; but
How few divine, that she as often smiles
Upon the bosom of a thoughtful bliss;
My gentle friend! I hold no creed so false
As that which dares to teach that we are born
For battle only, and that in this life,
The soul if it would burn with star-like power,
Must needs, forsooth, be kindled by the sparks,
Struck from the shock of clashing human hearts.
Oh! come! our lonely home is waiting there—
Nor praise, nor blame shall reach us, save what love
Of knowledge for itself, shall haply wake
In our own bosoms: come! and we will build
A wall, of quiet aims and pleasant books,
Betwixt us and the hard and bitter world.
At times—for need we not be anchorites—
Some healthful magazine, and now and then,
An old Gazette—no partisan of course—
Shall light our pipes and candles: but to wars,
Whether of words or weapons, we shall be
Deaf—so, we twain shall pass away our time,
Even as a pair of happy lovers, who,
Alone, within some tranquil garden bower,
With a clear night of stars above their heads
Just hear, between their kisses and their talk,
The tumult of a tempest rolling through
A chain of neighboring mountains—they, awhile
Pause to admire a flash, that only shews
The smile upon their faces, but fall soon,
Turn with a quick, glad impulse, and perhaps,
A conscious wile that brings them closer yet,
To dally with their own fond hearts, and play
With the sweet flowers that blossom at their feet.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

How rich and glowing, and full of ruddy life, is this delicious season! this pause, as it were, between the buoyant maidenhood of June, and the more settled and matronly splendor of the voluptuous August! Let us divest ourselves, gentle reader, of the yokes of toil and custom, let us leave the tumultuous city with its din of Mammon, and jargon of sharp tongues behind us, and under the shade of grey hospitable oaks, or by the brink of shadowed streams and secluded fountains, catch somewhat of the inspiration of our first youth from communion with the full youth of nature. Have you ever so clearly realised before that nature is indeed our mother? Imperfect sympathies she may have awakened in us by her sublimer moods and aspects, but it is only through the currents of the genial Summer, that she thrills us with the deep love of her living heart. We are drawn to her bosom with all the tenderness of maternal passion. The hard scales of convention fall from off our eyes, and with "purged vision" we are admitted to the presence of holy mysteries, and our ears attuned to the music of sweetest hopes. Life and death! how impenetrable a veil envelopes their solemn secrets, while we move only among our fellow men, but it is not all dark and cold, and mournful to Him, for whom the "hills have a language, and the stars harmonious influences," and of whom it may be said,

—— "The pulse of dew upon the grass keeps his within its number,
And silent shadows from the trees refresh him like a slumber."

Last autumn we stood beneath these very trees, the earth a carpet of withered leaves, and the harsh North-western winds surging among the heavy branches, and blighting what little of life and verdure had lingered thus long upon the scene. Could we have imagined aught more desolate? And here after the lapse of a few months we stand again, surrounded by a chorus of glad voices, the voices of bird, and breeze, and stream, and forest, refreshed by the odors of wild roses, and the queenly laurel flowers, great canopies of green rustling above our heads, and all earth and heaven flushed, teeming, radiant with vitality, tempered by the hazy air which hangs over the whole like an atmosphere of dreams. In a luxury of quiet we yield ourselves to the potent spell of the season, and muse and moralize, and walk among visions that rise unbidden, and commune with phantasies of the past, or the unformed shapes which flit misty and pallid about the depths of the time to come. Whom the world would sting with its sharpest satire, that unfortunate it calls *a dreamer*; but there is wisdom even in a day-dream, and in the paths of aimless speculation, truth sometimes strays lovingly beside us, and whispers strange words of peace and joy.

In Autumn we think of the graves of our beloved, and the "Conqueror Worm" writhes cunningly into our fancies, trailing the mould and gleaming through the dull glow of the charnel; but *now* it is upon the "resurrection and the life," the re-vivification and renewal of the beauty that has vanished—and the soul-treasures of faith and tenderness that vanished with it, that we delight to ponder, till hope grows strong, and winged with the enthusiasm of belief, and from the land of cloud and shadow we gather a vigor, and trust, and freshness of the spirit, which the beaten highways of the world can never give.

"Man doth not yield him unto the angels, nor unto death utterly, save through the weakness of his feeble will," but shall we yield ourselves unto the angels of dark thoughts, or to despondency, which is the death of aspiration, while even in the gloom and decay of nature, we can look forward with a confidence that laughs at ruin, to the everlasting revival of the seasons, to the gush and splendor, and gladness of the present time, typified in which we perceive, not through a glass darkly, but almost face to face *that* glory which never wanes into autumnal shadow, over-folding like the wings of the Spirit of Mercy, the fields of immortal life.

Scarcely had we finished writing the preceding sentence, when an exceedingly dapper gentleman, dressed in exquisite taste, with a very silky moustache, and an air of interesting languor, strolled leisurely into our office, and having introduced himself by gracefully offering

his snuff-box, handed us the harrowing narrative which follows:

SUMMER—ITS GREATEST ANNOYANCE.

(Illustrated by an Adventure.)

It is melancholy at this, the turning point of the seasons, to think upon the miseries that await us in the dreary summer months. The hot days and the enervating nights, the clouds of dust and the swarms of mosquitoes, the flies, the bugs, and the vermin generally, that turn out about July and August to give us an idea of the power of petty annoyances, and force upon us the Scripture injunction of not despising "the day of small things." Were this all, however, it might be borne. But it is *not* all. Mosquitoes are doubtless less pleasing than musical: flies—though interesting under a microscope, are offensive on a table,—and bugs, unless they are genuine *Scarabæi*, have but slight claims to our regard; nevertheless, they are not altogether insufferable. We *have* the philosophy to endure them,—but who can think of the dog days, and the cause that originated the term, without shuddering. To reflect that there are hundreds of the canine species, permitted in defiance of law to wander about our streets,* with the liability of going mad at any moment of the day or night! It is distressing. Our readers probably cannot appreciate the danger. *They* may never have been pursued by an insane dog. *We* have been; and can assure them that the position (if such a word can be applied to a retreat) is terrific. Imagine a gentleman, fond of quiet and contemning excitements, walking forth in the cool of a summer afternoon to enjoy his cigar and the sunset. What a magnificent bank of clouds lie along the horizon! how beautiful the sky! how balmly the air! how fragrant the earth, redolent of the first dews of the evening! After the "burden and heat of the day," this is the time for relaxation, repose, revery, dreaming. You look at the clouds, and fancy them anything you please—angels' wings, or the crown of the sun, or spiritual palaces, or sublime armies, or the night-cap of the Genii—in short, whatever your imagination may suggest.—Then a delightful sensation of peace begins to steal over you. Your thoughts involuntarily revert to Dickens' description of his feelings at Niagara, though as regards Niagara itself you are compelled to acknowledge that Dickens would have described the "next pump better." Nevertheless, as a description of peace, and apart from the inappropriateness of the occasion you confess to the beauty of his reflections, because, at the time, you experience something like them yourself. You become poetical. A complete stanzas arranges itself in your brain. The divine *afflatus* expands. That "fine phrenzy," the common herd cannot understand, takes possession of your faculties. You sit down on a green knoll by the side of the mill pond, and having produced a note book and pencil, proceed to chronicle your thoughts. You are in the middle of a sentence—a very fine sentence—when a dreadful cry arises in the rear. What can it be? Looking back along the lane you have just traversed, you descry a miscellaneous crowd with sticks and pokers, pursuing something—you can't see exactly what. The crowd is headed by a man, with a musket. As it comes nearer, the cries, from a "breezy bass" to a shrill falsetto, inform you that the miserable brute in front, the subject of this hue and commotion, is a *mad dog*. With hair bristling and tongue drooping, and tail erect, and eyes burning like red hot copper coins, the wretched animal dashes towards you—growing in size and ferocity every instant, until you are ready to swear that the cub of a lion has escaped from the menagerie. Good heavens! what are you to do? Retreat is cut off—for the mill pond is on the left, and the lane, already thronged to overflowing, stretches away to the right. The fences, too, in the neighborhood, are alarmingly high. In the present nervous state of your system, it is impossible to leap them. Your pencil goes one way, your note-book another—and you look in agony to see whether *you* cannot go a third. But the thing is out of the question. By this time the dog is within forty steps of the little knoll near the water, where a minute before you had been under the influence of the "divine afflatus." Lord deliver us! what is that man with the musket about? The wretch has absolutely lifted the gun to his shoulder, though you are precisely in a line with him, (a mathematician could'nt

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* NOTE.—Of course it is not to the city of Charleston, that the writer refers. We take pleasure in bearing witness to the efficiency of our police in this particular, since we have had two valuable dogs, to whom we were tenderly attached, murdered in the neatest and most satisfactory manner. Modern science having established the fact, that the old notion of hydrophobia is a mere superstition, we cannot too warmly admire the exterminating spirit manifested by our city authorities.—[ED.

draw it straighter,) and is on the point of pulling the trigger. You fall on your hands and knees, and the bullet whistles over you. There! your last hope is gone! The accursed cur (don't suppose the brute's species was discovered until afterwards,) still races towards you,—just as if Providence had placed you on that spot for his especial behoof and advantage. You throw a last, hurried, convulsive glance around. How dreadful to be made dog's meat of! Is there no means of avoiding it? None! none! —since, if you jump into the pond, not knowing how to swim, you will be drowned—and if you attempt the fences, you have an inward conviction, amounting to certainty, that the dog will seize you, somewhere about the coat tails, before you can get half way over. You run up and down the narrow knoll, scarcely less mad than your canine enemy. Now he is upon you! First he rushes at the left leg—you lift it nimbly in the air. Secondly, he rushes at the right—that is saved, also, by a similar graceful and active movement. Lastly, with concentrated fury, he assails both legs at once. You perceive that a bolder manœuvre than the other is necessary to save you now. You gather up you strength. By an immense muscular exertion, you leap over the dog's back, and the animal, unable to stop under the crowd of steam natural to his condition, rolls over into the pond, and perishes in the deep waters.

Do you wonder, respected readers!—our female readers especially, whose sympathies are always active—do you wonder that after such an adventure as this, we should dread the approach of summer? That, after the 28th of June, we are apt to resolve the "various voices" of the street into the awful shouts of "mad dog!—clear the way! —shoot him!—don't mind the people in front!" and other horrible vociferations, more worthy (particularly the last reckless remark) of a heathen mob, than an enlightened congregation of Christians? It does not at all affect our feelings in this matter, that the dog, whose death we have described, was proved afterwards to have been in the perfect possession of his senses. "How the people came to chase him," said his owner to us, a day or two after his demise, "I can't imagine, unless indeed in his fondness (poor fellow!) for worrying cats, he was seen racing along the pavement, and some timid person mistook his native eagerness after game for madness. He was the best catter and mouser I ever had." "And the best *calfer*," said we, feeling our inexpressibles.

We are not inclined to allude to ourselves, or to the large measure of favor, which, up to the present time, *Russell's Magazine* has received. But the notices of the June issue are so numerous and cordial, and display so deep an interest in our success, that we feel bound again to extend our thanks to the press, and to declare our resolution to render the Magazine still more worthy, as well of public support, as of critical approbation.

The religious journals have generally been as kind in their commendation as the periodicals devoted to politics, or literature.

Among the notices of our last number, we find an article in the *Southern Baptist*, from which we quote the following:

"The present number has a variety of timely and readable articles. The leader,—on the Aggressive Nature of Christianity,—*is worth the price of the year's subscription*. Though seemingly theological, it is in the style and spirit admirably befitting a purely literary organ; and is the product of a mind of the highest order."

"Laugh," says a judicious journalist, who had probably been subjected to more impertinence from contemporaries, wise in their own absurd conceits, than any man of his age, "laugh at the trifling affronts of the literary *canaille*, who would push themselves into notice by the wanton depreciation of men, whose only answer to them must be—contempt! Judge of yourself by that respect you have voluntarily paid you, by individuals of undoubted integrity and discernment, and who have no interest to flatter you. Do not make yourself unhappy, if you fail to meet with the honor you deserve from those whose esteem is worthless!"

Why are the old dramatists so shamefully neglected? While everybody of the slightest literary taste reads and *professes* to admire Shakspeare—his great contemporaries—men who are not utterly dwarfed even by comparison with "the prodigy of our race," have fallen into disrepute, and almost total neglect.

We propose occasionally to bring to light in our "Editor's Table," specimens of the vigor, feeling, and passion of these old writers.

Let us begin with Beaumont and

Fletcher, of whom Leigh Hunt well says, "they were possessed of a noble and tender imagination, of great fancy and wit, and although they had not the patience to construct a play like Ben Jonson, yet their sensibility and purer vein of poetry, have set them above him even as dramatists. By the side of merely conventional and artificial poets, they are demi-gods. They show themselves of ethereal race, and as *lyrical poets* they surpassed even Shakspeare."

And as lyrical poets we propose to introduce them. In the midst of the ribaldry, and downright folly of the play entitled "The Woman Hater," occurs this delicious song—a song which, as Mr. Russel Lowell would say, "has a smack of ambrosia about it:"

I.

"Come Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving,
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let some pleasant dreams beguile
All my fancies, that from thence
I may feel an influence
All my powers of care bereaving!

II.

"Though but a shadow—but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy!
We that suffer long annoy,
Are contented with a thought
Through an idle fancy wrought:
Oh! let my joys have some abiding."

And, again, shall we not accept the pathos of the verses which follow, "as we would accept actual sorrow, or the sight of artless tears:"

"Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew,
Maidens! willow branches bear;
Say I died true.
My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth,
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth."

the exquisite cadence of which reminds us of Barry Cornwall's "Touch us gently, gentle Time."

Here is a beautiful fragment of dialogue from the drama of "Philaster." Philaster says to Bellario, who has just made an allusion to death:

Phi.—"Oh! but thou dost not know
What 'tis to die.
Bel.—Yes! I do know, my lord;
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep;
A quiet resting from all jealousy;
A thing we all pursue. *I know, besides,*
It is but giving over of a game
Which must be lost."

In the same play we find a description of a certain class of people—a prominent class we fancy everywhere—sufficiently striking and eloquent to be palmed off as Shakspeare's:

"They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,
And make 'em truths—they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings, *grow upon disgraces,*
And when they see a virtue fortified
Strongly above the battery of their tongues,
Oh! how they cast to sink it; and defeated,
[Soul-sick with poison,] *strike the monuments,*
Where noble names lie sleeping—till they sweat,
And the cold marble melt." * *

What can be more intense and passionate, yet tender and maidenly withal, than this description of a first love?

"My father oft would speak
Your worth and virtue, and as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so praised; but yet all this
Was but a maiden longing, to be lost
As soon as found, till sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
I thought, (but it was you) enter our gates;
My blood flew out, and back again as fast
As I had puffed it forth, and sucked it in
Like breath. Then was I called away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man
Heaved from a sheep-cote to a sceptre, raised
So high in thoughts as I. *You left a kiss*
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you forever: I did hear you talk
Far above singing. After you were gone
I grew acquainted with my heart, and searched
What stirred it so; alas! I found it—*love.*"

Our clever contemporary the "Yorkville Enquirer," alluding to the "Editor's Table" in the June number of this magazine, observes:

"The defence of Bulwer in the Edi-

tor's Table of Russell's Magzine is just, as it was deserved. *The idea of comparing Thackeray with Bulwer is simply ridiculous.* The coarse *humor and buffoonery* of the former can never compare with the vivid wit, the eloquence, &c., of Bulwer's latest novels. "The Caxtons" is worth all of Thackeray's works *with his lectures and admirers thrown in!*"

Now it may possibly be inferred from these sentences that the Editors of *Russell's Magazine* had themselves instituted a comparison between Thackeray and Bulwer, to the disadvantage of the author of "Vanity Fair." So far from this being the case, the purpose of the article to which the *Enquirer* alludes, was the emphatic condemnation of *all* odious comparisons between the claims of distinguished writers occupying wholly different fields of art. To magnify the reputation of one great man by depreciating the powers of another, is more than "simply ridiculous,"—it is a *moral* as well as a *critical* misdemeanor. This, the *Yorkville Enquirer*, in the face of "our" earnest protest to the contrary, has deliberately proceeded to do. The writer has in consequence committed a monstrous injustice, besides placing himself in a position of antagonism to the settled judgment of the best portion of the literary world. To say that *one* of Bulwer's novels, (exquisite as we admit "the Caxtons" to be,) is "worth *all* of Thackeray's works—*with his admirers thrown in,*" is certainly a bold assertion. Who are Thackeray's "admirers?" Any one acquainted the current literature and criticism of the times, must be aware that at one period or another of the great satirist's career, he has extorted the deference and praise of the wisest among his contemporaries, and that, unless all past literary history is a lie, *his* position and immortality are assured. Were it possible to "throw" all the "admirers" of Thackeray into any balance established to determine his place in English literature, we should have a most formidable company, led on by Miss Bronte and Fonblanque, in England, by Whipple in America, by all the sounder German critics, and by enlightened literary judgment everywhere. Place these "admirers" (to amplify the *Enquirer's* simile,) together with the profound satires of their favorite within one scale of the Balance, and "The Caxtons," or any other single novel published during the present century within the other, and who can reasonably doubt as to which side would kick the beam?

In endeavoring to do justice to Bulwer, who has been foolishly and falsely assailed by the northern press, the editors of "Russell's Magazine" must not be understood as anxious to abate "one jot or tittle" of the renown which belongs to his great contemporary.

Every true literary artist occupies his own domain. That domain should be sacred from all attacks which hinge upon the poor logic of invidious comparison. The fabric of no man's reputation can be strengthened by the wanton destruction of another's fame. *This* was the truth which the editors of "Russell's" attempted to enforce. Until it is more generally recognized, how can we expect our periodical criticism to be either just or genial? It will continue to alternate, as it always has done, between detraction and deification.

There is a class of people in the world whose religion is despair, and whose worship consists of an eternal wail. Whether visited by prosperity or adversity, in sunshine or in shadow, in sickness or in health, in the chamber and the market-place, the sanctuary and the forum, in bed or at board, at the bridal or the funeral, these long-visaged gentry darken the air with their lamentations, and affront hope, and will, and energy, and manhood, and reason, with the enfeebling notes of their wretched and cowardly snivelling. They walk amongst their blithesome and cheerful fellow creatures the sombre prophets of wo and disaster. If they relax their muscles, it is only in a ghastly smile. Their laugh, (if they ever laugh,) is convulsive and lugubrious. When invited to a merry-making, or a wedding festivity, they come with down-cast countenance and dark mien, rendered perhaps more effective and inspiriting by a few ominous tears, which are dried by a pocket handkerchief bordered with black. They will seldom relieve you of their pestilent presence until they have fully exhausted their vast resources of foreboding, and made you—if possible—as wretched as themselves. It would be a "crowning mercy" if these scarecrows of society could be removed to some desolate island in a desolate ocean, frequented solely by communities of bats, owls, newts, and such like congenial companions. What right have these emasculate blasphemers against the dignity and faith of manhood to hang about the energies and cripple the action of the brave, and the steadfast, who are fighting the battles of progress under the eye of God?

Heaven knows the actual difficulties—

the present and imminent dangers which beset humanity—are sufficiently complex and mighty, without being strengthened by the defection of traitors from the camp. We have all a work to perform; let it be accomplished ere the darkness come, wherein no man can work.—"Recklessness," says an eloquent writer upon this same theme, "is a bad quality, and so is blind and extravagant hope, but neither is so degrading as inglorious and inactive despair." We object to the sniveller, because he presents the anomaly of a being *who has the power of motion without possessing life* His insipid languor is worse than tumid strength. Better that a man should rant than whine. The person who has no bounding and buoyant feelings in him, whose check never flushes at anticipated good, whose blood never tingles and fires at the contemplation of a noble aim, who has no aspiration, and no great object in life, is only fit for the hospital or the band-box. Into the very blood and brain of our youth there should be infused energy and power.

And we would say to the poor sniveller, whether he dawdles in a drawing-room or tottles in a tavern, in the words of the sagacious Herr Teufelsdrockh:

"Produce! produce! were it but the *pitifulest infinitesimal fraction of a product*, produce it in God's name. 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee, out with it then. Up! up! whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Somebody has lately contributed to the *Newark Mercury* the ensuing pathetic and irresistible lines on "the death of a favorite cat." Where is the individual so hard of heart, so dead to all natural sensibility as to be able to read them with dry eyes?

"She died when earth was fair beyond all price;
When hearts were warm as her own coat of silk;
When people's houses seemed the homes of mice,
And when life's cup, for her, o'erflowed with milk.
Reared tenderly, she spent her few brief years,
Like cats in Egypt—sacred, free from fears—
Weep not for her!

"Weep not for her! she's had a peaceful time.
She might have been a sausage long ago—
A muff, a fiddle-string; but to her prime
She hath arrived with an unruffled brow;
Shielded as if she had but one sweet life
Instead of nine—kept from all care and strife—
Weep not for her!

"Weep not for her! she's now a cat with wings:
Perhaps a dweller in the *milky*-way;
Purring with joy, amid all purring things;
No longer blinded with the light of day;
Where boys are not, nor stones, nor tears, nor sighs—
All dogs forever banished from her eyes—
Weep not for her!

The *masses* at the North read more than we do, but what can be more vicious than their literary taste?

Probably the most *popular* book—always excepting the immaculate "Uncle Tom"—which has been issued from the Northern press during the last three years, is that queer compound of vulgarity and superficial smartness, which bears the title of "Fern Leaves!" Here is a specimen of the "Fern" style. "Fanny" is expressing her gratitude to Mr. Thackeray for saying that "a husband may kill his wife gradually, and be no more questioned than the grand Seignor who drowns a slave at midnight."

"I'm on the marrow bones of my soul to you, Mr. Thackeray—I honor you for 'turning State's evidence' against your own culprit sex. If there's any little favor I can do for you, such as getting you naturalized, (for you are a sight too cute and clever for an Englishman,) I'll fly round and get the documents made out for you to-morrow."

The ingenious conceit expressed in the phrase, "*I'm on the marrow bones of my soul to you*," &c., would certainly delight Thackeray if he could see it, as would also the polite assurance that he (Thackeray) is "*a sight too cute and clever for an Englishman*," which declaration, we take it, is the acme of delicate and considerate compliment. The "Fern style" has sometimes been called "unique," and sometimes "witty." Perhaps it may possess *both* these qualities, but we fear it will be more appreciated in the end by gentlemen of the "Dummie Dunnaker" school, than those who move in less enlightened circles. "I'm on the marrow bones of my soul" is certainly elegant enough to be spoken in the renowned "Mug" tavern itself, where—in "Dummie's" own words—"arter all, though you 'as a mixture like, I does not know a hulehouse where a cove is better hentertained, nor meets of a Sunday more illegant company."

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Life of Charlotte Brontë, author of "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," and "Villette." By E. C. Gaskell, author of "Mary Barton," "Ruth," &c., in 2 vols. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This work displays the rare union of conscientiousness and of sympathy. Mrs. Gaskell comes before us not as a Eulogist, amiably partial, and in consequence blinded and inconsistent, but as an upright and truthful Biographer, who, while extenuating nothing, has at the same time by the force of womanly appreciation and insight into character, imparted to her touching narrative the glow of mingled love and veneration. And that narrative is one of the most extraordinary and affecting which has ever been given to the public It is a Tragedy of sombre hue. It reveals the existence of social conditions, fearful to contemplate, and of individual suffering no less fearful. One lays down the story with a feeling of profound and unrelieved sadness. In it, we are introduced to natures moulded after the noblest intellectual and moral type, so circumstanced that life becomes to them one long agony—a hopeless siege of wretched cares, of sharp privations, of brooding anxieties, endurable only through that rigid sense of duty, which, although it may be a sustaining, is also an exhausting power.

Charlotte Brontë was born at Thornton, Bradford Parish, Yorkshire, on the 21st April, 1816. Her father was an Irishman—her mother a native of Cornwall. The former, who was curate of the parish, strikes us as being a rather stern and selfish man, although energetic, and, in the main, conscientious. The wife, possessed of every womanly virtue, was delicate, yielding, loveable, and seems to have inspired her husband with the only passionately demonstrative attachment of his life. She bore him six children in rapid succession, then sickened, and after a year or two of terrible suffering, borne with the calm heroism of a martyr, "yielded herself unto the Angels." A boy and five girls, the eldest of whom—Maria—could only have been a few months more than six years old, were now left to the undivided care of the father, a man, in some respects, eminently unfitted for the trust. He was not fond of children—he did not sympathise with their little joys and sorrows, and thus the young Brontës were left very much to their own guidance and resources, that is, in all matters which did not come strictly within the sphere of religious and moral observance. From Thornton, Mr. Brontë had removed in 1820 to Haworth, a town in the West-Riding of Yorkshire. The inhabitants of this place and neighborhood, with much of the old Scandanavian blood in their veins, have retained in a wonderful degree the savage traits of their ancestors. No part of England appears to have so stoutly resisted the spirit of Christianity and civilization. Mrs. Gaskell furnishes us with some curious illustrations of the fact.

While riding in company with her husband through the streets of Addingham, a village not far from Haworth. the following incident occurred. We give her own account of it:

"We were driving along the street, when one of those ne'er-do-well lads who seem to have a kind of magnetic power for misfortunes, having jumped into the stream that runs through the place, just where all the broken glass and bottles are thrown, staggered naked and nearly covered with blood into a cottage before us. Besides receiving another bad cut in the arm, he had completely aid open the artery, and was in a fair way of bleeding to death—which, one of his relations comforted him by saying, would be likely to 'save a deal o' trouble.'

"When my husband had checked the effusion of blood with a strap that one of the bystanders unbuckled from his leg, he asked if a surgeon had been sent for.

'Yoi,' was the answer, 'but we dunna think he'll come.'

'Why not?'

'He's owd, yo seen, and asthmatic, and it's up-hill.'

"My husband, taking a boy for his guide, drove as fast as he could to the surgeon's house, which was about three

quarters of a mile off, and met the aunt of the wounded lad leaving it.

'Is he coming?' inquired my husband.

'Well, he dinna' say he wouldna' come.'

'But tell him the lad may bleed to death.'

'I did.'

'And what did he say?'

'Why only 'D——n him, what do I care?'

"It ended, however, in his sending one of his sons, who, though not brought up to 'the surgeon trade,' was able to do what was necessary in the way of bandages and plasters. The excuse made for the surgeon was, that 'he was near eighty, and getting a bit doited, and had had a matter of o' twenty childer.'

"Among the most unmoved of the lookers on was the brother of the boy so badly hurt: and while he was lying in a pool of blood on the flag floor, and crying out how much his arm was 'warching,' his stoical relation stood coolly smoking his bit of black pipe, and uttered not a single word of either sympathy or sorrow."

They had, says Mrs. Gaskell, their virtues, which the modern Yorkshireman has not failed to inherit. Although his hatred is the hatred of a fiend, which finds expression in a local proverb to the effect, "Keep a stone in thy pocket seven year, turn it, and keep it seven year longer, that it may be ever ready to thy hand when thine enemy draws near"—still "they are faithful and persevering in following a good purpose," and are "a powerful race for good as well as for evil." And yet, judging from the general tenor of the Biography on this point, we should say that "Evil! be thou my good" was an abiding rule of action in the minds of the coarse West-Ridingers, and that the systematic Devil, who is the Hero of "Wuthering Heights," is a life-like portrait of an original not a whit exaggerated.

Among these semi-Barbarians, Charlotte Brontë spent the greater portion of her life. Though seldom brought in direct personal contact with the people, she knew all the traditions of the county, and, with the keen perceptions of genius, seized upon what was salient about them to be reproduced at a later date in those remarkable novels which have perhaps more thoroughly possessed the world's imagination than any works of fiction, (with three or four exceptions only) since the publication of "Waverly."

The Brontë children exhibited a marvellous degree of precocity. In a letter communicated to Mrs. Gaskell, while engaged in preparing her Biography of Charlotte, Mr. Brontë says:

"When mere children, as soon as they could read and write, Charlotte and her brother and sisters used to invent and act little plays of their own, in which the Duke of Wellington, my daughter Charlotte's hero, was sure to come off victorious; when a dispute would not unfrequently arise amongst them regarding the comparative merits of him, Bonaparte, Hannibal, and Cæsar.

When the argument got warm, and rose to its height, as their mother was then dead, I had sometimes to come in as arbitrator, and settle the dispute according to the best of my judgment. Generally in the management of their concerns I thought that I discovered signs of rising talent which I had seldom or never before seen in any of their age. * * * * A circumstance now occurs to my mind which I may as well mention. When my children were very young, when, as far as I can remember, the oldest was about ten years of age, and the youngest about four, thinking they knew more than I had yet discovered, in order to make them speak with less timidity, I deemed that if they were put under a sort of cover I might gain my end, and happening to have a mask in the house, I told them all to stand and speak boldly from under cover of the mask.

"I began with the youngest (Anne, afterwards Acton Bell,) and asked what a child like her most wanted. She answered, "age and experience." I asked the next, Emily, (afterwards Ellis Bell,) what I had best do with her Brother Barnwell, who was sometimes a naughty boy? She answered, "reason with him, and when he won't listen to reason, whip him." I asked Barnwell what was the best mode of knowing the difference between the intellects of men and women? He answered, "By considering the difference between them as to their bodies." I then asked Charlotte what was the best book in the world? She answered, "The Bible." And what was the next best? She answered, "The Book of Nature." I then asked the next, what was the best mode of education for a woman? She answered, "that which would make her rule her house well." Lastly, I asked the oldest which was the best mode of spending time, "By laying it out in preparation for a happy eternity."

How large "a piece of childhood must have been thrown away" before these very philosophical answers could have been suggested to the minds of the

Brontë children, we cannot pretend to say. Their isolated position tending to the development of self-consciousness and the subjective nature, bore bitter fruits to all of them in after life.

But we have not time to follow the career of the various members of the family. Let us say briefly that the brother Barnwell, a brilliant, but weak young man, turned out an opium-eater and a sot, and perished miserably in his prime. The two elder sisters, Elizabeth and Maria, died many years before from the effect of hardships they were compelled to undergo in a certain public school, which is held up to the execration of the world in some of the most trenchant chapters of "Shirley."

The three remaining sisters begun life as governesses, and for several years saw but little of each other. At length, Emily and Charlotte returned to their home. About this period they thought of converting one section of the parsonage into a school house, and in order to acquire the accomplishments essential to good teachers, they went together to the school of M. and Madame Héger, at Brussells. After all, the plan failed. They could procure no scholars.

In 1846, the literary career of the Brontës commenced. Under the names of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, they published a small volume of poems, the success of which seems to have been indifferent. But, nothing daunted, the sisters determined to test their abilities in another line. Each of them wrote a novel. Charlotte's was entitled "The Professor;" Emily's, "Wuthering Heights," and Anne's, "Agnes Gray." But for none of these works could the authors immediately find a publisher.

Charlotte, in the prosecution of a theory that it "was quite possible to make a heroine as plain and small as herself interesting," now undertook the composition of "Jane Eyre." Many parts of it were written with great eagerness and rapidity; it was sent to London on the 24th of August, 1847, was accepted by Messrs. Smith & Elder, and issued on the 16th of the ensuing October. Of the all but unparalleled success of this work, we need not speak. In the winter of 1848 Emily Brontë died, and in the May of '49, Anne, (who seems to have been the gentlest of the sisters,) followed her to the tomb.

Charlotte was now alone with the stern old father, in the desolate parsonage, situated in the 'midst of a grave yard, on the borders of the "purple black" melancholy moors. Still she labored. "Shirley" was finished about the end of the year '49, and its popularity established her reputation. "Villette," her last production, was given to the public three years after.

In '54, Charlotte was married to her father's curate, Mr. Nicholls, and for a few brief months her life was all sunshine. But the final shadow came on apace. Joy and household peace, and the delights of maternity were not reserved for her. Sombre and weary had been her pilgrimage, sudden and dark was its close. She sickened, and soon could not rise from her bed. Writing to a friend, she says: "No kinder, better husband than mine, it seems to me, there can be in the world. I do not want now for kind companionship in health and the tenderest nursing in sickness. Deeply I sympathise in all you tell me about Dr. W., and your excellent mother's anxiety. I cannot write more now, for I am much reduced and weak. God bless you all."

"I do not think," says Mrs. Gaskell, "that she ever wrote a line again. Long days and longer nights went by; still the same relentless nausea and faintness, and still borne on in patient trust. About the third week in March, there was a change; a low, wandering delirium came on; and in it she begged constantly for food and even for stimulants. She swallowed eagerly now. It was too late. Wakening for an instant from this stupor of intelligence, she saw her husband's woe-worn face, and caught the sound of some murmured words of prayer that God would spare her. "Oh!" she whispered, "I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us—we have been so happy!"

Early on Saturday morning, March 31st, the solemn tolling of Haworth church bell, spoke forth the fact of her death to the villagers, who had known her from a child, and whose hearts shivered within them, as they thought of the two sitting, deserted and alone, in the old grey house."

And there we fancy they still linger together in the dim rooms of Haworth parsonage—the gentle hearted husband and the indomitable old father, who, one by one, has seen his offspring pass from him into the "Silent Land," and whose soul, stern and untamable as it appears to have been, is now, we may well believe, scarcely less dreary and hopeless than the winter aspect of the graves, in the 'midst of which "his dwelling is left unto him desolate."

English and Scottish Ballads. Selected and Edited by Francis James Child, in 8 vols. Little Brown & Co., Boston, 1857.

The first *four* volumes of this, the most complete collection of old British Ballads ever contemplated in this country or in England, have recently been issued, and are now before us. The series of the English Poets to which this edition belongs we have before introduced to the attention of our readers. Edited with great critical skill, and embracing the widest possible range of available *materiel*, it is destined to surpass all other collections of the sort in reliability and convenience of reference, as well as in extent.

With regard to the Ballads, we permit the accomplished editor, Prof. Francis J. Child, of Cambridge University, to speak for himself:

"The compilation now offered to the public will be found more comprehensive in its plan than any of its kind which has hitherto appeared. It includes nearly all that is known to be left to us of the *ancient* ballads of England and Scotland, with a liberal selection of those which are of later date. Of traditional Ballads preserved in a variety of forms, all the important versions are given, and no genuine relic of olden minstrelsy, however mutilated or debased in its descent to our times, has on that account been excluded, if it was thought to be of value to the student of popular fiction."

The editor has made the following judicious arrangement of the Ballads, thereby avoiding the confusion which is so annoying in most other compilations:

Book 1st, contains Romances of Chivalry and Legends of the Popular Heroes of England.

Book 2nd—Ballads involving various superstitions, as of Faries, Elves, Magic and Ghosts.

Book 3d—Tragic Love Ballads.

Book 4th—Other Tragic Ballads.

Book 5th—Love Ballads, *not* tragic.

With regard to the texts, the editor says "that after selecting the most authentic copies, he has carefully adhered to the originals as they stand in the printed collections, sometimes restoring a reading which had been changed without reason, and in all cases indicating deviations, whether his own or those of others in the margin."

The typographical appearance of these volumes is most tasteful and elegant. The work will be completed, the editor hopes, in the course of the next year; the concluding volume will contain an Essay on the History of Ballad Poetry.

New Biographies of Illustrious Men. By Thos. Babington Macaulay, Henry Rogers, Thos. Martin, &c. Whittemore, Niles & Hall, Boston, 1857.

These Biographies contain as much valuable matter as it is possible to compress into so limited a space, and as a popular manual the work will doubtless answer a good purpose. But we have long learned to distrust these brief biographies. Though composed by the ablest and most honest men, they necessarily present the mere skeleton of facts, or, in essaying, to be philosophical, important details are almost wholly neglected. Even the Lives in so voluminous a work as the Encyclopædia Britannica are not completely satisfactory—at least to the earnest and inquiring student. Still, we may properly commend the collection under review as very superior of its kind. Indeed, as a book of *reference* the present publication is invaluable.

The Poetical Works of Gerald Massey (in 1 vol.) Ticknor & Fields, Boston, 1857.

The characteristic of these poems, that which throws every other quality they may possess into the shade, is a rich, luxuriant, overflowing *fancy*. The author riots in gorgeous imagery, he sings in a world of glow and color, and tropic fragrance. His muse "has a look southward," but is not, we fear, "open to the whole noon of nature." Not unfrequently, a thought instinctively beautiful or vigorous, is crushed utterly beneath the weight of jewelled similes. This affluence of fancy is at once the charm and curse of Mr. Massey's writings, their charm, when it is embodied in some of the delicate and melodious lovelyrics scattered through his volume, but a curse when elaborated (as in the blank verse of his longer poems,) into ingenious conceits, which tax and weary the attention, without in the slighest degree, touching the soul or the imagination of the reader. Many of his ambitious descriptions of nature are simply illuminated catalogues of the various objects in a landscape, (witness the description of Dawn in Craigcrook Castle, p. 161,), unpervaded by that thought which endows the material world with the subtle forces of the spirit. Only as a lyrist has Mr. Massey yet made good

his claim, to be considered a poet. Some of his songs are, in every respect, admirable. They treat of two themes chiefly, love and the wrongs of the people. Of the latter he sings with all the earnestness of one who has himself suffered from the fearful inequality of social conditions which exists in philanthropic England, whose keen eyes fixed upon Virginia and Boriboolah, Gha, are happily unconscious of Manchester factories, and the coal mines of Cornwall.

Can we doubt that thousands of the "white slaves" of England, are ready to echo this passionate burst:

"The tearless are drunk with our tears—they have driven
The God of the poor man mad!
For we weary of waiting the help of heaven,
And the battle goes still with the bad.
O! but death for death, and life for life,
It were better to take and give
With hand to throat, and knife to knife,
Than die out as thousands live!
For our fathers are praying for pauper-pay;
Our mothers with death's kiss are white;
Our sons are the rich man's serfs by day;
Our daughters his slaves by night."

As a specimen of Mr. Massey's lyrical facility and feeling, we quote *The Unbeloved*. It is very tender and musical:

"Like a tree beside the river,
Of her life that runs from me,
Do I lean me, murmuring ever,
My fond love's idolatry;
And I reach out hands of blessing,
And I stretch out hands of prayer,
And with passionate caressing,
Waste my life upon the air.
In my ears the Syren river
Sings and smiles up in my face;
But forever, and forever
Runs from my embrace.

"Spring by spring, the branches duly
Clothe themselves in tender flower,
And for her sweet sake as truly
All their fruit, and fragrance shower,
But the stream with careless laughter
Runs in merry beauty by,
And it leaves me yearning after—
Lone to weep, and lone to die!
In my ears the Syren river
Sings and smiles up in my face;
But forever, and forever
Runs from my embrace.

"I stand 'mazéd in the moonlight,
O'er its happy face to dream,
I am parchéd in the noonlight,
By that cool and brimming stream!
I am dying by the river
Of her life that runs from me!
While it sparkles by me ever,
With its cool felicity!
In my ears the Syren river
Sings and smiles up in my face:
But forever, and forever
Runs from my embrace."

Were we to undertake a candid criticism of the faults of Mr. Massey's *style*, the task would be endless. It is full of the affectations of the very worst school of modern English poetry. Among these we are particularly struck by legions of uncouth double words, by intolerably awkward inversions and by unnatural conceits of expression, which are the more provoking, as it is evident the poet has chosen them with elaborate care. Moreover, Mr. Massey has occasionally subjected himself, (unconsciously perhaps,) to the charge of plagiarism. In common with many of the younger poets of the time, the strange and subtle harmony of versification displayed in the works of Edgar A. Poe, (a man the reach of whose genius will not be appreciated for fifty years to come,) has made the most vivid impression upon his senses and fancy, and he has, on several occasions reproduced the music, nay, the very *words* of some of Poe's most characteristic poems. For example:

"Sweet heaven, I do love a maiden,
Radiant, rare and beauty-laden, &c."
* * * *

"In her worshipful presence transfigured I stand,
And the poor man's English home,
She lights with the beauty of Greece, the grand
And the glory of regallest Rome"

which is *not* an improvement upon

"On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home,
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome."

But as a qualification to our fault-finding, it is only right to inform the reader, in conclusion, that Gerald Massey has had to struggle up to his present position from the depressing level of the lowest phase of poverty, and the real wonder is, not that a youth so circumstanced should write with imperfect success, but that he should retain the spirit and the genius to write at all. At the same time, it is scarcely a favorable symptom of his future eminence as a poet, that one who has seen and partici-

pated in so much actual wretchedness should so often employ himself in the coinage of dainty phrases, even when speaking, (and sometimes. as we have said, with power) of the misery and degradation of the people But, after all, what Mr. Massey chiefly lacks, is—*Imagination.* He is fanciful, and sensuous, and tender. Let him faithfully cultivate his lyrical gifts, and he is sure to gain a permanent and honorable fame. On the other hand, if he continues to construct "castles" like that of "Craigcrook," it is much to be feared that his reputation in the end will prove but "a castle in the air."

The Norse-Folks; or, A Visit to the Homes of Norway and Sweden. By Charles Loring Brace, author of "Hungary in 1851," and "Home Life in Germany." New-York: Charles Scribner.

Mr. Brace is an observant, acute, and philosophical traveller. He seems to have a wonderful facility of making himself at home wherever he may go, and it is this pliancy of temperament which has opened the hearts of the various peoples among whom he has, at different times, sojourned, and given him the opportunity of portraying them in their domestic and social relations. His present work upon Norway and Sweden is a charming production.

It is not chiefly a description of scenery, of political institutions, or of the natural products of the soil, but a record of the manners and "social-moral" of a most interesting people, written in a remarkably clear and pleasing style, and with thorough sympathy and appreciation.

The contrast between the Americanized Norwegians and their countrymen is thus graphically described: "By a singular chance, there were two other persons from America in our inn—two Norwegians, who had been some fifteen or sixteen years in our Western country, had made their fortunes, and were returned, partly for a visit, and partly perhaps for a speculation—to bring a profitable immigration to their own 'claims,' or town-lots. They were said to have left the village poor boys, and now they came back as grandees. Through all Sunday, there was a levee of their friends in their room, smoking, drinking coffee, and occasionally taking a bottle of wine. The contrast between the Americanized Norwegians and their countrymen was instructive. These two were complete Westerners of the middle class; 'hail fellow' with every one, sharp, alert, self-asserting, almost nervous in busy activity, with swarthy faces, blue coats and gorgeous velvet waistcoats, and very expensive dress and outfit—using the worst American drawl, and smoking and chewing incessantly. Their friends and companions from whom they came, were stately, moderate people, dressed in national jackets and breeches, or coats trailing to the feet, with blonde faces, and long light hair parted in the middle; the women in red boddices, and brilliant head-tire. They moved, one after another, with slow, dignified pace to the inn. and in the rooms they seemed like judges or princes. before these restless popinjays of men. Their faces had an austere, impenetrable cast, as they watched the vulgar activity, or listened to the loud stories about the American Eden. There was a wonderful revelation in the contrasts. Only once the national reserve broke down, and their pride in their successful countrymen burst forth—when they heard the Norwegians talking English with us, they laughed with exultation and crowded near. I found my two countrymen very good fellows. They said their journey was costing them frightfully, as every one imagined an American must have his pockets lined with gold, and they objected to no bills. We had often encountered the same impression, and had pretty effectually corrected it for future American travellers.

"They found Norway horribly dull—every thing so much behindhand—farming fifty years behind the age. They were homesick already."

The long summer day of the North does not appear to have been irksome to Mr. Brace. A curious and pleasant picture is presented to us in the following: "It was half-past one, as we walked through the streets, but people seemed just as much up and stirring as in the day. Children were playing in the street, and women were sewing at the windows, while many came to the doors to study the costumes of our ladies. 'Certainly, nobody sleeps in Norway,' we said.

"I must speak again of these gloriously long days. They are the greatest pleasure of Nordland (to an American). You are always ahead in your work—time never overtakes you. At first, you are hurrying in the evening, as if darkness would come upon you, and you should not have time to finish whatever you are engaged at; or you hasten to get through an excursion; but you soon come into the habit of the perpetual day. The elastic air stimulates, and you seem to live two lives to the one in other latitudes. It becomes hard to sleep. Our lady friends, indeed, complain; they miss the evening twilight, and the curtains

drawn, and shutters closed. One says 'she would give so much to see a good Paris lamp again!'

"I find that I sleep usually from one or two in the morning till nine, and though it is broad day at either hour, it seems to make no difference.

We hope to be able hereafter to speak of this genial book more in detail.—Meanwhile we advise everybody straightway to procure it. It will furnish much pleasant and instructive reading.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, have presented us with an elegant edition of the complete works of *Mr. Longfellow*, both prose and poetry, in *four volumes*. The style of the publication is, in every respect, unexceptionable. Not only is the edition *recherche* and beautiful, exhibiting the best type and paper, but it contains the author's latest revisions, and is probably the most accurate issue of his writings yet given to the public.

We have but one criticism to make; the likeness of the poet in the 1st volume, is an atrocious caricature. Having seen Mr. Longfellow, we take pleasure in testifying to the fact that he, in no respect, resembles the ferocious and sullen-looking representation of him, with which his works are, in the present instance, adorned.

On the contrary, his appearance is that of an inoffensive, amiable, and rather accommodating gentleman.

Uniform with the above edition, and issued by the same publishers, we have Mrs. Jameson's "*Characteristics of Women*," complete in one volume.

Mrs. Jameson is prominent among the women who, in these intellectually active times, have proved the capacity of the sex in the highest departments of analytical criticism. The present work in which "the characteristics of women" are illustrated by an examination of the heroines of Shakspeare's plays, is one of the author's first, and in many respects, the most vigorous and thoughtful of her productions. In grasp of reason, and breadth of imaginative insight and sagacity, Mrs. Jameson has, among contemporary female writers, but few equals, and this, the initial volume of a full and elegant edition of her works, will be hailed, no doubt, with pleasure, by her many admirers in this country.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, whose enterprise, at present, seems to be at high flood, have commenced the publication of "*A Household Edition of the Waverly Novels*," to be embraced in *forty volumes*, and at a price so reasonable as to be within the reach of the most destitute literary man in the country.

We acknowledge the receipt of the first three novels of the series, "*Waverly*," "*Guy Mannering*," and "*The Antiquary*."

These are admirably gotten up,—well printed—well bound—and profusely illustrated in the best style of art. Our readers should examine the edition for themselves. We will insure them against disappointment.

An Address upon "*What is Freemasonry?*" By Theo. S. Gourdin, delivered before the Richland Lodge, at Columbia, on St. John the Evangelist's day, is a learned and exceedingly elaborate *resumé* of the various dissertations upon this curious subject, which, to the bewilderment of the uninitiated, but the edification of the "Brothers," have appeared at different periods in the history of the Order. The author must have bestowed immense pains upon his task, which has been accomplished in a thorough manner, and no doubt to the entire satisfaction of the class of readers to whom his *brochure* is more particularly addressed.

Semi-Centennial Address delivered before the Washington Light Infantry, in the South-Carolina Institute Hall, on the 23d Feb., 1857. By the Hon. W. D. Porter.

This is an elaborate and philosophical discourse, not so much upon the great events of our Revolutionary era, (as is usual in such addresses,) but upon the character and the *morale* of Washington. Mr. Porter's analysis is just, subtle, and vigorous. The *cant*, still lamentably common, which would exalt Washington's purity, and goodness of heart and life, at the expense of his *genius*, is refuted with irresistible logic—the logic of appreciation and sympathetic insight, embodied in language of peculiar simplicity and force

Indeed, the production rises very far above the level of an occasional oration. We regard it as a permanent contribution to our literature. It could have proceeded only from a matured and consistent *Thinker*, and is a model of good taste, no less than of accurate discrimination, and a capital adjustment of parts.

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LETTER FROM GENEVA,

TO THE EVANGELICAL CHRISTIANS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

The celebrated historian of the Reformation, Merle D'Aubigné, with forty-six others, Presidents, Professors and members of Evangelical Churches and other Societies in Geneva, Switzerland, addressed a letter, on the 31st of March, 1857, to the Evangelical Christians of the United States on the subject of slavery. It has been published and widely circulated. We propose to give it a respectful answer.

We begin by objecting to the whole purpose of the letter, independently of its argument, as unauthorized, injudicious, and productive of evil. The writers profess to be induced by zeal only in the *cause of truth;* by a desire to see the great American Republic relieved from every *impediment in diffusing religious truth among all nations;* by a conviction that Providence has *fixed a great focus of light in the United States.* They wish to increase it. They fear that slavery *is a cause of weakness and they are anxious to remove it.*— The thought presses on their hearts. They invoke *us by the peace and glory of our country, by true liberty, and the cause of Christianity,* to bring about *a suppression of slavery.* "They do not claim the right to impose opinions by authority—the Pope of Rome alone believes that he has that power."— They would exercise the right only of Christian liberty, and send us their remonstrance as a token of Christian love. They believe that those who differ from them in opinion on the subject at issue are sincere and upright men. They do not wish to offend their brethren, but to do them good.

If everything claimed for the intention of the writers be freely and fully conceded, their proceeding will make no exception to the truth that goodness of intention alone, in any important action, is not enough. Its purity is no justification or excuse for interfering—we will not say intermeddling—in the

affairs of a distant and independent community—still less in a difficult and disputed question of social policy which divides and inflames the minds of its people.

They address themselves to prejudiced and angry partizans. Their letter is welcomed on the one side as a support; it is resented on the other as an attack. It is not sufficient to say that nothing of the sort is intended. We know it is not intended. But, we repeat, goodness of intention is no defence for causing mischief. If it is the Christian's duty to do good, it is his duty also to refrain from the appearance of evil. If he must impart benefits, he must beware lest his intended benefits prove firebrands of discord and death. To intervene in the affairs or disputes of others, promotes dissention, not peace. The maxim needs no illustration. It applies alike to individuals, families, societies and nations.

At all times, States and communities are the best judges of their own business. Neither governors nor counsellors a long way off are safe and sufficient guides. Our whole American history is an assertion and vindication of this truth. No government abroad, proprietary or royal, satisfied our people. They never ceased to contend until they had established the right to manage their own affairs in their own way. Our country's great maxim is not to interfere with others and not to permit interference in her affairs. This is the best security for peace among nations. Let the lovers of peace be cautious how they infringe the spirit of the rule in the least important particular.

Our friends of Geneva are not interfering as a State with a State, but as a Society of Christians with other Christian Societies.—They are only the more subject, therefore, to the application of the rule. If interference be indefensible, it is the more indefensible when forced or attempted by Christian communities.

They are governed, as they think, by a principle of conscience. Alas, Christian friends! this opinion only increases the probability of mischief by concealing the danger. We never do evil, says the incomparable Pascal, so cheerfully and effectually as when we do it on a false principle of conscience. Can you be sure that your uninvited interference in the domestic policy of a distant people is resting on a true one? You believe that God has called you, "in a special manner," to interpose on this occasion.—Where is the evidence? You tell us that you will say to us, as St. Paul said to the Corinthians, in advising them, "if we are foolish, it is for the love of you." But St. Paul had the charge of the Church at Corinth; he had proof of being called in a special manner. You have no charge in this matter, and no proof of a special calling. If, nevertheless, the Apostle apologized in advising, what shall we say of your venturing to do what he excused himself for doing.

You do not claim "*the right to impose opinions by authority—the Pope alone believes that he has that power.*" Yet the Pope of Rome is silent where you assume to speak. You charge him with arrogating the power which you quietly and substantially exercise, but which, in this matter, he has never undertaken to assert.

You do not impose opinions—very true; but there is a small interval only between imposing opinions and imposing advice. How easy to pass from one to the other! The invitation of a monarch is a command. The counsel of authority implies submission. The temper that volunteers advice is the

temper that exacts obedience. The power may be wanting, but not the will. The man who denounces one creed will enforce another by violent means. You who now volunteer counsel on our principles and practice, under different circumstances, from similar views, with equal good intentions, would compel obedience to what you believe to be the will of God and the good of the Church. Is there no lamentable fact in the history of Geneva itself, which may serve, in reference to this truth, as an illustration and a warning?

It is the duty of Christians, you think, to feel a warm sympathy in the condition and character of other Christians; to be active in giving effect to their sympathy; to be ready not only with their prayers but with counsel and other aid. All this is true, but all within just limits only. They may advise, but the advice must be sought, it must be founded on a thorough knowledge of the facts; of the temper of the party advised; of the limits of his means and power to act; of the effects direct and indirect of the measure suggested for adoption. Do you stand within these limits? Have you the necessary knowledge for judicious counsel? You say to us *if* your custom is this, *if* your practice is that—*if the slave is not allowed by law to attend public worship; if* it is *unlawful to instruct the children of slaves;* "if the master acquires possession of a woman as if she were his own wife;" *if* these and other facts are true, can your laws you ask us, be compatible with the eternal principles of Christianity? You thus grope about, on hands and knees, to seek what ground you stand upon or whether you stand on any. You go on blindly to give counsel as though your *ifs* were facts, while, in truth, they are slanders only on your American brethren. Are they not founded on hearsay, on the inventions of a fictitious story? We greatly fear that you have no better authority for your opinions than the incidents of a popular tale. Have you been cautious and considerate in this matter? Have you borne in mind the proneness that besets us all to assume the office of supervising our brother's affairs and teaching him his duties—the ease with which we decide what it becomes others to do or bear, or suffer; the equanimity with which we support another's pains or losses; the generosity with which we do liberal deeds at another's cost—have these things been sufficiently before your eyes?

You admit that there are, in the Southern States of North America, "just and moderate men in abundance." There is more than this. There are well educated, wise, devout and holy men, laborious teachers and ministers of Christian truth, men who traverse interminable forests, crossing mighty rivers, braving the malaria of deadly regions, not unworthy followers and fellow labourers of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, in deaths often, in perils of the wilderness, in hunger, in cold, in nakedness, perseveringly and successfully preaching the whole gospel of Christ. Are you acquainted, as they are, with the negro character—his need of subjection, his inability to sustain any competition with the white man, his dullness, his idleness, his improvidence? It is easy to say that all this is the delusion of the slaveholder. But can you know it to be so? What are your opportunities for knowing? You make no investigation. You take the opinions of those ready like yourselves to interfere without knowledge! Is

this Christian humility or candour or just respect for the character of Christian men as wise and good as yourselves, and infinitely better informed on the question which you undertake to decide? Never has there been a stronger illustration of the truth that it is a small thing to be judged of man's judgment.—Who are ye that judge these devout and laborious men? Have you stood face to face, as they do, with the social condition of which you speak? Have you searched it as they search it? Can you understand it as they do? Have you been engaged, as slaveholding Christians have been for a century, in caring for the negro race, in feeding, clothing, training to useful labour, restraining, instructing, civilizing, christianizing the African? The Christian masters and ministers of the Southern States have done and are doing all this. What have you done? What labours have you performed? What sacrifice have you made? By what right do you assume that you are the negro's friend, and his master his foe? Let us be understood—we make no boast, we claim no merit. We have done only what Providence appointed us to do—very imperfectly, it may be, without sufficient devotion to the divine will of which we are the instruments and agents! But all that has been done the slaveholders have done. It has been done with immense benefit to the African race. Where else do you find them, as you find them here, efficient labourers, living in peace, bestowing blessings on the whole world; civilized men, compared with the natives of Africa? Who supplies your manufactories with cotton? Who furnishes to your labourers the soothing influences of their indispensable narcotic? Who produces the sugar and rice that add to your comforts and luxuries? Is it the African in Africa? Do you obtain these great commercial products from Guinea and Angola? And where else, except among the slaves of the Southern States of America, are seen, in hundreds of thousands, negroes composing Christian Churches in whole or in part? Where else will you find multitudes of negroes able to read the Gospel? In what other region has the African increased, in a century, from 300,000 to 3,000,000? And now when the negro has been converted from a savage to a man, to a prosperous and intelligent peasant, artisan and Christian, by those who have lived with him and guided and governed him, you stand afar off and undertake to reprove their remissness and direct their proceedings. You call across the Atlantic to the labourers in this remote Christian vineyard, who are diligently and faithfully preaching and teaching, by precept and example, every moral and religious duty, and administering from day to day the Christian sacraments to thousands of churches composed of Christian negroes, and you say to them, my Christian brethren, *if your slaves are not allowed to attend on public worship, if you never teach them, if you have as many wives as you have negro women slaves*, we exhort you to hear our counsel offered with Christian liberty, in Christian love.

As it has been the lot of the Christian slaveholder to do all that has been done, it will be for him and him alone to do all that is to be done for the negro race in North America. It is not the task of a day or a century to change a barbarous to a civilized race. It needs time, patience, perseverance. The present civilization of Europe is the work of more than two thousand years. You are impatient, you

would anticipate the labour of ages —you who have no portion in the toil, no part of the responsibility, no share in the risk arising from injudicious or hurried proceedings— you are unwilling to leave the business to Providence and to the agencies chosen for it by Providence. We are as willing to do what is right as you are; we alone are able to do any thing in this matter; we ask you with all Christian frankness to stand aside and let us do our work. It is ours, not yours. You may embarrass, but you cannot help us. You may trouble us, but you cannot share our task.

You advise us to abolish slavery —are you prepared to offer us a plan for effecting it with safety and advantage to all parties? The physician who is content to tell his patients that they are sick and suggests no practicable cure, of who prescribes medicine and knows nothing of its virtues, will command no confidence in his skill. You tell us we are suffering under an evil; you call upon us to remove it; can you devise any mode of doing so with that regard for the general safety which ought, you think, to be carefully considered? What is to be done with the blacks when manumitted. The race, although improved in North America, is still a barbarous one. They are sluggish and sensual. They are inferior to the white not only in actual progress, but in ability to advance. They cannot, like the freedmen of Greece or Rome, melt into the mass of freemen. People of the same type, English and Irish, German and French, are easily moulded into one American mass, but there is no possible compounding of white and black.— This may seem very unreasonable and wrong to you who know nothing of the difficulty, but it is not the less true. If the two races remain together in the same country, the destruction of the inferior becomes inevitable. We ask you to be taught by history. The great tribes of red men who formerly inhabited North America have all perished from between the Mississippi and the ocean. The black millions would be equally unfortunate if removed from the control and care of the white race. They could not sustain a competition for bread with a more intelligent rival. This is seen to be true in Canada and in the Northern States. From this cause, with no wars to precipitate it, the extirpation of the blacks must follow manumission. Even where climate protects him from white competition and its consequences, the black deteriorates in freedom. Eye witnesses in the English West India Possessions, declare that he is more idle, vicious, and ignorant than when a slave. His progress in civilization seems to be conditional on his subjection to a more intelligent and energetic people. Suppose, then, that as the necessary consequence of manumission, the black race should waste away and perish; or, that they should become more idle, vicious, improvident and miserable. What then? will you still say to us manumit your slaves? Will you disorganize the labour of a whole country, endanger its existence, destroy its great commercial products so important to the whole world, with the certainty of ruin to the race you desire to benefit? Will you convert three millions of useful labourers into paupers and thieves that could not remain in their present home and that would not find homes any where else? We are afraid that you have never given a thought to the subject. If you have, give us your plan.

In the early history of the church,

we can find no examples of one society of Christians interposing with unasked advice, or instruction, or otherwise, in the affairs of another. We see but one in which there was any interference at all. When certain parties from the hill country of Judea troubled the Gentile converts with unauthorized teachings and advisings, seeking to impose as Christian duties what were none, an appeal was made to the Apostles and Elders at Jerusalem—to the inspired teachers of Christianity. The men who troubled the churches were rebuked. The Council, under the immediate influence of the holy spirit, advised or admonished the Churches. Do you hold the same authority as the Apostles? Have you been called upon in like manner to advise? Can you claim the same special guidance of the holy spirit? Or are you not rather in the position of the parties against whom the Council was called and the decision made? We fear so. You have troubled Christian societies with teachings not in Scripture.—You have attempted to impose on them as Christian duties what they deny to be such. It was the duty of circumcision formerly. It is the duty of abolishing slavery now.—There are no living inspired Apostles; we must turn, therefore, to their writings. Show us in these writings the Apostles' precept—manumit your slaves. It would be as easy to find one commanding Christians to circumcise their children. You are teaching without authority what the Apostles have not taught; you are giving counsel where it has not been invited; you interfere in the social condition of a remote community where you may do harm to the cause of Christ but can do no good.

We make these remarks in no captious or unkind spirit. But the surest way to promote the brotherly intercourse of Christian churches and communities is to restrict it within safe and legitimate limits. Even between friend and friend, advice, if unasked, is unseasonable, or unfounded on sufficient knowledge of the facts of the case and the feelings of the parties, is always injudicious, seldom useful, often mischievous. It has already produced the worst consequences among our American churches. The intervention of those abroad can only increase the mischief. There are now divisions and dissentions arising from the attempt of some to assume control over the consciences of others. You may increase the evil by interposing; you cannot remove or lessen it.

And here, with a protest against the whole form and purpose of the letter from Geneva, we might close our answer or review. But we are reluctant to seem wanting in respect for the authors and their arguments, or unwilling to give them our most serious attention. We will, therefore, proceed to examine the reasons against slavery which they are pleased to assign.

They begin with arguments of more general consideration, but rely on such as apply peculiarly to Christian men. "We might remind you, they say, that slavery is contrary to natural rights; that all men having freedom alike cannot be deprived of that liberty unless forfeited by some criminal act; that the right of property in men and things is widely different; that no man is allowed to sell a human being as he would a material thing." And they quote the remarks of Montesquieu as to the injurious effects of slavery on both master and slave. To such remarks it is enough to say that slavery is not a new thing under the sun. It has existed in all ages of the world,

and its injurious effects, whatever they may be, have not prevented the masters of slaves from being the most renowned warriors, the most eloquent orators, judicious historians and profound philosophers, the most accomplished poets, painters, sculptors, architects that the world has yet seen.

Nothing, Christian friends, can be more delusive and dangerous in practical questions than conclusions drawn from theories of natural rights. The French revolution was a grand drama arranged to illustrate and enforce this important truth. It overturned all social, civil and political relations. It decreed an end to all religion. It was the first to abolish negro slavery. The present abolition spirit is the legitimate offspring of the school of liberty, equality, fraternity, whose doctors and apostles were Gregoire, Brissot and Robespierre, and whose legitimate effects were brutal massacres, at which the world still stands aghast. We detest them and all their cant. There is no state of nature. It is unknown among the most barbarous tribes. Men exist in societies only. They are born into certain conditions, subject to certain restraints and penalties, imposed by governments over which they have no control. Their rights are determined by laws, and laws are what the good of society requires them to be. Whatever this may demand, society has the right to enact. You admit that a man may be deprived of his freedom for a criminal offence. Why so? Why should the law deprive a felon of his freedom? It may do more, it may take his life. If society can take life to secure what it deems the good of society, will it be pretended that it cannot for the same reason compel its members to serve it as slaves? If the reason is sufficient to imprison or hang one man, is it not enough to enslave another? We say nothing of the looseness of thought or language by which you confound the condition of the prisoner and the slave and regard them as deprived of liberty in the same sense. But supposing that they are, what right has the State in the case of the criminal that it has not in an equal degree in that of the slave? If the good of society does not require the enslaving a part of its population or the imprisonment of the criminal, it is wrong to enslave or imprison, if it does require them, it is right. In either case the discretion of society must of necessity be the measure of the right. It has been exercised accordingly, in all ages, by all States, and when it is said that a man cannot be deprived of his freedom except for a criminal offence, the assertion is made in defiance of the codes of all nations, beginning with that of the great legislator and prophet of Judea. It is in vain to say in the face of all example to the contrary, that the good of a State can never require the enslaving of a part of its people. This is simply assuming as true the whole question that you undertake to prove. It is making your judgment the standard of right; it is asserting what you disclaim—the power to impose opinions by authority. Others have attempted to prove that the good of society never requires the gibbet or the jail; that criminals should not be deprived of life or freedom; that education only should be opposed to crime. They may with equal reason demand that their dogmas should be assumed as truth.

The Southern States of North America judge it to be essential to their welfare that the negro portion of their population should be

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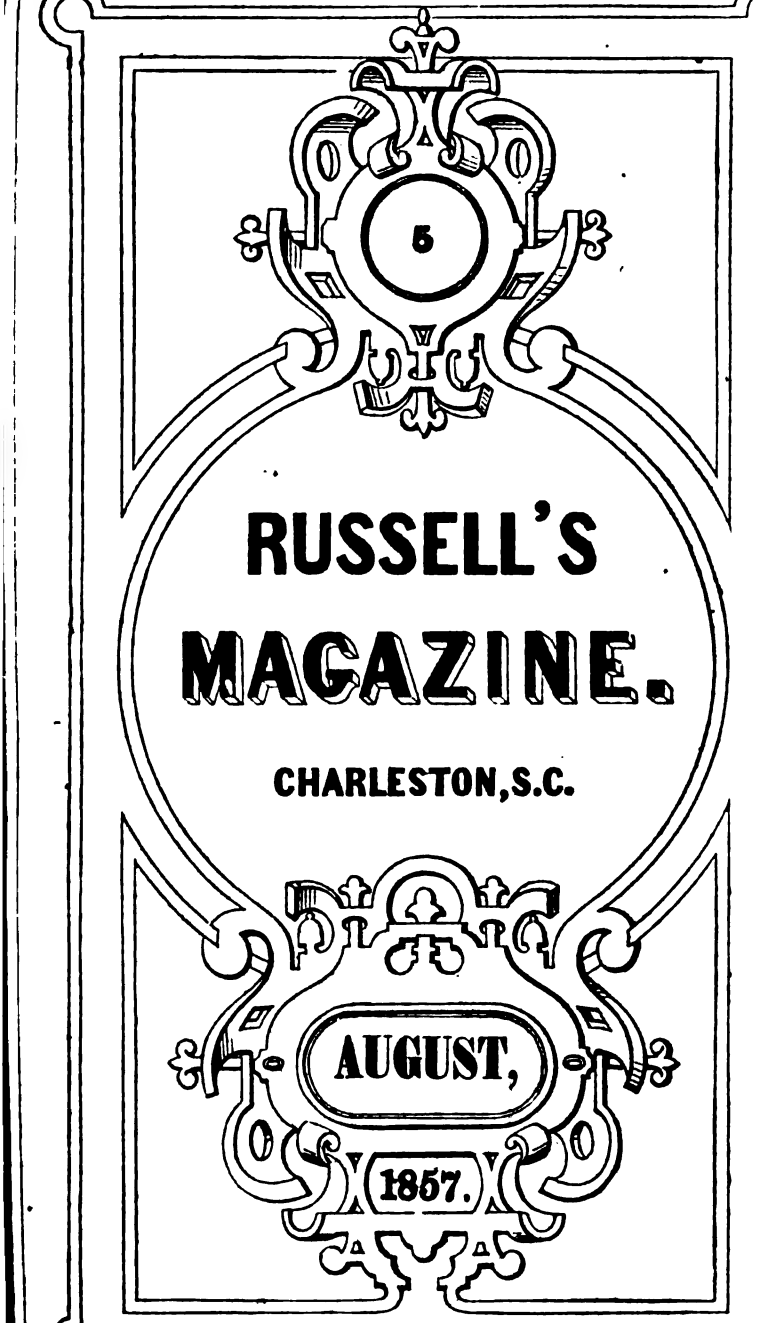
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says one thing; and you make a parenthesis of half a dozen words demonstrate the reverse. You are aware that a number of the ablest commentators, from Chrysostom to the present time, give the passage a meaning which, they say, the original demands, and which is the very opposite to your own. They construe the words in the parenthesis to this effect—If thou art a slave care not for it, (*and even if you may obtain freedom, remain nevertheless in your station.*) The interpretation is in harmony with the whole passage, and renders it more emphatic still. Yours contradicts and confuses it. There is yet another sense in which the words may be taken, which we suggest as the meaning of the Apostle. A Christian slave offered his freedom might have been embarrassed, under the strong peremptory teaching of the Apostle, to decide whether he could, if he wished it, accept the offer or not. To relieve that embarrassment, the Apostle limits his precept and leaves the decision to the slave's discretion—if offered freedom, he says, you may accept it; you will not in so doing disregard my precepts. This interpretation conforms to the general purpose of his instructions. But to represent him as engaged in demonstrating certain abstract propositions concerning freedom or slavery, is incompatible with its whole aim and meaning. He was giving practical rules for the regulation of life in every condition, not suggesting reasons for preferring one condition to another.

But if this parenthetical remark addressed to the slave is to be regarded as affirming that slavery is inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity, something more decided still must be inculcated on the master by the Apostle. He has not preached to the slave and been silent to the master in a matter that concerns them both. You must show us his injunction to masters. You are convinced that this is necessary, and accordingly you quote Eph. vi. 9: "Before the Lord in heaven the slave is as the free;" and I. Cor. xii. 13, "We are baptised into one body, whether we be bond or free;" and lastly, Col. iii., 11th, "There is neither bond or free but Christ is all in all." These passages you adduce to prove that the Apostle teaches the master that slavery is inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity; and you go on to ask, whether God is not the God of the black man as well as the white man; whether the blood of the cross does not cover the sins of the one as well as the other; whether the holy spirit makes any distinction of colour. The Apostle expressly tells us that the holy spirit makes no distinction, in spiritual things, between white or black, lord or labourer, prince or peasant, ruler or ruled, doctor or disciple; and, lest Christians should be misled by this truth, as they have been often and grievously—to overturn all government, to abolish slavery, to level the condition of ruler and ruled, prince and peasant, doctor and disciple, he enjoins on them with repeated, emphatic, peremptory earnestness to remain content with their conditions, to submit to rulers, to obey masters, for distinctions in temporal things are made by providence—the powers that be are ordained of God.

But assuredly if the Apostle had intended to teach the Christian Church that slavery is inconsistent with "the eternal principles of Christianity," he would not have been content with hinting this truth indirectly and obscurely, and leaving to modern believers to supply his imperfect doctrine. Was he slack or careless or timid or time-

serving in preaching the Gospel? Woe is unto me, he says, if I preach not the Gospel. Was he indirect, whose peculiar excellence it was to be plain and straight forward, and not as one beating the air. Was he fearful of consequences, who traveled through perils and sufferings innumerable, to final martyrdom?—Was he backward to incur responsibility, who condemned every sin and social evil, who omitted to notice no abuse even in dress or manners? If slavery is what you represent it to be, an offence among Christians *not to be told in Gath nor published in the streets of Ascalon*, it is as certain as truth, that the Apostle has explicitly denounced it. He has not been content with a side-wise condemnation of it. It was part of the gospel ministry to reprove it. If he neglected to reprove it openly and fearlessly, he has incurred the woe which he invoked on himself if he preached not the gospel. He had the subject repeatedly before him. He enjoined on masters their duties to their slaves. And yet, you say, he omitted the most important of them all. Either the Apostle shrunk from his duty, or you, my good friends, are mistaken in yours.

You feel this difficulty. It is indeed not to be escaped. Therefore, to meet it, you say "Christianity did not lay violent or imprudent hands on civil institutions." This is the reason assigned why the Apostle has not performed the duty which you are now performing for him. But, to enjoin masters to manumit their slaves, would in no wise have laid violent hands on civil institutions. It was no infringement of civil institutions in the Roman Empire to manumit a slave. Nothing was more common. The Apostle would have affronted no law, custom or prejudice, by enjoining it. He might have said to his converts manumit your slaves as heathen masters continually manumit theirs. It is of daily occurrence among them. Do not allow their benevolence to exceed yours. Was it assailing civil institutions to advise Christians to do what all the world were doing? It was more easy to manumit the slave then than now. The slave of Greek, Roman, or Hebrew, was of no inferior race. The freedman easily amalgamated with the mass of freemen. The slave was often the equal of his master in learning, accomplishments and manners. A generation removed all distinctions. There was no insuperable barrier of colour or inferior capacity. There was no question then, as now, what is to become of the manumitted slaves.

But if to manumit a slave was to lay violent hands on civil institutions, the Apostle nevertheless, as we believe, would not have hesitated to enjoin the manumission of slaves, had he believed slavery to be inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity. He would have reproved it with as little scruple as he reproved the worship of idols. Idolatry made a part of the civil government. To refuse attendance in the national temples was an offence to the laws. Did the Apostle hesitate to denounce idolatry? We are commanded to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's—tribute to whom tribute is due.—But it is not due to Cæsar to commit sin. Every sin is condemned. If to hold a slave is a sin, it was as open to reproof as worshipping an idol. In forbearing to reprove it, through his whole ministry, the Apostle was grievously neglecting his duty. But he could not have disregarded the duties of his ministry or failed in fighting the good fight to which he had devoted his whole life. The only alternative conclusion is that the opinion which

makes slavery inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity is a dogma of modern invention, and a corruption of Christian doctrine. It is false, or the Apostles were unfaithful.

You say that the Apostles did not lay imprudent hands on civil institutions, but gave precepts that would bring about the suppression of all abuses, and you intimate that for this cause they laid no injunction on masters to manumit their slaves. Why then have you not followed the Apostle's example? His silence is full of meaning. It means that his disciples are not to say what he refrained from saying. In teaching what he has not taught, are you not incurring the anathema on those who preach any other gospel than he preached? Why do you advise where he forbore? If to advise manumission is laying violent hands on civil institutions, why do you lay violent hands on civil institutions—on those too of a distant people with whom you have no immediate concern? Are you not doing more? Are you not laying imprudent hands on the orderings of God's Providence?—Is it not probable, fellow Christians, that God's overruling will has brought to North America these millions of Africans for some good purpose? May you not safely trust the event to his wisdom and to the precepts that you say are to bring about the suppression of all abuses? Will your interference quicken their operation or give shape to God's purposes? When you go a long way off to do the work of others may you not be neglecting your own? We think this consideration has some weight and is entitled to your serious attention.

Would it not be wiser then to leave this whole social question of negro slavery in North America to those who are most deeply concerned, to whom Providence has assigned it, who know it best, who are, in all respects, better fitted than you can be, for meeting its difficulties? Your American brethren, we venture to assure you, are as sincere Christians, as anxious to do their duty, as quick to see it, as those who give them counsel. We say it with no lack of respect, or kindness, or just appreciation of the friendly intentions that have produced your letter. But we fear, nevertheless, that you have only added another illustration to the truth of the maxim, "ne accesseris in concilium antequam vocaris."

SONG.

Where honey suckles breathe perfume,
And warm, soft, sunny rays are shining,
Where jessamines in clusters bloom,
Their tendrils round oak-sprigs entwining;

Here sitting oft, as in a trance,
I dream of her whom most I cherished,
Her gentle mien and tender glance,
With whom love, hope, ambition perished.

'Tis but a dream, a vision bright,
In the deep night of sadness gleaming,
As transient as the meteors's light,
One moment, but a moment beaming:

And yet it gladdens me the while
O'er the swift course of life's dark river,
Casting the sunshine of a smile,
Which, sudden quenched, is gone forever.

ESTCOURT:

THE MEMOIRS OF A VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SECRET HAND.

At the moment when Frank Hay rushed forth into the storm, bent upon discovering and protecting the young girl who had so abruptly abandoned his apartment, Estcourt, sitting in the old Library room at Fairfield, leaned his pale brow upon one hand, and for a time seemed to yield himself to a flood of memories and dreams.

In vain did the storm roar without. The murky lightning divided with its forked tongue the gathering darkness unseen. The pale thinker neither raised his head nor looked forth for an instant upon the bowed trees and the black clouds.

It was that terrible anniversary of which he had spoken—and, for the moment, Estcourt appeared to be dead to the real world; his eyes, fixed and absent, appeared to gaze upon past scenes—his lips moved and uttered only disjointed words, half sentences or weary sighs.

"Well, well," he murmured at last, raising his head and smiling sadly, "I dwell too much on this. I must banish these haunting thoughts and recollections—I forget that the actual world of the present calls upon me—that I have duties to myself and others. I think with the passing years I grow less and less despairing—I even dream that this visit will be the last—that some great change in my life comes. Who knows?"

He remained for half an hour silent and immoveable, then rising to his feet:

"I will go and find if I am wrong," he said.

The storm, which still thundered without, seemed to give him no uneasiness—even no thought; and summoning a servant, he ordered his horse Bogus to be brought to the door.

Fifteen minutes afterwards he was in the saddle, sweeping in a rapid gallop toward the house in the woods.

As the distance diminished, and fled backward beneath the hoofs of his rapid animal, and the small cottage for a moment appeared in the distance, indistinct in the fast coming darkness, Estcourt's gloom seemed to return—he no longer smiled. Deep sighs issued from his trembling lips, and more than once the words "poor, poor Frances!" betrayed the direction of his thoughts. Other murmured words showed that his memory was again busy with the past—with those happy scenes of his youth which he had narrated to the painter—it was plain that the solitary being thus breasting the fury of the storm, thought neither of the roaring thunder, the drenching rain, or the terrible lightning—far away, in other scenes, and under a serene heaven, he clasped the hand of a woman whom he loved, and smiled as he looked into her eyes.

The speed of his horse was so great that Estcourt soon passed

over the few miles which separated him from the lonely cottage, and ere long it rose as it were from the foliage, and came towards him, nearly shrouded in darkness, and illumined only by the vivid lightning flashes.

All at once, Estcourt checked his horse, nearly throwing the animal upon his haunches. As he did so, a sort of shudder passed over his frame—through the window of *the room*, he saw a light burning.

"Pshaw!" he murmured, passing one hand over his pale brow, "I am really a child, or my nerves are deranged. True, I forbade old Job to carry a light thither ever, or even so much as to enter the room—but doubtless 'tis some accident!"

He then put spurs to his horse, and rapidly arriving at the gate dismounted, securing the bridle to a drooping bough.

As he approached the small portico, his spurs striking upon the paved way, Estcourt's piercing glance plunged through the half closed shutters, and another shudder convulsed his frame, far more violent than before. He thought that he saw a shadow on the wall. For a moment he remained motionless—then summoning all his strength hastily opened the outer door, then the door of the apartment.

He did not pass the threshold. The sight which met his distended eyes seemed to paralyze him—and pale, trembling, drawing labored and convulsive breaths, he leaned against the embrasure of the door, as though he were about to faint.

The spectacle which he witnessed was indeed calculated to try his nerves to the utmost. The apartment was not untenanted—but its tenant appeared to have arisen from the dead. The portrait seemed to have stepped from its frame and descended to its customary seat while living. Before Estcourt, full in the light of a lamp placed upon the table, and further lit up by the ruddy blaze of burning wood in the fire place, sat the woman who had been dead for a score of years—the woman or her spirit—in her hands the moth eaten lace which she had laid down, to go and die—wrapped around her the peculiar blue scarf of the portrait—on her lips the same sad smile—in her blue eyes the same sweetness—on her auburn hair, falling in profuse curls, the same golden light, which dwelt forever in the memory of the man who now gazed upon the frightful scene, trembling and apparently about to lose his senses.

Shudder after shudder passed over Estcourt's frame as he looked; his wild eyes glowed like flame in his pallid countenance, and the solid oak of the door seemed to crack beneath the convulsive clutch of his hand.

Suddenly he retreated a step—the figure had risen and turned toward him, with an air of embarrassment and fright.

"Frances!" escaped in a terrible whisper from Estcourt's lips.

"Yes, sir," said the figure, blushing, "that is my name—not Miss Felton. I do not know how you discovered it—I suppose Mr. Hay told you. I was out in the storm, and took refuge here. I am very, very sorry, sir, to see you so much distressed—my unfortunate likeness to the portrait I fear has moved you—some one who was dear to you——."

Estcourt passed his hand over his forehead, dripping with cold perspiration, and breathed heavily. For some moments he looked silently at the young girl—taking in every detail of her person—the melancholy sweetness of lips and eyes—the modest drooping head—the attitude full of maidenly innocence

and purity. As she stood thus before him, he at once recognized the young actress—and sighing deeply, he advanced with a low bow, and held out his hand.

"You have rightly supposed, madam," he said, "that your resemblance to the portrait here startled me. The original of that picture was a very dear—friend. You are very welcome to my poor roof, believe me. And now may I ask you a question? Whence did you procure that scarf and costume—the sight of it pains me deeply."

"I am very, very sorry, sir," replied the young woman, "but I am scarcely to blame. I took shelter here from the storm, and was kindly received by an old negro woman, who made the fire for me and supplied me with dry clothing, my own being drenched."

"A negro woman?"

"There she is, sir."

And Frances pointed to the door where an old woman, with a white handkerchief around her head, was smiling and curtseying. Estcourt sternly demanded of the woman why she had entered this apartment, but after hearing her explanation, his displeasure vanished—the crime was plainly unintentional. Old Job had been taken very sick on the day before, and the old negro woman, who lived on a neighboring plantation, had come to nurse the patriarch. To her had the young girl proffered her plea for shelter, and the old lady had in the most matter of fact way kindled a fire in the fire place—lit the lamp, and ransacking an old chest of drawers, brought forth a change of apparel, which she declared with a smile very old fashioned, but dry and comfortable. She had then bustled out to get some supper for the "poor lorn child," whose sad look moved her sympathies—and during this interval, while Frances was looking with strange curiosity at the moth eaten lace, Estcourt had entered.

The explanation had just been finished, when the front door of the mansion was violently thrown open and Mr. Frank Hay appeared upon the threshold.

"Thank heaven, you are safe!" he cried, drawing a long breath, and taking off his dripping hat, then suddenly seeing Estcourt, he exclaimed, "Why cousin!—how in the world——! *you* here in this storm!"

"Yes," said the elder, with a sad smile, "it seems like a family reunion! A singular series of chances, indeed—but how is it that I find you here, Frank. The explanation of *my* presence is very simple—the mansion is my property. This young lady, also, by some misfortune, has been caught in the storm—but you——."

"I followed her!" cried Frank, with a laugh, "and I'm glad she's safe. My *dear* Miss Felton—no, Miss Frances Temple!—why *did* you leave my roof, that is, my lodgings? You distress me extremely."

Before the girl could reply, Estcourt interrupted her.

"Temple, did you say?" he exclaimed, turning to the young man, "did you say——?"

"That this is Miss Frances Temple, cousin? Yes—she signed her true name to a note left in my apartment."

"Frances Temple!" said Estcourt, gazing fixedly at the girl," is that your name Miss?"

"Yes, sir—my true name."

"Your parents were——."

"My father's name was Robert and my mother's Ann. They died in the province of Massachusetts Bay, but I believe I was born in the South, sir."

"You are my cousin!" said Estcourt, with a smile of pleasure.

"Strange! But before I explain, tell me how you could possibly have come to be an actress?"

With this demand, the young girl, thrilling with a vague wonder and agitation, hastened to comply. The narrative was not a long one. Her parents had been reduced to utter poverty by a ruinous commercial enterprise, rashly undertaken by Mr. Temple, and thus, when a little child, the girl had been thrown upon the tender mercies of some cold and selfish acquaintances rather than friends. Frances, at length, became the property as it were of an ancient maiden lady, of sour temper, who forced her to do the sewing of the entire household, and treated her with the most cruel neglect. Half supplied only with coarse and unwholesome food, and compelled to labor almost day and night, the girl's spirit had been, at the end of some years, almost completely broken; and in despair, she had looked around her for some means of escaping from her cruel mistress. At last this chance occurred. A company of strolling players visited the village, and it suddenly flashed upon her mind that she might be engaged to keep the wardrobes of the actors in good order with her needle. She lost no time in applying on the last evening of the company's stay, and manager Bilks readily assented, imagining, most probably, that the girl would be of use to him in other ways—and that, having once gotten her in his power, he would be her master. The bargain was, therefore, soon concluded, and early on the next morning the girl escaped, carefully concealed in one of the vans of the company. She had fulfilled her duties as seamstress for a year, travelling everywhere; and finally the actors came to Williamsburg. Here, for the first time, Mr. Bilks compelled her to appear as an actress. She could not act, said the poor girl, sobbing, and she knew Mr. Bilks would punish her if she stayed. She was taken away by Mr. Hay, but could not——.

"There, there, cousin Frances," said Estcourt, who had listened with deep astonishment, "do not further distress yourself. At last your troubles are all ended now. Strange!—but it is true—you are my relative. You are also the relative of the original of that portrait, who was my cousin."

Estcourt's eyes were fixed for a moment on the picture, but they quickly returned to the face of the girl, from which it scarcely seemed possible for him now to divert his gaze.

"Why what a strange likeness between the portrait and cousin Frances," cried Frank, agitated, but supremely happy, "for you know, cousin, she's kin to me too, if she is to you!"

"Yes," said Estcourt briefly.

"I say, cousin," said Frank, "who was that on the wall so like Frances! and do *you* own this house."

"Yes—it is my property," returned the other, "see the storm is gradually passing off."

"But you have not answered my question."

"Your question—oh, yes! You asked who painted that picture, did you not? His name was Denner, if I recall it rightly."

Frank laughed.

"Why, I must be very stupid," he said, "I can't express myself. I asked you who that was a portrait of up there—hanged if she is'nt like me, too, as well as Frances! Her name, cousin."

"A Miss Dew," returned Estcourt, coolly, "an old friend of mine, Frank!"

"I'd swear I had seen her

some where!" said the young man, gazing at the picture, "could I——."

"No," said Estcourt, cold and gloomy, "she died before you were—before you had passed your infancy—some twenty years ago."

"Did she—that is strange! And you own this house? Singular I never knew it!"

"Yes, it is mine."

"I say," said Frank, laughing again, "what a jolly looking old place it is! Looks as old as the hills—and there's a book on the floor!"

The young man caught up, as he spoke, the volume lying open upon the carpet. As he did so, a stifled sound issued from Estcourt's lips, and he half extended his hand to take the book from the hands of his companion.

"Why, it's a Bible!" said Frank, who had not observed this movement, "and here are two verses marked in pencil: 'Save me, O God; for the waters are come in unto my soul. I sink in deep mire where there is no standing: I am come into deep waters where the floods overflow me."

"Poor thing!" said Frank, passing, as was his wont, from laughter to sadness, "'the floods overflow me!' Then she must have been unhappy."

Estcourt made no reply. Shading his eyes with his hands, as though the light were painful, his gaze rivetted itself with a strange intensity upon the careless young man—a gaze full of pensive and mournful tenderness.

"Why, I can't close it!" cried Frank, "I can't shut the book. It must have lain here a long time! And the leaves are dropping to pieces!"

As he spoke the young man turned the decayed leaves, which crumbled beneath his fingers, falling in yellow scraps to the floor. As he came to the fly leaf, some faded writing attracted his attention.

"'*To my own Frances*,'" he read, "signed '*Edmund*.' Was that you, cousin, and was *her* name Frances too?"

"Yes," said Estcourt, in a low tone.

"Well, wonders never end—and you must pardon me, cousin, for my thoughtlessness. I did not think—I am so foolish—that the original of the portrait—Miss Dew, did you say?—that she was more to you than a friend. I now see that you loved her," said Frank, in a low, grave tone.

"Well, well," said Estcourt, with a long sigh, "let us not rake into the past, my boy. I have my fancies, and they often astonish people. Let us come back to realities."

Then turning to the young girl who had listened to the colloquy between himself and Frank with a timid and pensive look:

"Frances," he said gently, "I will tell you to-morrow of your family, to whom you are so strangely reünited, and announce to you a piece of good fortune, which will render you quite independent of any disagreeable toil. Now Frank is going to remain with you here until I go to my house and return in my carriage. Then we will all go to the house of a friend of mine in Williamsburg, who will give you a warm welcome. His name is Gilbert, and his sister keeps a children's school—an excellent lady. No, you must not think you give me trouble. There! I shall soon return."

And going out, Estcourt mounted his horse—made his way through the last mutterings of the storm

to Fairfield, and ordered his chariot.

Two hours afterwards, Frances was delivered into the hands of smiling little Miss Gilbert, and Estcourt was on his way back to Fairfield.

He stopped at the cottage, and having paid old Job, who was afflicted with the rheumatism, a friendly visit, paused, as he passed, in the apartment now so wholly changed.

Sitting in the chair which *she* had occupied in old days, he pondered long and in silence—his drooping figure illumined only by the fitful gleams of the expiring fire.

At last he rose, and standing, as before, in front of the portrait, gazed at it with a sad smile and sighed. Then saluting it as though it were a living woman:

"Farewell," he said, "and if your spirit can hear me—love, pardon—these tears, you see, are happy ones!"

And, closing the door, Estcourt issued forth and entered his chariot. His presentiments had been verified—the past was already dead; the new life came ever then.

CHAPTER XV.

ESTCOURT'S JOURNAL.

June had come, in royal splendor to the South, and at Fairfield all its glory seemed to be emptied, as from a brimming cornucopia, upon the rich world; the world of field and forest, hill and river. In the brilliant morning the bright landscape almost laughed for joy at its own beauty, mirrored in the warm, rippling stream—the noons were full of languid loveliness—the sunsets went away across majestic woods, fading with a pensive sadness as they left the beautiful scene, and the winds of evening sighed into the night.

One of these grand orange sunsets was slowly waning into gloom at Fairfield. On the old fashioned portico Estcourt was sitting and reading.

It was a singularly bound volume, with silver clasps—and glancing over his shoulder, we perceive instead of print, pages of closely written manuscript. It is the story of the reader's life—the depository of his thoughts, his memories, and his dreams; the book is Estcourt's journal. His eye now follows pensively some lately written lines. Let us read with him:

* * * "Strange! A month or two seems to have wholly changed my nature—a great influence alone could have modified my character so marvelously. I scarcely dare to breathe it—even to think the thought; but—but—am I again in the toils of a woman? What an absurdity! how passing strange that I should fancy such a thing after what I have experienced in old days—after all my sorrows, my despair, my broken heart! And yet—it is very strange! I think of her, and no longer, I fear, with simple courtesy and friendship! I dare not let the thought lodge in my mind that I love her!—I dare not say I do *not* love her!

"Surely to love her would be doubly fatal. She has enslaved Frank—and even though I were to conquer my own morbid fear of woman, and consent to trust my bark again upon the dangerous seas of love, I should be forever pre-

vented from uttering a word of that description to this lady by affection for my boy. I, the rival of Frank! I, Edmund Estcourt, who held that woman to my heart, and nearly lost my senses when I gazed upon her cold, pale face—I, who loved the dead mother so, to place myself now in an attitude of hostility to the child—the child whom I swore to guard and be a father to!—'tis monstrous! Edmund the rival of the son of Frances!—let me not dream of such a possibility! Sooner would I pluck out the tongue which strove to utter such an emotion!

"But I grow too warm. Let me be calmer, and succinctly place upon record the events which have occurred since I last opened my journal."

Here followed an account of the scene in the small house in the wood. The reader was present at that scene, and it is unnecessary to repeat its details. Estcourt read on:

* * * "I returned then to Fairfield, and had a stormy night—meditating, sighing, almost shedding tears at times, for one does not see as 'twere the woman whom he loved standing before him again, almost in bodily form, without being moved to the depths of his nature. The dress once worn by Frances, and obtained by the young actress so singularly, as it were by a stroke of Providence, impressed me strangely; *that* shape again, in the old room, opened all my wounds afresh. And yet the sight calmed me too, after a time; and, coming again to my quiet old mansion here, I reflected long and profoundly upon the marvellous chain of circumstances, which thus came to connect the past with the present—to draw my life again toward the time gone long, I thought, with all its scenes, into the dust—the dust resting on the body of a woman once so warm and loving. For twenty years that form had mouldered waiting for the final trump; around the bones, sustaining once that fairest shape, had crept and wrapped themselves the roots of cypress trees; from that bosom, on which once rested this poor feverish head, had sprung for two decades, grass and weeds and flowers; the woman who had loved and left me, had been taken from the earth to heaven so long, and yet, in spite of all this, in defiance of death and fate, there she stood before me—living again, it seemed—holding out her arms and looking at me with the old sad smile!

"But I wander. I would note the wonderful steps by which this came about. * * * * * * * The Temples were my and her relatives. The young actress thus chanced to possess the family resemblance—this terrible likeness to *my* Frances. And singularly enough, even before she came hither, her existence had become known to me. By the death of my distant relative and hers, Charles Bulkley, a question had arisen whether I or this young lady should become the owner of his estate; I had chosen to abandon my claim.

Well, this relinquishment has been concealed from her. By an understanding between Mr. Lincoln, my counsel, and Mr. Wythe, on the opposing side, my name is gone completely from the records—I am suppressed—Frances Temple does not know, nor will she know, that there is any other claimant to this sum of money. The advantages of this course are manifold. It removes from her mind the sense of obligation—always an oppressive feeling, and her anxieties are set at rest. She need not act any longer,

—she has quite enough to live in the way best suited to her wishes, and already the poor dove plainly begins to grow more cheerful and happy with the new-found sensation of independence and security. She is permanently domiciled at good Mrs. Gilbert's, whose excellent sister has conceived a strong affection for her. Miss Gilbert assiduously pursues her training and education, and tells me that her progress is wonderfully rapid, showing, indeed, natural abilities of the first order. At the end of a year, Miss Gilbert thinks that she will be fully competent to become her assistant in every branch of the school, and this assurance seems to give Frances the utmost pleasure and happiness.

"I have been to see her every week since our strange meeting; indeed, I think I must have been there oftener—a score of times it may be. Mr. Frank attends still more frequently; and yesterday he told me, with the bright smile and blush which are so becoming in him, that he believed he would fall in love with her.

"'But you have already one sweetheart,' I said, with a smile which concealed a sinking heart. 'I thought you admired some other young lady.'

"'I did at one time,' said Frank, with another blush, 'but you know, cousin, you advised me against that—I mean you commanded me. Miss Crafton, you remember.'

"I was caught in my own toils—out of my own mouth he convicted me of inconsistency.

"'I was quite in earnest when I advised you not to pay your addresses to Miss Crafton, Frank,' I replied with some austerity, 'it did not, nor does it now, comport with my wishes that any one connected with myself, as you are, my dear boy, should form an alliance with the Craftons. But I did not lay my command upon you. You are too old to make such a course justifiable. I simply expressed my wishes.'

"My blundering reply ended here, and Frank said, with his look full of sweetness and affection:

"'You know, cousin, that there is no need to command me to do anything—the mere expression of your wish is quite enough to govern me. If ever I disregard it, 'twill be from an excess of feeling which I am unable to resist. I will try and not think of Miss Crafton—indeed, I have not thought so much of her lately, and I had the honor but now to inform your lordship,' he added with a smile, 'that I designed bestowing my affection upon Miss Temple.'

"With these words, Frank ran up the steps of Miss Gilbert's house, toward which we had advanced during this colloquy, and with a joyous hand made the old knocker resound upon the panel. I suppressed the agitation which seized upon me, and following the boy, soon found myself in the presence of Frances.

"She was clad with the most graceful simplicity, and for the time I discerned in her carriage that indefinable something which we call, for the want of a better word, *high breeding*. I trust I'm no vulgar aristocrat, but I think the influence of 'blood' is as plain in men and women as in animals. I have never seen the colt of a plough-horse become a racer. I have rarely, if ever, seen a noble son spring from an ignoble sire. The absurd error lies, to carry out my illustration, in supposing that the rich housings and delicate nurture of the race horse constitute his superiority. In all classes of socie-

ty it is the *stock*, whether in high or low station, which determines all. As we say, 'the strain will show.' Well, this high bred air displayed itself in every movement, every look and tone and word of Frances Temple. She received us—Frank and myself—with the most winning amiability—the most cordial affection. Her beautiful eyes beamed with pleasure, as she looked into my poor melancholy face, and I think I feel now the pressure of her taper fingers—soft, warm fingers, which I am sure did not close thus around the hands of those whom their mistress did not love. Yes, I think she loves me—but—but—she is, or will be soon, *in love with* Frank. There is the sad, the woful thing for me—since I murmur to myself with a vague terror that I no longer have a mere affection for her; day by day she has come to be more and more, the guiding star of my life!

"We had a pleasant interview; dear Frank's tongue running on with the most brilliant gaiety and grace. I sat by and smiled, and I think something of melancholy must have mingled with this smile, for Frances turned from Frank at last and said, with her simplest and sweetest look:

"Something troubles you, cousin?"

"'Troubles me!' I echoed, 'why do you suppose so?'

"'You look very sad.'

"And her glance, full of the sweetest affection, dwelt for a moment upon my face. I felt my heart throb as she thus looked at me—'twas the same face, the same smile, the poise of the head, and figure, as in the old day, when I loved her namesake.

"'Sad,' I echoed again, 'do I look sad? That is because I am growing old, Frances; you know I'm not young—I am thirty-eight years old, and at thirty-eight one has generally become sobered. You must not expect to find in me, as in Frank, a rush of spirits. I'm a thoughtful old gentleman; and sometimes I sigh and think my thoughts. But I love young people, and I wish you and Frank would laugh on and amuse me.'

"'Now, cousin,' cried Frank, 'how can you be talking in that way! Really a person would think you were Methusaleh! Is'nt he a gallant young cavalier, cousin Frances?'

"'Yes,' said the girl, with a blush, 'I should not think you as old as thirty, cousin Edmund, except for your sad smile.'

"'Thirty!' cried Frank, 'why he's not more than twenty-one when he's laughing; and then his lordship's grand air makes him resemble Buckingham, or some of those splendid noblemen I've seen pictures of—the stars of the *haute noblesse!* I tell you again, cousin,' cried the foolish boy, laughing, 'that I should not like to have you for a rival! Don't you think it would be dangerous, cousin Frances?' he added, turning to the girl. Her expression of maiden diffidence came back, and, with some color in her cheek, she said, smiling, that she did not know—she must think. I see her now with that blush in her cheeks, and the arch glance accompanying her words. My only reply was, that there was no danger of my ever becoming, under any circumstances, the rival of Frank, and then, leaving the young people together, I strolled away with an easy smile, and came hither to sigh, and ponder, and ask myself if I am not, in sentiment at least, already the rival of my boy.

"I know not, but I think that I

shall soon grow to love her in any case. 'Then, what is my path of honor? Let me not disguise the actual fact—conceal from myself the issue forced upon me. I, Edmund Estcourt, the lover of Frances Dew, love Frances Temple, who is beloved by the son of the woman who broke my heart—but whose child I took, swearing to love, watch over, and protect him. That is the plain issue, and what remains for me? I see. I will never breathe a syllable of my feelings to this child—I will place her hand in Frank's. Let my heart break, and be crushed like a worthless shell—I defy destiny to strike from my tombstone the inscription: "EDMUND ESTCOURT, GENTLEMAN!"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MASK OF THE ACTOR.

The glory of the summer deepened and grew more intense—the foliage assumed a darker tint of emerald—the sky glowed with a more dazzling blue, and the songs of the busy harvesters came, sad and slow, like the long melancholy swell of pensive sighs across the hills and fields, dying away finally into the "harvest home," which told that the golden grain would wave no more in the wind until another year. The "harvest moon" looked down on bare fields now, and June was dead. At last came August—the month of great white clouds, and imperial sunsets—the crowning hours of the rich summer, soon to fade away into the yellow autumn—the month of reveries and dreams on the banks of shadowy streams, or beneath the old majestic trees of silent forests.

August dowered Fairfield with its richest influences, and the mansion was no longer silent. Estcourt had guests, and these guests were Gilbert, his sister, Frances and Frank. Miss Gilbert's school had terminated its yearly session a short time before, and as Frances seemed to suffer from the confinement of the town, Estcourt had suggested a change of scene and air. The result was that his bachelor domicil a week afterwards found itself in possession of four guests, two of whom were ladies. As to Mr. Frank, that young gentleman had teased Mr. Lincoln into giving him a holiday—chiefly by means of the earnestly urged argument that he would be able to study to vastly more advantage in the country. The study which he pursued at Fairfield, was, however, completely confined to one subject—the color of Miss Frances Temple's eyes. In those two dangerous volumes he was accustomed to read, throughout almost every hour of every day, with ever increasing interest and ardor.

Whilst the "young people," as Estcourt called them, with a smile, amused themselves in a hundred ways, the master of the domain and his friend Gilbert were thrown constantly with each other.

Gilbert seemed more than ever absorbed in the study of his companion; and his piering eyes dwelt at times upon Estcourt's face with the strangest and most puzzled air, as though he were attempting to solve some problem which constantly baffled him.

One morning the two men were walking out, and conversing upon some indifferent subject, when the

portrait painter suddenly changed the topic by the abrupt words:

"When do you design making your first appearance at Drury Lane, Estcourt?"

His companion turned and looked at him with some surprise, then, with a smile, he said:

"I have long since given up in despair the attempt to comprehend you, my dear Gilbert. You speak like the oracle of Delphi."

"Perhaps; but I repeat my question. When you do make your appearance, I think I will cross the ocean to see you act."

"Act! Oh! now I think I understand," said Estcourt, bracing himself for the struggle which he clearly saw was about to take place, "you think I would make a good actor! Why, my dear Gilbert, you really make me laugh! True, I *might* suit *Hamlet*, in one point of view; I am naturally pale and sad-looking, but then how could I——."

"Find an *Ophelia!*" interrupted Gilbert, "I'll undertake to supply that character."

"You!"

"Yes, I'd *draught* our young friend Miss Frances for the *part;* you see I speak by the book."

And Gilbert looked intently into his friend's face. Estcourt's reply was a laugh and the words;

"She has perhaps acted Ophelia already, and your idea is a good one."

"I do not suggest Miss Frances on the ground of her familiarity with acting," said Gilbert, returning to the attack.

"Why then? True I think my little sister—did I tell you I intended to adopt her?—true, Frances is pretty, but why should she play Ophelia in my Hamlet, unless——."

"Your little sister!" said Gilbert coolly, "pshaw! I tell you in the words of the Prince of Denmark:

'You love Ophelia! forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love
Make up your sum!'"

And with an expression of triumph, Gilbert fixed his penetrating glance upon his companion's face.

Estcourt laughed almost heartily.

"Is it possible my sapient friend that you dreamed such a thing?" he said.

"Yes I have—moreover I have seen it."

"In a vision of the night!"

"No! in open day. Your affected gaiety does not deceive me. Really!—such dissimulation is immoral!"

And the grumbling and disappointed student of human nature seemed to regard Estcourt's laughter as a personal insult.

"Do you deny that you love Frances Temple?" he added abruptly.

"Certainly not," was the smiling reply, "I love her very dearly, and she will make Frank an excellent wife!"

"You wish her to marry him?"

"Why not, Mr. Scowler?"

"I asked for a reply!"

"You look as if you had demanded my money or my life!"

"Very well," said Gilbert, muttering to himself, "reply as you choose, or refuse to reply—I am not the less convinced that you are dead in love with Frances Temple!"

"And I am convinced that, philosophically speaking, *Gilbert* and *absurdity* are synonymous terms."

"Estcourt!" said the painter, "do you think I'm a fool?"

"No, certainly not."

"And yet you suppose I'm the dupe of your comedy?"

"Ah! I'm draughted to a comedy part, am I? Just now it was tragedy! Permit me to suggest a drama in which you, my dear Gilbert, would appear with conspicuous ability, I think, 'Much ado about Nothing!'"

"Hum! and you think that's wit! But I defy you to deny my charge."

"That I'm, technically speaking, *in love with* Miss Frances?"

"Yes."

"Suppose, instead of denying it, I prove the absurdity of your idea?"

"I defy you to."

"Well, here comes Frances and my youngster. Watch me now, my dear imaginator of chimeras."

As Estcourt spoke, Frank and the young girl approached the friends, and in a moment Frances came and held out her soft hand to her cousin. Estcourt pressed it in his own, and, looking with a smile into the fair face, said:

"How is my child to-day?"

"Thank you, cousin, I am very well," replied the girl with the faint blush which came habitually to her cheek when she was addressed.

"And you, my dear boy?" added Estcourt, "you really look radiant my dear Frank."

"I'm as gay as a lark!" replied Mr. Frank, casting a glance upon the young lady, the meaning of which could not be mistaken.

Estcourt greeted this look with a smile, and said:

"Well, well, enjoy yourselves my dear children—be happy while you may! Youth is the season of happiness, and though you may not understand me, it is still true that the sun does not shine, or the flowers bloom, so sweetly at forty as they do at eighteen. I'm an old gentleman, my little Frances, and will duly supply you with advice, as an elder brother should!"

And with an easy turn of the head, Estcourt exchanged glances with Gilbert.

"We old gentlemen are discussing moral philosophy," added the speaker, smiling, "a subject which would not interest you young people. Continue your walk, and permit me to say, master Frank, that I consider you deficient in gallantry. When I was a young fellow I always walked hand in hand with my female cousins!"

"Did you, sir?" stammered Frank, blushing and looking bashful.

"Indeed I did. Take Frances' hand this moment, sir! I lay my commands upon you."

Mr. Frank obeyed in a rather hesitating manner, and a rosy blush diffused itself over the cheeks of the young lady, who laughed and tried to withdraw her hand.

"Don't be defeated, Frank!" said Estcourt laughing, "and see that delicious shade yonder on the lawn, beneath the great oak, get Petrarch's love sonnets, from the Library, and read some to Laura—Frances I mean. Remember that 'tis your place to amuse the young ladies!"

Mr. Frank laughed and strolled away, holding the young lady's hand, with an air of some confusion, but not a disagreeable confusion.

"And remember the ride you promised my little sister," called Estcourt, "the view from the top of the hill yonder is beautiful and romantic in the extreme. I'm an old gentleman, taken up with business, and can't find time to entertain Frances."

With these words, Estcourt turned away, and as they disappeared said to his friend, with a smile:

"Where is your theory now, my dear Gilbert, do I greatly resemble a lover, think you?"

"You resemble what you are!" grumbled Gilbert, "the greatest actor that ever came into the world, or I am a fool. That's all I have to say."

"Oh, no! you do yourself injustice," returned Estcourt, "you are one of the most brilliant thinkers I have ever known, and don't you perceive that 'tis this very subtelty of mind which misleads you.—How could you imagine anything so absurd, as a rivalry betweeen myself and Frank! You are clearly defeated—are you not now?"

"We shall see," muttered the painter, "wait!"

FOREST FANCIES.

"Here is pansies, that's for thoughts."—HAMLET.

I have been musing in the fields and woods,
Revolving many things. A sultry noon
Had passed and left an aching sense behind
Of pressure on my brain. The oppressive heat
Was cooling fast, and through the atmosphere
The west wind shook his spiritual wings.
I went into the fields—the balmy fields!
O'er the green meadows, where the grasses grow,
And all the rustic weeds: paused by the brook
That moralizing goes, and pondered there;
Loitered awhile in the romantic vales,
And courted meditation in the gloom
Of the monastic woods.
Amongst the corn,
Blithely the summer birds hopped everywhere,
Chirping, at intervals, a sudden note,
Or chattering, in pleasant companies,
Incessantly. The sprightly mocking bird
Talked like a courtly beau; the graver thrush
Sung in sententious pauses, briefly, then
Was wisely silent. Whistled the black bird,
A shrill voice and satirical, at times,
From a thin poplar tree, as if he laughed
At fools for very nutriment, and lived,
Observingly, the Jacques of the woods.

There is a by-path in the meadows which
Leads to a lovely lake. A group of lilies,
Fair as the limbs of bathing loveliness,
Bend bashfully above the shaded waters.
They look like virgins timidly disporting
In vestured holiness within the pool.
The dimness of a solitude surrounds them;
And yet they start, and seem to whisper when
A breath uplifts the leaves. Their images,
As tremulous as if with life endued,
Inverted lie beneath, blent with the rose
Of the reflected sky. As still as death,
And yet more lovely far than painted life,
This solitary place. These sinless flowers,
So mingled with the sunset glassed below,

Seem they not Angels sent to visit earth,
With Heaven on their track?
Yet farther on,
A thing contorted and with darkness crowned
Repels the view. A bough projected far,
And like the cross-wise sitting of a shape,
In human mould conceived, obstructs the lake.
Behind, a massive trunk, rounded and hairy,
Sits lazily upon a mound of clay.
Above is shaggy foliage, branching wide,
Russet, with vivid glimpses interspersed
Of rarest green. And over all a beard
Of patriarchal moss, depending low,
Waves white and venerable in the wind.
Even such a tree, did, in the ancient days,
The fancy make a rude Divinity
And throne it in the hills. The Satyr God,
The father of the Naiades and Fauns,
Whose pipings made the solitudes of old
Ring out the echoes of uncounted years,
Responsive to his rustic minstrelsy!

I wandered through the forest, dimly lit
By the descending sun, A grove of oaks,
Amphitheatrical, eclipsed the flush
Of day evanishing. Clad in the haze
Of evening, countless boughs stood in the air
Like spectres. These, for lattices, seemed carved
By the weird architects who labor
At dead of night to vex the holy stars.
A solemn arch, majestically high,
Fronted the East, and made an oriel there,
Where shone the gorgeous crystals of the Heavens.
A curving break, in the o'erhanging foliage,
Disclosed the moon, pearl-pencilled in the sky.
Transparent in its outline—floating far—
A crescent shell, fair as an infant's smile,
Gleaming thro' slumber! I bethought me, then,
Of silver brows, mingled with memories
Which are the plumes of youth, of eyes that haunt
The soul in busy manhood, calling back
The freshness and the glory of the years
Almost forgotten; of sad melodies,
Heard somewhere in the past, that dripped like dew
Into the aching brain, and, trickling down,
Sprinkled the heart with tears; of a pale boy,
The meek companion of my childish hours,
Who wore a crimson flower on his cheeks
That withered up his life—and how I stole,
One summer night, to his sequestered grave,
With violets and roses overgrown,
And, in my superstitious fancy, saw
A queenly figure, garmented in snow,
And crowned of ice, communing with the stars!

But musing thus, came suddenly a shade,
Deep as the night and with harsh noises fraught.
I glanced up, and the rooks—the reverend rooks—
Had crowded all the boughs. Silence returned,
But in the scene I saw, nor oak, nor grove,
Nor birds of evil omen; but an old pile
Of Gothic structure, rude, yet richly wrought—
Monarchical in grandeur—still and grey.
The dusk of days autumnal in the past
Guarded its mighty aisles. Quaint histories,

Wild legends of the saints and martyrs gone,
And monumental statuary stood
Blent with the pictured walls; while, here and there,
Slow-moving in the mystery of gloom,
Dim Benedictines, over bell and book,
Muttered low masses for the dead, and sung,
'Twixt whiles, a chant oracular! The wind
Was prisoned for an organ, in this place;
And when it rose, sonorous and sublime,
The hooded figures bent their holy heads
As if in silent prayer—the oriel moved,
And darkened suddenly!—the statues fell—
The pictures started from the sculptured walls—
And, with a rushing of tumultuous wings,
The dreamy panorama passed away.

Go ye into the woods and muse awhile,
The sore-perplexed, the unhappy and the lost,
Or racked or riven—bleeding from a thorn—
Go ye into the woods and muse awhile;
For it hath cure for crosses, medicine
For pain, and promises even for despair.
Go forth into the fields and take the hues
Of its pure blossoms deep into your hearts;
Drink from the lily—taste the blushing rose—
And, by the sky-embracing lake, invoke
The images of Peace, the lays of Love,
The wealth of Meditation, and the forms
Of spiritual Beauty, Go ye there!—
For, if ye cannot read a simple flower,
Nor love a star, nor linger on a sound,
Nor feel, for once, a sympathy with things,
Ye are of those—the dull and stubborn-hearted—
Who fall with Adam, to be cursed through Cain!

THE MERCHANT.

In our country the occupation of the merchant is every day becoming more important; a still widening field is opening to intelligent enterprise; the necessity of a more comprehensive mercantile education is becoming apparent, and as the operations of trade increase in extent and importance, the solicitude of the thoughtful is turned to the preservation of a high standard of morals, and a nice sense of integrity. No country in the world ever possessed the opportunities of commercial development afforded by our own; and our countrymen have not been remiss in supplying the enterprise, energy, self-denial, and bravery required to improve the opportunities presented. If in the dust and turmoil created by the intense competition of a young and ardent nation, freed from the prescription and conventionalism of older communities, the garments of our national character have appeared to be soiled, let no superficial observation induce a hasty and unjust judgment; the feverish excitement is passing off, and commerce is daily substantiating its claim to the first place of influence in our land. To most persons it may be surprising that the occupation of the merchant should be thought to need anything said to

support its claim to equality with that of any other in our country, and to do so, seems almost a work of supererogation: but it is undeniable, that there are many—we do not say they are the most intelligent, or are possessed of the most enlarged ideas—who from prejudice or arrogance are disposed to contemn this calling, and consider it so beset with quicksands, that integrity and high moral rectitude can scarcely escape being sunk and lost. If this estimate be correct it is most unfortunate, for commerce is peculiarly in our country an element of immense power, and not unfrequently controls our domestic politics and shapes our foreign relations. Its sensitiveness soonest feels the first blow struck at law and order, and its conservative influence prevails in resisting every species of fanaticism and recklessness, until time is given for reflection and matured judgment. This might seem to justify the old accusation, that lacking generous impulses, it is selfish in its decisions and interested in its judgments. But in the American revolution, no class of men were more self-sacrificing than the merchants. And in our own day, how many examples have we of a liberality more than princely of the merchant princes. Among many, we would name Peabody, who has endowed, in his native town, a seminary which may one day make it a centre of learning and literature. He has appropriated three or four hundred thousand dollars for the establishment, in Baltimore, of an institute of arts and sciences; and wherever he goes he leaves the foot-prints of a comprehensive and enlightened munificence. Acknowledging then, as we must, its influence and daily increasing power, how important that, instead of superciliously decrying commerce, we should seek to elevate and ennoble it! It is true that many may see in the development of our national characteristics, through the agency of commerce, much which they would desire otherwise; but we should be careful how we condemn and indulge in depreciation of national character; for the same earnest devotion to trade will yet, when refined and chastened by a higher education, establish a national character of the first rank. If exhibitions of vice are more frequent, in our country, in the mercantile class than in any other, is it not equally true that in the same class, munificence is more frequently exhibited and virtue more frequently illustrated? This but proves that in the more active avocations of life, principle is more severely tested; vice more liable to exposure; and virtue more strengthened, than in its more quiet walks.

It will not do too closely to scrutinise the first movements of the motives from which spring the bold enterprise and untiring activity of the merchant, any more than it would do to scrutinise the motives of the youthful in any profession. We must judge by the fruits; and judged in this way, its claims in our country can easily be sustained. What class of men have so munificently contributed to charitable and benevolent enterprises? The consenting voice of all large communities in our land would acknowledge, that without the sustaining aid of commerce, their benevolent institutions would lack vitality, and their charitable enterprises would fail. Mere love of accumulation is a mean and sordid passion—purse-pride, the most contracted and narrow delusion—the happiness to be derived from mere possession a despicable cheat—but look around, and you will find no class in our country who seem to understand so well the blessedness to be derived

from giving, as that of the merchants; the school-house, the missionary board, the church, all feel the invigorating influence and the cheering vitality of contact with the brave and self-denying manhood of commerce. And as it has been said, "instead of the spirit of Mammon desecrating, as of old, the temple of divine truth, the spirit of that temple begins to find its way into the seats of trade and commerce." That could not have been a corrupting process of training, or a demoralizing occupation, which formed a character like Amos Lawrence, full of benevolence and liberality; whose biography has been lately published, and would have been more generally enjoyed, if we of the South could have divested our minds of the continually recurring sense of the injustice of our general government in the tariff, which was one of the chief causes of his great wealth. But we have had at home noble examples of conspicuous station—the highest patriotism—the loftiest integrity—the most self-sacrificing public spirit—in three great *Charleston merchants—Henry Laurens, Christopher Gadsden, and Gabriel Manigault.* Honored be their memories and their names! they shall never be forgotten, those brave old men! Who that is familiar with their histories would dare to cast reproach on the school in which such characters were formed. Their names should be household words with all the worthy youth of our country, and to refresh the memory of their noble characters we will give a biographical sketch of each, condensed from Ramsay; and our subject could not be better illustrated than by doing so.

Henry Laurens received a mercantile education, and commenced life as a merchant in Charleston. His diligence and knowledge could not fail of success. He amassed a fortune and went to England to educate his sons. When in 1774 he found that nothing but degrading submission on the part of the colonies would prevent war, he returned to Carolina—resolved to labor for peace, but determined in the last event to stand or fall with his country. The circumstance of leaving England at this crisis, riveted him in the esteem of his countrymen. In the interval between the suspension of royal and the establishment of representative government, he was president of the council of safety, with a full impression that both his fortune and life were staked on the result. He was elected member of Congress in 1776, and appointed president of that body. In 1779 he was appointed minister to Holland, and on his way thither was captured and imprisoned. He was urged to write to his son, Col. Laurens, who was special minister to France, to induce him to withdraw from France, and was assured that doing so would operate in his favor. His reply was, I know him to be a man of honor. He loves me dearly, and would lay down his life to save mine, but I am sure he would not sacrifice his honor to save my life; and I applaud him for it." He was confined fourteen months in the Tower, which undermined his constitution. After his release, he was appointed by Congress one of the commissioners for negotiating a peace, and, in conjunction with Dr. Franklin, John Adams, and John Jay, signed the preliminaries by which the independence of the United States was acknowledged.

Christopher Gadsden was another native Charleston merchant. In 1759, when Governor Lyttleton made an expedition against the Cherokees, by his influence he raised a company of artillery, and

was appointed Captain, and this was the origin of "*The Ancient Battalion of Artillery.*" He was one of the first to take fire at the attempts to abridge the liberties of the colonies. His character was just such, as would have made him a second Hampden, had he lived in the time of Charles. In 1769, he was one of the first to form an association to suspend all importations, and was one of the last to recede from that self-denying mode of obtaining redress. He had just completed the largest wharf in Charleston, which was beginning to yield an interest on the large capital invested in building it. All prospect of reimbursement depended on the continuance of trade, yet he was foremost in urging the adoption of a non-importation and non-exportation agreement. He was a member of Congress in 1774, and every act to which he lent his most active coöperation was calculated to destroy his fortune. He was elected Colonel of the first regiment raised by the provincial Congress. Afterwards he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General. When Charleston was surrendered he was Lieutenant Governor, and was elected Governor by the Assembly which met in 1782. but on account of age declined the office. He refused to take the compensations annexed by law, to such offices as were conferred on him.—His character was impressed with the hardihood of antiquity, and he possessed an erect, firm and intrepid mind.

Gabriel Manigault, another Charleston merchant, was remarkable for his integrity and benevolence. His contracts were always performed with such exactness and punctuality that the same confidence was placed in his word as on his bond. He was too old to give personal assistance in the revolution, but his pecuniary aid was not wanting, and he showed his attachment to the new government by a loan of $220,000. When, however, Provost appeared before the lines of Charleston, though he was past seventy-five, he equipped himself as a soldier, and caused his grand-son, Joseph Manigault, then only fifteen, to do the same; together they went to the lines, when an attack was every moment expected, and offered their services in defence of the city. At his death he left £5,000 sterling to the South Carolina Society, for the purposes of education; but the most valuable legacy to his native city, was his noble example of a Charleston merchant.

While regarding the career of these gallant patriots and gentlemen, the thought has involuntarily been suggested, are there such amongst us now? We doubt not that there are; pursuing the even tenor of their way, not seeking notoriety, but not shrinking from duty, who would reveal similar traits if similar emergencies afforded the opportunity. In our country at this time, law is considered the aristocratic profession; but in the time of John Locke, it was made a clause in the Fundamental Constitutions of Carolina, that it was "a base and vile thing to plead for money or reward." But intellectual elevation claimed and sustained its appropriate position and dignity; and so ere long will commerce occupy its proper status, and excellence will claim equally the distinction to be drawn as well between the sharper and the honorable merchant as between the pettifogger and the honorable lawyer.

If occasionally we are startled by some striking example of shipwrecked mercantile character, be it remembered that boldly striking out into the open sea, and navigat-

ing the wide ocean of adventure and enterprise, every blast of temptation tries the braces of the rigging, and every wave tests the strength of the hull—while the weak craft may safely pursue its way amid sluggish and smooth waters—conservative it may be, but inefficient in contributing to progression and elevation. Woe betide that character which is unfitted to withstand the buffettings of the boisterous surges and the straining pressure of the wide sea wave; but that noble vessel, which, through many a dark day of storm and trial, bears its rich cargo safely into port, will be hailed with approving acclamations for its tried faithfulness and its tested strength.

We have refrained until now alluding to the highest safeguard to character of which we are capable, and the highest responsibilities which we can possibly acknowledge—a very brief allusion to these may be excused. *Caird*, who was an obscure Scotch Clergyman, has made his name familiar to every pious hearth in Great Britain and America, by a single sermon, "Religion in Common Life." Prince Albert is said to have slept during its delivery, but the man of deeds and of thought, when he has rightly considered its noble sentiments, will not be disposed to give slumber to his eyelids, until he has looked about him and sought some purification of his motives. This truth is made very plain that the hardest wrought man of trade, or commerce, or handicraft, who spends his days "midst dusky lane or wrangling mart," may yet be most holy and spiritually minded. We are apt to associate in our minds a holy and an unholy life, with circumstances, arbitrarily considered, as appropriate to the one and the other. Solitude and retirement are deemed appropriate to the former, while to the latter is given the dust and toil and labor of life. But experience and revelation prove that contact with mankind and resistance of temptation, are almost essential to the formation of elevated character. Amidst the turmoil of life, the peace of the Christian can remain undisturbed.—"There are under currents in the ocean, which act independently of the movements of the waters on the surface; far down too in its hidden depths there is a region where, even though the storm be raging on the upper waves, perpetual calmness reigns. It is beautifully described as "a joy with which a stranger intermeddleth not."

A LOVE SONG.

[JAPANESE.]

Eagerly I long and pine
To look upon that face of thine,
And to speak some words with thee,
But it must not, can not be:
For should it, as it would, be told
At home that I had been so bold
As to see, and speak with thee,
Grief and shame would light on me,
My happy days would then be o'er,
For my good name were gone forevermore

CHEAP LITERATURE—ITS BENEFITS AND INJURIES.

Cultivators of the vine inform us that there is a poisonous herb called the Wolf-grape, which grows in the vineyards and does great mischief to them, by entwining itself around and growing up with the branches and tendrils. It is carefully guarded against, because of its pernicious qualities. And we venture the opinion, that it requires the exercise of great caution, after it has attained considerable size and has spread itself extensively, to separate it from the vines, without material injury to them. The vine-dresser must, after all his care in removing it, regret that he has been compelled to lop off some of the most luxuriant branches of the pure grape vine.

Truth and error, virtue and vice, are the vine and the Wolf-grape of the intellectual and moral world. They have grown together in the vineyard—have intertwined their branches and spread out to each other's embrace their tender shoots. Separation of the one from the other is either impossible or attended with serious injury to the former. The most practised anatomist meets with extreme difficulty in dividing them. And, oftentimes, they are so intermingled and have attained such strength and age, that we are forced to "let both grow together till harvest, lest in rooting out the one we tear up the other also."

Moral subjects are consequently fruitful of more diverse sentiment and greater discord among men than mathematical. They are attended with more serious difficulties in the demonstration, and yield less satisfaction in the conclusion. Bold must be that man who dogmatizes. Nay, *he* is incapable of reasoning, who will confidently assert that his view or his tenet is pure truth.

We must expect too, therefore, that almost every opinion will have its advocates, because it has in it much of the right and good, which is seen to the exclusion in many cases of the predominating wrong and evil. The fact is that no theory not absolutely absurd, no sentiment not evidently irrational, has been entirely without its supporters, while on the other hand truth has invariably met with strenuous impugners.

Let us now, in the spirit these remarks must engender, examine a subject of some interest.

The press, in our day, exercises a mighty influence upon the world's character, hitherto unknown; and the question arises how far good and how far evil is the cheap literature it is sending out upon the world? We mean by cheap literature, that class of publications which embraces Reviews, Romances and News—in short, periodical and light literature.

First, how far is it good?

To the shallowest thinker, it is obvious that the uneducated part of mankind, having generally no taste for solid reading, and the poor, denied the means of procuring works of merit, are greatly favored by any plan, however short of perfection, which serves to inform the mind, exercise its faculties, or relieve the tedium of incessant toil.

The mind, too, if not informed and cultivated, as the body, if not fed, must dwindle and die.—Hence, in so far as this species of literature furnishes proper food for the mind, it is a positive blessing,

and our estimate of it must turn upon the question, does this or that work, treatise or article furnish wholesome and nutritious food for it?

But the argument is not wholly *a priori*. History and observation shed light upon the case. When Peter, the Hermit, traversed Europe to enlist soldiers for the Holy War, many doubtless knew not whether Judea adjoined France or was a province of "Terra Incognita." Now, throughout Christendom, but few are entirely ignorant of the locality of Japan or of the history of the "Expedition."

None now doubt whether withsec should be roasted before a slow fire or suspended by the thumb and big toe until they articulate through their noses. There is now no question whether hob goblins enter our apartments through the key hole or come down the chimney. The comforts and conveniences of life, fire side pleasures, home attractions, social enjoyments, and all the elements of refined happiness, exist now to a degree hitherto unparalleled. Cardinal Wolsey's household furniture would be lightly esteemed by many now who correspond, in condition and rank, to the humblest of his menials. Clean straw has at present but few points of attraction to any being except the ox or the mule. Even in a later age, in England, the country gentleman's wife and daughter were in tastes and acquirements below a house keeper or maid of the present day. They stitched and spun, brewed goose-berry wine and made the crust for the venison pastry. Well! upon this point, we think they are worthy of imitation by even the "upper tens" in modern society. It is evident, however, that the ignorance, uncouthness, and low tastes then abounding would not now be tolerated. Habits of life and modes of thought have succeeded, before which vulgarism is fast fading away. Light has spread on every hand. But the contrast is more nearly perfect in political and civil concerns. Mankind have ceased to be regarded as a flock of sheep, to be driven and led about at the will of tyrants. Except when under the sway of some mighty genius, they cannot be stirred to war and marched to the battle field as lambs to the slaughter. That man must have the overshadowing arms and magic influence of a Napoleon who can stamp his foot and gather to his banners a nation's myriads. And as time rolls on a greater than Napoleon the Great will be required for the purpose. The sun of Feudalism has set, its spirit is passing away. Man is beginning to know that he has rights as well as monarchs. Some know what these rights are, and others "knowing dare maintain." Propositions, which fifty years ago were conceived, thirty years ago darkly intimated, twenty years ago published, now obtain universally, and are incorporated into the political systems of nations. It is a singular fact in the constitution of man, that unless we know of and can calculate upon abettors in any enterprise or idea not sanctioned by law, we may harbor it in our thoughts, we may burn to publish it, but we will not, fearing lest it meet no second. Many great and important truths have thus no doubt been buried in the grave of their original conceivers, never to behold the light till time shall have produced a change in public sentiment, and the world be prepared to hear and entertain and embrace them. For ages thought was thus bound and enslaved. Some heaven favored genius has at almost regu-

lar intervals in the world's history sprung out into the arena, and scornfully defied a monarch's frown or tyrant's rod, proclaiming the people's rights, the tyrant's wrongs. In some cases, the car of liberty was set in motion, and the streaming banner of freedom hung out to catch the breeze. Then suddenly that car was stopped, and the banner toppled to the dust. But the cause had advanced, and, soon again, Providence would smile and bring it further on in its sublime march to glory. This has invariably been the course of things. The process of achieving liberty is slow and tedious. Now, the most prominent retarding cause is this, that although men of the same spirit, which characterized Hampden, existed in the darkest night of human enslavement, they dared not speak forth the thoughts that burned for utterance; yea, feared to whisper them in the ear of even brother or neighbor, lest he should be unprepared for them, and betray him at Court. But now, how changed! If any one beholds a new light, or conceives a new idea in morals, science, or politics he has but to deliver it to the press, or better still, feel the world's pulse as it throbs in arteries of wire, and while the great majority of men may be unprepared to receive it, there will most certainly be found a sufficient number to keep them at bay, and command respect for it. Such is the ease of diffusing thought, that before the enemy has time to rally his forces, a band of friends will enlist themselves strong enough for the defence. Bold ideas of right, which could once have been uttered only at the peril of life, are now proclaimed upon the house top, and before they reach the ear of the Prime Minister, they are believed by thousands who stand ready to put him to flight, unless he bends his proud neck to the breeze of popular opinions. Despots dread a Cheap Literature.—Light gleams through it upon their dark deeds; they cower, and tremble, or purge themselves of wrong.

Freedom to speak and write is the basis of modern liberty—that without which no adequate conception can be formed of liberty. A Cheap Literature, then, which brings into every man's house, rich or poor, the thoughts of others, must be an inestimable blessing. Many are thus induced to read and inform themselves extensively, Many thus acquire a taste for reading, which carries them on from the lighter to the more solid kinds of study, until perhaps they rear for themselves enduring monuments of excellence in the various departments of literature. And could the press, in its lighter publications, be restrained from giving improper intellectual food, we, too, might raise our pæans to it. Or could the world be taught to "prove all things and hold fast" only "that which is good," or, better still, had we more works like "Littell's Living Age" to sift the two grains of wheat from the bushel of chaff or root out the Wolf-grape from the vineyard, we would hail a Cheap Literature as one of the greatest boons to man.

And this brings us to consider the question how far it is evil?

We answer, it is evil in three respects.

First, it furnishes an unbounded field for licentiousness. It lifts the flood-gates of vice and pours its desolating waters upon the land. It is counteracted to be sure in its tendencies by causes which prevent to some extent its injurious effects. But, at all events, sentiments of the grossest materialism, pictures of the darkest scenes of life, are so dexterously inwrought

into the body of *some* works as to elude the righteous critic's eye, and like slow poison diffused through our daily bread, silently but certainly to work out death. Other works cover so much space and occupy so many pages, and of these so few, on the whole, are objectionable, that the most fastidious are taken captive by the device, and led about at the charmer's bidding. Dumas has polluted the minds of thousands, who, ravished with his romance, follow him through unhallowed scenes to spectacles most unchaste. Eugene Sue has enkindled passions in the breasts of the young, for which they know no name. And it is a great misfortune that works of this class are most eagerly sought for by the unthinking masses—a great misfortune, because the masses especially should be pure. We insist upon it, let the poor and ignorant be pure-minded. For vice and ignorance combined are like two fires when they meet on our western prairies, or like the union of conflicting thunder-clouds. It is, indeed, the "Reign of Terror" when Passion sits upon the Throne, and Reason, darkened by Ignorance, tamely acquiesces in her cruel sway.

He dreams of Chimeras, who places liberty in the power to act as one pleases. Let men please to act rightly, to respect the rights of others, and to insist upon the exercise of those only which belong properly to them, and all will be well. But let them please to do wrong, to be intemperate, licentious, cruel and ambitious, and then let earth mourn. The star of Robespierre and Danton is in the ascendant, and Virtue and Merit cry in vain for protection. The truth is, every philanthropist must feel upon this subject. Because one work of the character above alluded to can neutralize the efforts of ten upright men to establish the dominion of truth and virtue. Experience proves that man does not prefer the good to the bad, and choose to tread in the rugged path of self-denial because it is the path of virtue. Hence, the best recommendation that a work can possess to thousands is, that it has something in it to excite the baser passions of our nature.

Secondly, Cheap Literature is too apt to take the place of the more substantial and permanent literature. To those who can spare but little time for reading, there is not much of evil in this tendency. They are, perhaps, upon the whole, gainers. But with those who, from their profession, should be students and not merely readers, the case is different. We allege that they are apt to be superficial thinkers, because they frequently devote too much time to the light and ephemeral productions of the press. There are two causes which tend to produce this result.

1st. Mental sloth—natural to some—which requires to be carried along on cushioned seats, and do what it must with the least trouble. Students must read; but, if indolence exist or supervene, they will do what reading is necessary in that which is easiest, demanding the least exertion and allowing the mind to move along without requiring the springs to work. For the mind may be a self-moving machine or not, as we choose. It has power to reflect and invent, as well as the susceptibility of being acted upon and moved by extraneous forces; and, in this case, ceases to act as soon as the force is removed. But laziness will never reflect nor invent, if it involves any special trouble. It will read a thousand newspapers and reviews to avoid the necessity of doing its

own work—of thinking for itself. It will open its mouth wide to receive every passing current that may turn the wheels and shafts of the mental machinery, but never rises to the attitude of independent and self-relying will, and speaks the word that reaches the spring of action. Laziness sits quietly by, waiting to be acted upon. It has ruined many of the brightest intellects of the earth. It has caused them to stretch forth their hands and implore the aid of passers-by, to be children all their lives. It is an incubus that forbids the soaring of independent thought, and the going out of unfettered mind into those regions of research, where genius has left its track and industry has won its brightest laurels.

There is danger, we repeat, that Cheap Literature will strengthen this vice, and prove the Delilah of modern Sampsons.

But there is another cause which may produce the same result. Had Solomon lived in the present day, we would, no doubt, have an aphorism better suited to our purpose, than the one which says: "Of making many books there is no end." Now, must a man read all these books? Yes. If he has a reputation for learning to maintain, he must by some means, fair or foul, have read them all. Otherwise, wo! to the luckless book snail.—He will be forced to "come down lower." Men are thus driven either to read all works that are published, or to obtain some knowledge of their contents as furnished by reviews and critiques. Hence reading men *seem* to know so much more than they actually do. Physicians, lawyers and divines, all can make a show of learning upon subjects of the first principles of which they are entirely ignorant, having been literally "helped to their conclusions." As a result, theories the wildest, and hypotheses the most absurd, based upon views derived from a "fugitive piece," start up in our midst and are advocated with Pundit effrontery, as of unquestionable truth and utility. And the blind multitude press eagerly after it, till some other new fangled dogma be promulged, and they take wildly after that, tearing up laws, science, religion, and government itself by the roots in this onward rush.

The fact is, men are attempting to build without a foundation.—They are rearing a superstructure of marble upon a pair of boy's stilts, thus attracting around them a curious and eager crowd, only to be crushed in its inevitable downfall.

Nothing but the broad rock basis of truth will support the building when tempests come—truth gathered from a thousand quarries—truth dug from the recesses of the earth, by the sweat of the brain in summer's heat, in winter's cold, by the noonday sun, and the midnight lamp.

Lastly, we fear Cheap Literature will banish heavy books—books, we mean, of close reasoning and protracted argumentation. We do not believe that the present age is degenerated and cannot furnish writers of minds as great in their proportion as any preceding. But the fact is, great intellects are ceasing to shed their lustre on the world. The suns are giving way to stars and comets. Suppose a man were to shut himself up in his study for five or ten years—there to pursue some important vein of thought, what would be the consequence? Why, the world would seem to be ahead of him, when he came out, covered with the dust of time. There is no modern Joshua, to make the sun stand still even for a day. He who does not

move with the world, and in the world must be content to be forgotten.

In conclusion, let us remark that some of our positions may be false, and some not clearly stated, but we have at least aimed at the truth. It becomes us further to say, that a Cheap Literature, good as it is, and evil as it is, is a "fixed fact," and must be met as such. Let our children be properly educated and made capable of judging the merits of those books they read. In *them* it is possible to create and cultivate the power to discern between the good and the bad, the true and the false. Place the ultimate correction of the evil, therefore, in the proper training of their minds and hearts, seeing to the young vines, that the Wolf-grape is never suffered to lift its head among them and exploring the magazines and reviews—pruning knife in hand—to assist in the labor of love.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ.

I have endured love's anguish, ask not how,
And tasted absence too, but ask not where!

But now I have made choice of one to love,
Who ravishes my heart, but ask not who!

My tears bedew her footsteps as she flies:
She loves me, yet she flies, but ask not why!

I heard but yesterday, with mine own ears,
Such sweet words from her mouth, but ask not what!

Why bite your lips, and say, "Divulge it not?"
'Tis true I kissed a lip, but ask not where!

Shut in my poor man's hut, debarred from her,
I have endured such pangs! but ask not how!

Still, I, a stranger in the road of love,
I, Hafiz, have attained, but ask not what!

WOLFSDEN.*

A REVIEW.

When this work first appeared about eight or ten months since, many of the ablest of our Northern exchanges spoke in high terms of its merit.

It is intended as a crushing satire upon Southern institutions, and *that* fact having been clearly ascertained, sympathy superceded criticism, and the story was designated as "vigorous." "glowing," "racy," "true to nature," "full of humor, pathos, power."

We will briefly expose the real character of the book.

Wolfsden opens in the following impressive and striking manner:

"Midnight has passed. Morning dawns. The fading stars twinkle idly in their blue depths, or melt from view in the spreading light. The fringed clouds glow in the eastern sky like the bright wings of Apollo's steeds, ascending their star-paved way. The god of day—of the golden harp and silver bow—appears. His swift arrows pierce and illuminate the misty morning. They glance from ocean's breast and gild its surging foam. The iceberg's towering pinnacles receive and scatter his million shafts.

"New England's shores catch and reflect the glowing smile. Here Winter rules his divided empire with a gentler hand. Like a stern father—stern, but beneficient—he blesses even while he frowns. His severe lessons teach us wisdom, prompt us to effort, compel us to industry. He hardens our frames, and stimulates our energies."

It cannot be denied that this is very fine writing—somewhat curt, spasmodic, and interjectional perhaps, but still undeniably *fine*.—The truly original picture of the "bright wings of Apollo's steeds ascending their star-paved way," cannot be too warmly commended. And we assure the reader that upon every tenth page he will encounter pictures equally original, sentences quite as ingeniously snappish and puffy, all which we say again is very fine writing. One other specimen we must give:

"*O*, fair flower of life's dewy morning! *O*, breezes redolent of youth's balmy breath! *O*, gleams of early brightness still gilding the fading horizon! *O*, memories still fresh and fragrant. Let your influence exhale from the recording pen, and crystalize upon the descriptive page.

* * * * *

"'Alek, awake, arise. Alek springs from his bed, the bounce of his elastic feet upon the floor, echoing the last notes of chanticleer!'"

Alek, the individual who "bounces with elastic feet," "echoing the last notes of Chanticleer," is *not* as one might suppose a rope dancer, or vaulter in the Hippodrome, but simply a "well-to-do," "down East" farmer "as awkward," the author tells us, "as his two year old steers," in fine, a "lubberly left-handed Blunderhead," [Query, Dunderhead?] who, however, has a *heart*, which amply makes up for the "*blunderheadedness*." This interesting youth is the hero, or rather one of the heroes of the story, for the author of *Wolfsden* with a laudable scorn of the "unities," in-

* Wolfsden: an authentic account of things There, and Thereunto appertaining; As they are, and have been. By J. B. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

dulges in the extravagance of *two* heroes. With Alek and his career we have but little to do. Wearied at last of his sheep and oxen, and to prove that he possesses a soul above turnips, the "Blunderhead," after dutifully conveying his design to mamma, whose advice on the occasion is equally excellent and prosy, seizes his pilgrim staff, and journeys to New York. Shortly after his arrival, he attends an Abolition meeting, where he singly confronts and vanquishes some half-dozen athletic men, who are represented as about to offer violence to one of the female speakers, a "bloomer," we presume. As was to be expected he is met by every form of seductive temptation. One of his predicaments is thus described in Chapter XVII:

"Alek sits softly on the luxurious sofa, and the splendid Erycina sits closely by his side. An hour's acquaintance has brought them intimately near. Mutual attractions draw them closer, with resistless force. Tender sympathies unite them in sweet embrace. She reclines her lovely form upon his beating breast. Her bright blue eyes look tenderly in his, and then turn timidly away. He sighs in a transport of overpowering emotion. She lays her delicate hand in his open palm. His closing hand clasps hers with expressive tenderness. She turns upwards her blushing face with consenting look. He presses her yielding form to his breast. Love's influence rules the hour."

The bane is not without its antidote. The author, speaking in his own person, exclaims convulsively, and in a paroxyism of moral affright:

"Away, Alek, away! The soul-debasing fire of sensualism rages in your veins. The siren charmer drags you beneath the waves of perdition. The angel fellow-voyagers are leaving your heart, and bearing away contentment, peace, and hope.

* * * *

"O, self-degrading soul! being of promised immortality, turning downward in thy course! O, mortal with heavenly gifts, betraying thy trust! heir of blessed life, forfeiting thy crown! Awake! resist! flee!"

Of course the "glowing" description which precedes these "pious ejaculations," and which we have modified, and toned down by omissions, will be eagerly devoured by every novel-reader to the utter neglect of the incoherent *moral*, if some half-dozen pages of raving can be dignified by such a term.

It is quite in taste, certainly, in the writer to carry us through a slough of sensual images, and then to be intensely horrified by his own disgusting revelations. His acquaintance with the most degrading scenes is, we fear, less questionable than his honesty of purpose.

But it is to Hero number *two* that we propose chiefly to pay our respects. This gentleman is a Mr. Harry Boynton, the son of a Southern planter, who lives at the head of Pamlico Sound, in the State of North Carolina. The paternal Boynton is represented as one of those Yankee adventurers, who with a convenient phiancy of conscience, are willing to overlook the horrors of the "peculiar institution" for the sake of its pecuniary advantages. Some forty years before the action of the story commences, he is entertained in the progress of a tour through Carolina, at the residence of a General Bateman, whose hospitality he returns by making love to his daughter, Angelina. The Hebe is thus described:

"She was a vision of all-surpassing loveliness. Her head was adorned with a slight wreath of flowers, which the children in their gay mood had woven. *Her rich golden hair* fell in profuse and golden curls upon her neck and shoulders, of faultless form and grace. *Her deep blue eyes were fraught with beauty, gentleness, and intelligence. Her transparent, pure-veined complexion*, heightened by sportive exercise, excelled the

artist's highest skill. Her form was a model of symmetry and active elegance. Her movements were spirited, yet graceful; youthful, yet dignified."

Angelina is an heiress, a fact which is not calculated to diminish the elder Boynton's passion. He woos, and wins her; but she proves to be descended *remotely—very* remotely, as we shall see—from a slave mother. The author says:

"The beautiful, the angelic Angelina, was, by Carolina law, a slave. Her mother, fair and beautiful as herself, was descended from *some great-great-grandmother*, kidnapped from some unhappy mother, African, American, European, or Indian, (for all races are made to contribute to the stock of slavery.)"

The fact of her unfortunate descent remains for upwards of *half* a century unknown. Neither her father nor husband suspect it, but *after* her son Harry Boynton, Jr., has grown to man's estate—*after* his inheriting a plantation with fifty slaves, "of whom some fifteen are able bodied men," and his marriage to a Yankee girl, who is, of course, all virtue, and grace, and beauty, and holiness, and perfection, the circumstance is accidentally revealed to a pair of kidnapping rogues, Messrs. Buzzard and Marshy, of Washington City, who immediately set out for Carolina, armed with "pistols and such like persuasives," with the purpose of "reducing Boynton and his only sister to slavery." The intended victims are informed of their danger, which Boynton, by a clever *ruse de guerre*, manages to avoid. He finally escapes with his family to New York, and his plantation is turned over to an agent, whose instructions are to "hold the estate subject to Harry's control, who would soon dispose of it, and meanwhile to place on it some trusty white person, who might *protect and employ the slaves for wages, but not coerce them.*"

Such is a brief outline of this very probable and artistic story. The malicious absurdity of the circumstance upon which the plot depends is sufficiently patent.

The hero's *grandmother's great-great-grandmother* was a slave.—Taking therefore the ordinary duration of human life as the basis of calculation, and including the *forty years* which is said to have elapsed between the visit of the elder Boynton at General Bateman's, and the period of this "most mammoth fiction," *at least one hundred and thirty years* must have intervened between the life time of the original "unhappy slave mother," and the discovery of the taint in the Boynton blood! But we are sick with wading through this pestilent trash. Viewed as an attempt to depict the workings of Southern institutions, it is so utterly, so irredeemably beneath contempt, that the trumpets of the whole army of Abolition editors can only serve to rivet attention to its monstrous exaggeration, falsehood, and special-pleading; viewed as a work of art, the entire story resolves itself into a "*reductio ad absurdum*," in which pages, and even consecutive chapters, seem to us to have been composed under the spasmodic influence of exhilarating gas, administered in liberal doses at the necessary intervals. In novels like the present, the malice of freesoilism "o'er leaps its self," and results in the cementing and perpetuation of the very institution whose subversion it attempts.

PORTER'S SEMI-CENTENNIAL ADDRESS.*

The address of Mr. Porter is worthy of the occasion and the subject No higher praise can be given than this—the occasion was the birthday of Washington; the subject, the character of the American chief.

It is not easy to delineate the grandeur of that character. Few are capable of it. Not many understand it, and we meet with evidences continually of this inability to comprehend its magnitude and power. It is not uncommon, for example, to hear men talk of Hamilton, as the first statesman and intellect of the country. The opinion is proof only that the talker is incapable of measuring the stature of the American leader—that his standard of excellence does not reach beyond the adroit politician or dexterous debater. Mr. Porter appreciates the immense superiority of Washington; he appreciates the true significancy of the phrase,—"first in war, first in peace." To him, it is not a vague form of expression—a mere rhetorical prettiness of words. The man to whom these words were applied, and to whom alone they are applicable, stood apart, unapproached in power of mind as in excellence of virtue. The highest praise that we can bestow on any other man of the Revolution is that he appreciated truly and supported faithfully the illustrious chief under whose guidance alone, by God's providence, success could be achieved in the perilous contest for political freedom.

The idea of superiority in the character of Washington, to which most men attach no definite meaning, becomes in Mr. Porter's hands a just and clear analysis of the qualities of head and heart on which that superiority depends.—Among these, he tells us, were "faith, truthfulness, the spirit of command, and that combination of genius and knowledge of which our language furnishes no better name than wisdom." These were the qualities that persevered through endless difficulties, kept united thirteen separate communities, conciliated the doubtful, stimulated the slow, restrained the rash, encouraged the desponding, soothed the jealous and irritable, watched treachery, disarmed discontent, raised and maintained armies under all privations, and governed and commanded by the moral power only of supremacy in ability and virtue. His faith was no blind confidence in fortune or a star, but the manly trust of a Christian soldier in a good cause; his truth was manifest and bright like the sun; his faculty to govern unsurpassed, and his wisdom unequalled by any other great leader of the world. It is this master quality of wisdom—the sum and perfection of intellect and virtue—that men least appreciate or understand. They see its effects, but not the power that produces them. With the mass of mankind, the flashy orator and brilliant writer will command a higher reputation for genius than the calm intellect that has prescience to foresee and ability to provide and will to do in all emergencies. It was this grand property of Wisdom—of genius

*Semi-Centennial Address delivered before the Washington Light Infantry, in the South-Carolina Institute Hall, on the 23d Feb., 1857, by the Hon W. D. Porter.

in action and in the conduct of mans affairs — that enabled Washington to conduct a long war, with inadequate resources, under every discouragement, without a mistake, with caution and enterprise as occasion required; to establish a great Republic, to give it life and vigour, and to shape its permanent policy for all his successors.

These things Mr. Porter has explained and illustrated with admirable discrimination and power, and no discourse or essay on the character of the man whom all delight to honor, but few with a true understanding of his excellence, has been, any where, by any one, written or spoken to the people of our country superior to Mr. Porter's address.

It is not Mr. Porter's purpose to narrate the action of Washington. That is the province of history.— He undertakes rather to call attention to the prominent traits of Washington's character, to make them the subject of study, reverence and imitation to his countrymen. Its influence, indeed, is not confined to them. His name "has become a power among the friends of virtue all over the civilized world, and will be so to the end of recorded time," and they should feel grateful to the orator who has placed the word's great and good man before them in all his noble and unequalled proportions, the example and standard of all mankind in faith, truth and wisdom.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF SADI.

Apart from all the creatures of the earth
I sit, and weep aloud, and in my grief
My eyes send up to heaven their hopeless tears!

Even as a little boy whose bird is flown
From out his hand, still weeps for that same bird—
So I bewail my sweet but vanished life!

THE FRESH.

Strange things are all too costly for the wise,
Yet stale things are but tyrannies;
And to subdue the strange to proper use,
Were profit at whatever cost or price.
The stale, made stagnant by too free abuse,
Too costly for our keeping at no cost!
We make great gain when certain things are lost,
And profit by the fate which leaves us bare.
If then we do begin, by proper toil,
To earn with diligence the better spoil,
A new life gathers from the fresh and rare,
Stagnation only from the ancient care.
Oh! spoils are on the ocean as on shore—
Dive deep for princely treasure—but the sea,
Is thy own heart and soul; thou shalt explore
These first, if thou would'st fill thy treasury.

LINES.

Thy beauty rose upon my sight,
As on the dim horizon's verge,—
Long tossed 'mid ocean's sullen surge,—
The weary wanderer, with delight,
Sees from the dark and desperate night
A star emerge.

As when the way-worn pilgrim flings
Him down to die 'mid burning sands,
On arid Afric's desert strands,
And swift-winged Memory gently brings
The thought of fond, familiar things,
And distant lands;

If, on his dying ear, the strain
Of human voices softly swells,
Or far-off sound of camel bells,
Their strength his failing limbs regain,
He feels new life through every vein,
And straight is well;

So late I deemed myself forsook
By friends below and heaven above;
A listless wanderer free to rove,
Until thy voice the sad spell broke,
And from dark dreams my spirit woke
To life and love!

No longer now I roam, but still—
Like one who on enchanted isles
Hears magic measures all the whiles—
Entranced, I drink my inmost fill
Of that blest music, which at will
My care beguiles.

Not sweeter tones allayed their fears
Of old, who kept stern watch amain,
By night, upon Chaldea's plain,
And caught, with tranced and ravished ears,
Above the music of the spheres,
The angel strain.

No poet's crown of stars I claim!
I ne'er may join that sacred throng,
Nor their charmed circle move among,
Who win a world-enduring name,
And wear the laurel wreath, and fame
Of deathless song.

Such meed I neither ask nor seek,
Such poor and paltry praise resign;
But if one feeble word of mine,
One song, though wild, and vain, and weak,
Shall breathe the love I dare not speak,
And win me thine;

Then, by thy pitying hand caressed,
Proud of my chains, without a sigh,
E'en at thy very feet I'd lie:
And all my passionate love confess'd,
Too richly, dearly, deeply blest,
Would gladly die!

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

NO. I.

[The letters which follow are from the pen of an accomplished young Carolinian, travelling in Europe and the East. Portions of them have been selected for publi cation, and have appeared in some of the country papers. The portions omitted are here supplied, and the value of the collection increased, by original letters which have not hitherto appeared. Other letters will follow as they successively reach us. We have ourselves read these letters with great satisfaction. They are well written, full of vivacity, and exhibit a mind at once observant, contemplative, and speculative. The writer is a young man of distinguished parentage, whose own talents, industry and enthusiasm promise largely to add to the reputation of his name. His letters are sketchy, but pregnant; excusive, but comprehensive; and he evidently addresses himself to objects of study, which do not ordinarily arrest the attention of the traveller for pleasure. Our agricultural readers especially will find much in this correspondence to interest them, as connected with their pursuits; and those who are scientific will be pleased as our traveller glimpses, *en passant*, at the doings among the European *savants*. Occasional daguerreotypes of distinguished persons in art, science and statesmanship will be found to add a personal and dramatic interest to the sketches of our correspondent.]—Ed.

Glasgow, September 16.

I reached Glasgow on Friday from my Highland tour, having only my travelling clothes on and a change in my carpet bag, and after spending two very dull days I was exceedingly glad when S * * arrived on Monday from Edinburgh with my trunk. Tuesday we went to a Fair at Falkirk, where I was exceedingly disappointed in the show of stock. There were large numbers of a small, scrubby breed of cows from Ireland, and a greater and worse looking collection of the shaggy Highland cattle, which are the smallest specimens of the *genus bos* I have ever seen. There was one remarkable race of cattle from western Scotland which were entirely black and without horns; they were large and fine looking, but I saw only steers among them. The sheep were smaller than ours, and the horses were the large work horse, with immense bones and shaggy fetlocks, and very ungainly form. The Irish and Highland horses resemble marsh tackies. A few half bloods were there—not superior to our common Kentucky horses.

On Wednesday the "British Association for the Advancement of Science" was convened in the City Hall, at eight o'clock, P. M. The room, which was capable of holding 3,000 persons, was two-thirds filled; the galleries and benches being occupied by the associates, of whom a large number were females, comprising the beauty and fashion of Glasgow and the surrounding country. On the stage sat the distinguished foreigners, and the life members of the Association. These are the Noble amateurs and the really scientific members. The associates are the commoners, amateurs who pay £1 for the privilege of attending the discussions, &c., of the meeting.

Having gone early I had a good seat in the gallery just over the stage, and a few minutes after eight the distinguished body of science and noble blood came in from the Lord Provost's (where they had been dining) pell mell, upon the

stage. I did not know one of them, but when they were seated, I recognized in the tall ungainly figure that occupied the chair, the former President, the Earl of Harrowby. He rose to make his valedictory, and though I felt till then a certain awe, I was forced to hold my hat over my face to hide the laughter which the singular appearance of this individual rendered it impossible for me to restrain. He stood at first erect with his hands crossed before him, where he held them closely together all the time; but no sooner had he said, "Ladies," than he flung his body backwards, his feet remaining firm, till his form represented an arc of 90°. His large nose, tapered to a point, rose from his cadaverous face and was directed to the ceiling in his rear, while his long stiff coat tail equally sharp, stood at the antipodes and looked towards the audience.

Singular as was his attitude, conceive my surprise when, by a rapid movement, he entirely reversed his position, brought his pointed nose to the table in front of him, and sent his coat tail out horizontally behind, while—not as if it had been spoken, but as though it had been ejected by this violent effort — the word "gentlemen" broke from his lips. This was his only gesture; his hands and feet remained firm, but at every sentence he performed one or more of these rapid, violent and exaggerated antero-posteriore contortions. He spoke only a few minutes, and his ideas were destitute of point, and his expressions of all elegance. He concluded by introducing his Grace the Duke of Argyle, the President of the Association for this year.

His Grace is a young man, about thirty-two, who has been much petted, and has a reputation for cleverness, and his election as President is esteemed a high expression of the value which the scientific talent of the United Kingdom place upon his learning and abilities. He is of good figure, short, neat hand and foot, a certain freedom of carriage rarely possessed, I believe, by people here, with a fine head and eye, delicate features and an exuberant growth of bright red hair. He stood upon a narrow platform, where it was scarcely possible for him to move his feet without falling off. The table, a very common one, before which he stood, was so low that he was obliged to hold his speech in his hand. It was printed, however, which was well, for he could not have held the manuscript for such a length of time. His voice was free and clear and his manner easy. There was no gesticulation except turning his face from one side to the other.

He gave a résumé of the principal discoveries in science since 1840, when the meeting was held in Glasgow last. There was no striking thought, and though he spoke of friends who had recently died—the celebrated Edward Fordes was one, a young man—there was no attempt at pathos, only a genteel tribute. His speech was two hours long, and nothing more than a catalogue, with little comment, of the most commonly known results and achievements of science; and I am compelled to say that, merely as such, it was strikingly deficient in many important points. The language was good, however, and, except in a few words, the pronunciation the same as our own.

When he finished, Dr. Macfarlan, the aged principal of the Glasgow University, rose, and rolling his tongue in his toothless mouth, spluttered forth the most astonishing concatenation of fulsome compliments to the noble Duke for

"his very able and learned and enlightened and liberal address" that could be imagined, and closed by moving that the "thanks of this meeting be returned to his grace, the most noble Duke of Argyle."

Sir Roderick Murchison, of geological celebrity, rose to second the motion. He is rather handsome, resembles B——, but is not near so good looking. He hemmed and hawed, repeated and bungled, could not say what he wanted to say, affected bashfulness when he was evidently brazen enough, and finally took his seat after what, with us, would have been considered a flat failure, as, indeed, would every thing that passed on the occasion except the Duke's speech.

Mr. Phillips, author of "Mineralogy, Geology, &c.," rose, and at least deserved the credit of saying without stammering what he wished. He read over the list of distinguished strangers. Prince Lucien Bonaparte, the ornithologist, was named. The audience applauded, and the Prince rose and bowed.

Good heavens! is there any of the great Napoleonic blood in that little, squat, obese Frenchman!—He looks as if he had been stuffed with frogs until he could scarcely draw his breath. He is the very realization of the notion of a frog eating Frenchman, and a few touches of the pencil of the caricaturist would make an excellent likeness of him in the shape of a bull frog of the first rank.

Baron Liebig came next. The Baron rose—a slender, good looking man of fifty, with hair just turning grey, and, except a large nose and erect carriage, nothing to distipguish him; not a mark of profound thought. In a word, I would be glad to report differently, but the truth is, take that body all in all, the nobles, and learned doctors, they were as common looking and as unintellectual a display of men as could be easily collected.

Thursday I attended the various sections where many interesting papers were read, and saw and heard the celebrated Hugh Miller.* He has a fine head—the best of any here—but looks and speaks like a Scotch laborer; yet he has genius.

That night I went to a *conversazione*, where, knowing no one, I had the gratification of pressing my hat for a hour or two through the crowd. Friday I went to the mathematical section to see Prof. N——, of this place, for whom I had left my card and letter of introduction at the Glasgow Observatory.

Mr. Whithouse read a paper which was thought by celebrated physicians, &c., present, to demonstrate the practicability of a telegraphic communication between this country and America. Afterwards, there was a paper on the material that occupies the interplanetary spaces. This was followed by Prof. N. in a most ingenious article on the geological formations in the moon. Think of it! No longer are men content with becoming State Geologists, but they aspire to be Geologists to the Moon!

When he took his seat, Sir John Ross, an old grey headed, sturdy sailor, wearing several medals, a white vest and a deep scarlet neckcloth, rose to say that, as for those beautiful diagrams on which the Professor founded his opinions, they were the result of the observations of his telescope, and that he had been accustomed to produce them for the amusement of the ladies.

* Recently dead, committing suicide.

This was a terrible revelation, and Sir David Brewster a handsome old gentleman, rose to smooth it over. That night I heard Dr. Carpenter lecture, and saw the great Whewell. He is the very incarnation of the ideal of an English clergyman. I have not heard him speak. Carpenter has a fine head. In the face, he resembles H——; is tall, slender and ungainly in his figure, looking like a school-boy; immense hands and feet; his pantaloons were too short, and he wore leather straps as long as Major Jones's.

I was introduced to Sir William Jardine, who promised that to-morrow I should hear the whole subject of artificial fish breeding discussed. Last night I went to an evening party at Prof. N's. I had not been personally introduced to him. This I did myself as soon as I entered; he spoke a few words to me and begged me to walk round. I thanked him, and sauntered off. Three or four rooms were thrown open to the guests; there was no such thing as introductions, and as most of them were strangers like myself, there was the most ludicrous show of awkward, gaping people that could well be imagined. I made myself perfectly at home, and though no one spoke to me, I addressed several, who seemed obliged by the attention.

After a while, I saw Dr. Carpenter standing alone; he was the only person there whose name even I knew; and I hastily made my way up to him; found him very affable, and enjoyed half an hour's conversation with him which I shall remember for a long time. I staid about an hour and a half, and as soon as I saw the first man retire, went home. There was a mulatto there talking French, who did not look a bit more awkward than the rest of the company, and whom some of the ladies seemed to find particularly interesting. He was not even a good specimen of the negro, and as I turned from him my eye fell upon two books of Clarkson on the abolition of the slave trade.

I have seen all the great scientific men in England, except Faraday and Herschel. I believe I have not made the best of my opportunities, and that I should have talked right and left to all to whom I had any thing to say. Indeed, I am surprised at English affability, after the reserve I had anticipated. I have seldom been addressed first, but I have uniformly received the most polite reply to any remark which I made. Everything is "If you please," "I thank you," "I beg pardon," "I am much obliged," &c.; sentences which they repeat till you are sick of hearing them, from the servants at hotels up to the lords in waiting. There is, also, an affectation of timidity among all classes, which makes them stammer and hesitate whenever they speak. Vulgar as this is, the very best of them, such as Jardine, Murchison, even the Duke of Argyle, are guilty of it to a most abominable extent.

NO. II.

PARIS, November 29.

I have much to say, but will just pause a moment to mention Mr. Mason. F——'s letter was very gratifying to him. I saw it in his face when he read it, especially the allusion to his health. He is isolated here, and thankful for any approbation. He took occasion to pay me several compliments; promised to invite me to tea, and to

introduce me to his family, and begged me to attend Mrs. Mason's receptions. There it all ended—I have waited in vain for the promised invitations to tea—they came not. The explanation is, that Mr. Mason, one of the best men in the world, is at present a paralytic, whose memory (one of the first faculties that old age yields to an incurable disease) is impaired. He forgot me in five minutes, and will probably never recollect me again.

A word more about our legation. It is current here, that P—— the Secretary, having sent his wife home some months previously, invited his creditors to meet him on a certain morning, at twelve, at his chambers. They assembled, and had the pleasure of learning that their distinguished debtor had found it convenient to embark at Havre, some two hours before, in a steamer for America. He is about, it is said, to publish a work, demonstrating, from the records of the legation here, the absurdity and inutility of foreign ministers. The last chapter will give a description of the model of a perfect minister. The picture is drawn from a Louisiana slave, brought here some years ago, who has acquired the French language, and who is, they say, *indispensable* at the legation; and whose services are not only demanded in Paris, but who has also been sent for, from Spain and Russia, to install our redoubtable diplomatists.*

The other morning, after having my hair cut by the Emperor's barber, I met my French teacher—a Hungarian, a Republican, a refugee, and a professor in one of the colleges here. He informed me that M. Robin advised me to go at once to Huningue, to see the operation of pisci-culture. This advice I followed, and went to see M. Gube, at the College of France, who gave me a letter to M. Chabot, the director of the fish manufactory, established by the French government; and that evening, Monday, 19th October, I started on the Western Rail Road.

I slept that night at Chalons, and the next morning made the tour of the immense Champagne cellars of M. Jacques & Son. These are the largest in the world, consisting of twenty parallel passages, each nearly a quarter of a mile long, crossed by four others of the same length, besides a number of shorter ones. They are from ten to forty feet under ground, (being cut under a hill,) in the solid rock, and their width is from ten to fifteen feet or more; their height is from ten to twenty. Their whole length, not including a new series now in construction, is estimated at six miles. At present, they contain 4,000,000 and upwards of bottles of the wine of Champagne. These bottles are corked by machinery, and the corks alone are said to cost nearly $30,000 per annum.

Champagne is a manufactured wine; I saw them pour a tin cup full (about two large wine-glasses) of burnt sugar and brandy into each bottle, and am informed that every bottle passes two hundred times through the hands of the workmen before it is ready for market. I met the agent at breakfast, who gave me his prices—which are from 3 frs. to 5 frs. per bottle, the higher prices being asked for the vintages of 46 to 49—the lowest that of 52. Two years are necessary to complete the manufacture of the wine, and he told me that at five years it might be considered as fully devel-

*Mr. Lester, our ex-consul at Genoa, devotes an amusing chapter to the same subject.—[Ed.

oped. It costs 5 sous per bottle to deliver it at Havre.

I took a short tour through Chalons before proceeding on my journey. On entering the lofty stone arch which forms the southern gate of the town, over which may be seen the towering steeples of two Christian churches and the roof of the palace of the bishop, I read this decree, written in large characters on the gate: "Destitution is forbidden to enter Chalons."

Voila! a text from which might be preached a sermon more solemn, sorrowful and true, than any which the philanthropy and vivid imaginations even of our abolitionists have devised. At 1 P. M., I took a second class carriage for Strasbourg. It was cloudy and cold. These clouds possess two qualities which I had not before observed in any of their fellows. They render the air warmer than when it is clear, and have a certain illuminating property at night which makes distant objects more distinct than when the moon is unobscured; but they seem to be destitute of a third, which we are in the habit of considering inseparable, that of causing rain to fall. For days and days, they hang heavy and uninterrupted, and still no rain. The weather seems settled just *on a crisis.*

If you wish to give an idea of this country to anybody, you need only take a piece of pasteboard and color it green and reddish brown, to represent the ploughed land and the crops of wheat, and allow any child to arrange at pleasure on this pasteboard the contents of a box of toy houses and trees, and I am sure you will have a correct model of the provinces of Champagne and Lorraine. Their trim poplars and precise farmsteads; their streams resembling badly constructed ditches; their leaden sky and naked hills and plains seem rather to have been manufactured in some immense toy-shop than to be the face of nature. This continuous nudity is to me very sickening, and I cannot conceive of any thing which would produce a like unpleasant sensation except the sight of a bald-headed woman. The produce of the country is grain of various sorts, including buckwheat and corn, the latter of a small yellow variety used only for feeding poultry, and at Strasbourg for producing the "*patés de foie gras;*" also beets in immense quantities, for making sugar and brandy. The whole country is sadly in want of ditches.

I reached Strasbourg about midnight, and the next morning my first care was to procure a French guide, (for the people here speak German for the most part) in order to enable me to despatch the lions. These consisted of the fortifications —a wall of stone and earth of 40 feet in height or more, with sluices, by means of which the waters of the river Ill, which passes through the city, may be spread over the whole surrounding country, in a few minutes, to so considerable a depth as to render the approach of an enemy impossible; then the foundries for cannon, where I saw a furnace capable of holding 25,000 lbs. of melted brass, and sixty workmen, who are paid 4 frs. for ten hours labor a day, and who make 25 cannon per month. The labor is of the most appalling nature. I saw one poor fellow who was cutting the solid brass with a chisel and mallet. He was apprenticed to work for twenty years, as indeed were all the rest; for the government never changes its workmen here. After this apprenticeship, I believe, the government takes care of them. *This, however, is not slavery! oh! no!*

I was at last conducted to the great cathedral, (which was com-

menced in the eleventh century) with its front of "woven stone," with its arched doorway, on which are written, with the chisel of the sculptor, the whole history of the Bible; and its spire 474 feet in height, the tallest in the world—higher even than the great pyramid. It is still one of the wonders of the world. But more wonderful than even the cathedral itself and its statues (sculptured in a species of red sand-stone, brought from the Vosges Mountains, and the expression of which excels any thing I have seen in marble) is the clock which it contains. This clock was constructed in 1325, but having ceased, since 1789, to work, it was reconstructed, with the modern improvements, in 1842. The frame is about forty feet in height. In the astronomical portion, you see the planets revolving in their exact periods; the eclipses of the sun and the moon, and all the phases of the latter; the equinoxes, &c.; all indicated at their exact epoch with mathematical precision. In the ecclesiastical division, you have the calendar of all the festivals of the Church, calculated *in perpetuo*. Beside the face of the clock, stand two *Genii*, who strike the seconds; above, and in the center, stands *Death* with his scythe—he strikes the hour. At each quarter of an hour, a figure passes before him from left to right, and disappears.

The first quarter, this figure represents infancy; it passes, and at the second quarter, youth appears on the left of death; the third quarter, the place of youth is supplied by mature manhood; at the last quarter, he too goes his way, and decrepit old age takes his post. Higher up still, stands the Saviour. On the summit, is the Virgin, attended by three kings; and, on the extreme right, a huge cock. When the clock strikes twelve, the disciples pass before Christ, and he raises his hands to bless them; at the same time, the three kings bend themselves before the Virgin, and the cock flaps his wings and crows thrice; while a "carillon," set in motion by the machinery, plays several different melodies.—Schwilge, the architect, was occupied five years on the mathematical calculations, and the construction consumed six years. But, enough of Strasbourg.

After dining on a "*paté de foie gras*," which I don't like, (by the way, in Strasbourg, a goose sells for 4 frs., while its liver, always sold separately, brings 5 frs. more,) I took my ticket for Basle, the end of my journey. By ten o'clock, I found myself in bed in the hotel of the Three Kings, whose foundations are washed by the far famed Rhine. The next morning I engaged a Voiture to carry me to Huningue, about five miles distant. After some difficulty in finding the road, I reached the establishment, and gave my letter to M. Chabot, a young Frenchman of the purest French type. He offered me both his hands at once; hurried me upstairs to his room; gave me two glases of different kinds of Swiss liquor to drink; told me he was going on a tour through Switzerland, to inspect the various operations then in progress on the lakes and water courses, and insisted on my accompanying him; asked me my age; hoped we should be friends; put his purse at my disposal; told me he was engaged to be married (a secret); promised to introduce me to his betrothed, with whom I would have much pleasure, as she spoke English; she lived among the mountains of Switzerland, and we would see her in our voyage! He went with me to Basle to get my carpet-bag, and advised me to take lodgings at his

boarding house at St. Louis, a small village just on the confines of France, and situated half way between the city of Basle and the "Fish Factory."

I spent five days at St. Louis, and witnessed all the operations of fish culture. They are simple enough. I feel myself thoroughly and practically informed in the whole art of collecting and hatching fish eggs. The first and most essential step, is to determine the exact period of the year when the various species lay their eggs. If S—— wants to serve the cause of science and industrial economy, he may employ himself most profitably in making observations on this point. The eggs, even of the trout here, a fish not as large as our perch, are about the size of a small buckshot. I saw 120,000 eggs of salmon, and 50,000 of trout, lying on a bed of gravel, in two long troughs of water, undergoing the process of incubation.

Notwithstanding, however, the kindness and attention of M. Chabot and the people of St, Louis (for I was a lion there), when I saw the mountains growing white with snow, I began to think of my snug quarters here, and bidding my Alsatian friends adieu, I took a long, cold fourteen-hour ride on the cars, and found myself yesterday morning in Paris once more.

NO. III.

PARIS, Jan. 28.

Friday night, after a two hours lesson in German, which, as my teacher speaks French alone, may be esteemed two hours in French also, I found myself at the Imperial theatre de l'Odeon, *vis a vis* with the Emperor and Empress. They were dressed in plain citizen's costume. The Emperor's face was marked with many a wrinkle, expressing care and thought, and at the same time of that slightly sallow hue, or rather bronzed tint, which give the appearance of great endurance. The Empress was pretty, but constantly in motion. They both seemed perfectly at their ease —paid attention to the play, and laughed, like every body else, at the good things. I have nothing to remark.

The next day I called on M. Robin, and got permission to attend the session of the Biological Society. I then paid a visit to M. Curtis, to ask for a ticket to the *seance annuelle* of the Academy of Sciences, which took place to-day. This I felt I had a right to ask of him, as I had spent three days in translating the English article on fish-breeding, which I heard read at Glasgow, and of which I have spoken to you before, into French for him, at his request.

I spent an hour and a half in the afternoon at a lecture of Milne Edwards on the development of the ovum. After dining I went to the Theatre Francais, and at twelve o'clock found myself at the Opera Comique, where the great annual ball of the dramatic artists took place. I was advised to go there as the most brilliant ball of the season, and as infinitely more *respectable*, and on this account more interesting, than the masque balls that take place every Saturday night at 12, at the Grand Opera.

But these "*bals masques*," what spectacles! No description can do them justice, and the delineators of French manners, as far as I can see (Gavarni excepted) have not dared to attempt it. Although

I am attempting to give you some idea of the way in which I pass my time, by furnishing a connected diary of three days, and am now, as you see, at the Opera Comique, I can't refrain from trying to give you, by way of episode, a faint description of what I saw at the Grand Opera a week ago.

For seven and a half francs, you are admitted each Saturday night, at 12 o'clock, for the two months preceding the Carnival, to the largest theatre in France. On entering, you pass through galleries, saloons and refreshment rooms, crowded with Cavaliers in full dress and immense numbers of handsomely dressed females in dominos and masques. This privilege of the masque is only accorded to the ladies, the gentlemen never appearing thus attired. The chandeliers, the carpets, the statues, the gilding, and all would seem enough to confuse one, but instantly, on the contrary, you feel at home—you promenade, you lounge, you speak to any body, say what you please, and take every thing in return.

But the immense parterre, the seats removed, the floor planked over and lighted by thirty immense chandeliers presents the most striking scene. Here are congregated between 2,000 and 3,000 persons, in every imaginable costume. The voice of the Troubadour mingles with the war whoop of the American savage; Harlequin leans familiarly on the shoulder of the Grand Seigneur, while Madam Pompadour more than "half embraced," nor "half retiring from the glowing arm," whirls round in a giddy polka with a Miller. At the far end of this immense chamber, on an elevated stage, stands Strauss, himself a composer, and son of the author of the celebrated waltzes of that name, baton in hand, conducting his band composed of 100 performers. To give them the music was his charge only, and he was not unmindful of what they needed.

He screwed the pipes and made them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.

Those dashing, deafening peals of harmony seemed to do more for the dancer than simply

"Put life and mettle in their heels"

In their old fantastique dresses you no longer recognized them as a class of beings called dancers. They seemed to be the incarnation of Strauss' notes, or rather like demons, imps, and peris, for a long time imprisoned by some powerful enchanter in fiddles, flutes and horns, and now suddenly liberated in wild, tumultuous ecstacy by the magic of Strauss' black wand. There was also a goodly number of people, of all nations and ages, who waked by this noisy orgie from their repose, seemed to have come up there only to look on; but who, swept away by the excitement, had joined in the saturnalia, despite their former dignity; while a much smaller number of white-gloved, pantalooned fellows like myself, stood by as spectators. And while we

"gazed, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
The pipers loud and louder blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reeled, they set, they cross'd, they dreekit,
Till ilka callant sweat and reekit."

The men in petticoats, women in breeches—now mixed in interminable confusion—now recalled by Strauss' strains—the hundreds threading these mazy labyrinths, finding their places again, jumping over each others heads and flinging one another up with twisting motion; and so high they "leapt and flang it" they seemed dancing

in the air, rather than on the floor —presenting, altogether, the most grotesque scene I ever witnessed. If you ever recollect to have seen a boy with a piece of a pipe stem in his mouth, with a green pea pierced by a pin, suspended at the other end, which he keeps whirling in mid air, and will just imagine a thousand of such peas, thus whirling, transformed into human beings in fancy costume, you will see before you the Parterre of the *bal masque* at the Grand Opera.

I have said that this *bal masque* was commended to me as especially *respectable*. This was its chief merit — this *respectability!* But what is the respectable? It is for our day only to give a definition. The respectable is an invention of modern times, just as the "*To Prepon*" and the "*To Kalon*" were Greek inventions. It had its origin, doubtless, in the social circles of the middle ages—perhaps an Eastern idea, imported and Europeanized by the crusaders. But now, when knight-errantry and its concomitants have long since become first Quixotic, and then obsolete, this, its ceremonial, singular enough, has survived and is still cherished. But, as the court dress of the last century is now worn by only menials and employees, so "the respectable" has become the inheritance of the middle-classes, and, whenever you see a thing that is quiet, sober and stupid, without being amusing, you may be sure "the respectable" rules there.

But this ball—how was it respectable. To me it was something more—something of a bore—worse, it was disgusting. There were the heroes and heroines with whom, at the theatres, I had over and over again laughed, wept, loved, quarreled, fought, humbugged, and committed suicide—all, all, so very *respectable.* I had thought them beautiful, graceful, handsome, laughable, but now they were only "respectable;" that was the height of the ambition of those who had already touched, in my presence, every cord of the human heart. Here the glory had departed.— "Ichabod" was written upon all. Without paint and the foot-lights (and what would the *real* actors be without these?) the heroines were decidedly ugly; the heroes were nice, quiet young men. Another look and I saw plainly traced on their faces the indubitable marks of those moral diseases which are sickening under any circumstances, but which, when they come to us smooth and smiling, and dressed in honest folk's clothes—covering their obscurity with the masque of "respectability," and we in our cool sober senses look at them, we feel a chilly, clammy horror and disgust crawl over us. At the hospital I see deformity and disease and suffering. In the dissecting room I have seen mangled bodies.— There, I looked upon them with a kind of pleasure, or at least an interest which saw nothing loathsome. But when at night in my bed, my dreams have recreated these scenes around me, I have started up in an agony of disgust and fear.

The Masque Ball and this one have probably the same morals. At one place I admire the serpent that seems to be luxuriating in its sinuous folds with a sort of poisoned delirium; at the other this same serpent, its gaudy hues faded into "respectability," glides stealthily along under flowers, and seems to arrogate the right to wind its folds around me at its own pleasure!

But, not to moralize, the only person there who was not "respectable," and therefore interesting, was a little stout man with a profusion of diamonds, black moustache and

head of thick, long, curly, black hair. This was none other than the nephew of William IV. of England — Charles, exiled Duke of Brunswick. A man whose immense fortune is only equalled by his stupidity. His hair is made of black silk, and so notorious is his folly that when Louis Napoleon had collected twenty-five skew-ball horses for his coronation, and, that being put off, wished to get rid of them, he sold them to the Duke, who is now constantly mistaken for a circus manager as he is seen dashing about with his skew-balls.

To-day I went to the old Palais de Mazarin, to attend the annual session of the Academy of Sciences. As I passed through the court I encountered any number of liveried servants and carriages with coronets and the imperial arms on the panel. After taking my seat the first thing that struck me was the presence of a dozen or more soldiers stationed about the room, among an audience, every other man of whom was decorated with the cross or the ribbon of the legion of honor. Half an hour after an officer marched these myrmidons of the law out, and the illustrious members of the Academy, of the Institute, forty in number, entered. There was scarcely a middle aged man among them.— All were old and decrepid, just tottering on the verge of the next world. To-day they had met, as was their yearly custom, to make their annual report of the year that was passed; first, to bestow the prizes on the young men who had, in the interval, distinguished themselves by works of merit; and secondly, to pronounce eulogies on their companions, who, having labored earnestly here in the cause of truth with them, had, since their last meeting, gone before them to enter in the next world upon a new field of labor.

Regnault, the celebrated chemist, presided, and Elie de Beaumont, the still more celebrated geologist, read out the prizes, which ranged from 2,000 francs to 500 francs in value; and to the number of more than thirty. M. Flourens then descended, and, taking his seat in front of the audience, pronounced, in a low voice, but distinctly and with good emphasis, a eulogy upon the great Buch. It was short, not more than three quarters of an hour long, and, what surprised me most, it did not affect the pathetic in a single instance. But when the orator made an effort, it was to excite the risibility of his audience. This he succeeded in doing several times—and with what harm? "Quid vetat ridentem dicere verum." Such are the French. If you want them to listen to you you must make them laugh. Contrary to the custom of all other people, they commence their theatrical performances with a farce and end with a tragedy.

THE DUEL.

To advocate or excuse duelling we must begin by setting aside Christianity. They are opposed irreconcilably. The duellist who becomes a Christian—if his conduct is consistent with his profession—renounces the duel as he would the temple of Mammon or Moloch. The one teaches peace and good will, the other quickness to take offence and promptness to shed blood. The decalogue condemns the duel, the whole spirit of the sermon on the Mount forbids it. It is incompatible with all our conceptions of Christian character. We can no more think of St. Paul as assisting at the duel than as presiding, in Ephesus, at the altar of Diana. For a preacher of the gospel to excuse it even would be felt by all men to be a desecration of his sacred office. So far then as it concerns the religion of the country which all wise men respect, there is no room for discussion at all. It would be as admissible to institute an inquiry whether blasphemy or idolatry might not, with propriety, be regulated and practised in a Christian country.

But, further, Christianity is not a revealer only of the truth which lies beyond the reach of human intelligence unassisted by revelation, it is the clear authoritative teacher also of the moral law. It is not only the guide of faith, but the standard of moral duty. It is the perfection of natural reason in the science of ethics, as it is the light of the soul in religious truth. From this great arbiter of right there is no appeal. It condemns duelling utterly. The professed Christian must abstain from it as from falsehood, larceny, or gluttony. The one is as incompatible as the other with the Christian's rule of moral conduct. He might as consistently advocate a system of organized robbery as a system of regulated homicide.

Again, in all Christian communities, Christianity pervades and influences the whole system of civil law. No legislature disregards its teaching. Every code of law breathes its spirit. The consciences of all Christian people would revolt at any enactment setting at naught or disregarding its sanctions. By the laws of every such people duelling is a crime. Its homicide is murder. It is subject by their penal codes to the same punishment as other murders. If not punished alike, it is the fault not of the law, but of unfaithful officers, whose duty it is to execute the law, and who permit an evil practice to trample it under foot, to their own discredit and the public injury.

It is admitted that the laws are opposed to duelling. Yet the defenders of the duel are reluctant to have it classed with brutal and vulgar crime. They attempt, therefore, to prove that the homicide of the duel is not the murder of the law. But this extenuating distinction rests on no foundation. The great expounders of the law pronounce the duellist's homicide to be murder. Their decision is conclusive. We can as well reason the seal off a bond as authority from their judgment.—"It would perplex all our ideas of morals" as well as of law, to invalidate that authority by any hair splitting distinctions. In the spirit of this subtle humor it is asked by the defenders of the duel, whether it has anything in common with

stealing to a man's bed at the dead of night and stabbing him in his sleep. But murder is not defined to be stealing to a man's bed and stabbing him in his sleep. The highwayman commits murder when, in open day, he assails and kills the armed and resisting traveller. The duellist, assassin and highwayman have this in common, they take life by violence, against the law, and against the decisions of the law authorities that the act is murder. Would you take the hand of the midnight assassin, it is asked, as you would the hand of the duellist—no, certainly. There is something more hateful in assassination than in ordinary murder—it is unnecessary to explain it. *But so far as the simple homicide is concerned*, we should have as little scruple in taking the hand of the bandit who had killed an armed and resisting traveller as of the duellist who has killed his man. There may, indeed, be more malignity in the last than in the first. If the duellist has sought the quarrel, if he is indulging some old grudge, if he kills with levity for a trivial offence, he hardly stands on as eligible ground as the less systematic homicide. The stain of blood is on the hand of each, as ineffaceably, at least, on the one as on the other. The homicide of the duellist and of the robber is equally the murder of the law.

It is easy then, and not the reverse, as a late writer remarks, to account for the immense array of authorities against the duel. How could it be otherwise. Men revolt at blood. Preachers of all creeds, therefore, from Fenelon to Channing, philosophers of all schools, the infidel and the orthodox, churches of every form of faith, the Episcopalian and the Puritan, the Catholic and the Protestant, Generals, Kings, Emperors, all agree in condemning the duel as indefensible and pernicious to society. Even the Atheists of the French revolution preserved their sanity on this subject. For one cause or another—religion, morals, the public good—men of all grades of opinion and station, have united in denouncing it as a crime.

Whether then we consult religion or the moral law, or the law of the land, their exponent in this matter, or the great intellects and pure consciences of the world, we find one uniform voice, not of condemnation only, but of abhorrence for the bloody orgies of the duellist's life.

But if duelling be thus opposed to religion, morals, law, and the judgment of the world's foremost men, it is not within the pale of legitimate argument. It is necessarily indefensible. Like the old Greek Geometer, it has no place to stand on. It must be an offence against good taste as well as sound judgment to excuse it seriously. If a defence of it is attempted as useful to society, the advocate of the duel must begin the controversy by turning out of Court all the great rules and sanctions of social life. It is like a lawyer controverting the existence or application of a law, and demanding of the judge to dismiss from view the acts of legislatures and the reports of judicial decisions. Yet on terms like these alone can any argument in favor of duelling be maintained at all. We admit them, therefore, for argument sake, and proceed to consider the claims of the duel in a merely utilitarian point of view as far as that is practicable in such a question. Is it useful in any conceivable way, under any possible circumstances? Must we not regard it rather as an evil practice, beginning in superstition, fostered by bad passions—by vani-

ty and revenge, the ape and tiger of the human heart—deplored by almost all considerate men, a reproach to magistrates, and a stain on the refinement and humanity of civilized States?

We believe that every step in the reasoning which seeks to prove the usefulness of duelling must necessarily involve a sophism. But sophisms are not always easy to be detected, and it is difficult to make them obvious to those whose opinions they defend. The first that is met in the question before us is in representing the duel as one of the customs and instruments of civilized life—customs of transient utility, changed or abandoned when the purpose is effected, used in an imperfect but discarded in a *mature civilization*, like judges, juries, oaths, the stocks, pillory, and gibbet—all evils to suppress or mitigate greater evils. The fallacy here is a common one. It consists in enumerating things resembling each other but essentially different, as belonging to the same class, and applying, to all, conclusions that are true only of some. It is like including all coins, base and genuine, in the class of money, and, as money is useful, to conclude that all coins are useful instruments in commercial exchanges. The counterfeit coin and the illegal custom bear the same relation to the true coin and the legal custom. Judges, juries, stocks, pillories and gibbets are instruments of society constituted by law; the duel is opposed to law. What is a just conclusion respecting the lawful coin and the lawful custom, is not sound as to the counterfeit coin and the custom against law. The first only are useful, the last are injurious.—The base money destroys commercial confidence, and embarrasses exchanges, the lawless custom saps the very foundation of society—the supremacy of government and the laws. The bad coin and custom are not simply illegal, they are pernicious in their action and influence. They are not only crimes in themselves but destructive to the public good in their consequences.

We are not willing then to admit the claims of the duel to usefulness as standing on the same footing with those ancient and venerable servants of civilization, the stocks, pillory and gibbet. In addition to the essential difference between them from one being a true and the other a spurious coin of civilized life, the gibbet has the advantage, in age, in universality of usage, in fitness for the purposes to which it is applied. The duel professes to redress wrongs, but it strikes the wronged as often as the wrong doer, among its principals, and very often it involves the managing and assisting friends in the worst consequences of the quarrel. But the gibbet is more discriminating in its proceedings. It reserves itself for the criminal only. We never hear of judge, jury, or prosecuting lawyer being hanged in his stead, even when the mistake might be deemed a pardonable error. With the duel it is all hap-hazard. It is an even chance whether the innocent or the guilty suffer. The chances, indeed, are often decidedly against the injured party. The duel then must find a place with institutions of society less honored than the stocks or gibbet.

There are wrongs for which the laws provide no remedy. The duel interposes, it is said, to redress them. It sets aside the laws for this useful purpose. There are other instruments of society that share the honor and the task.—Lynch law, mob law, the higher law, the law of honor, are equally active and efficient in their several

departments. They are alike in being enacted by no lawful authority, in producing violence and bloodshed, in opposing all regular government, in meeting the condemnation of almost all supporters of order and legitimate rule. They are cherished, each by its proper class, have each its alleged purposes, are alike ascandal to magistrates, and are equally able to produce a defence for their proceedings sufficiently plausible to satisfy their several adherents.—They all redress wrongs beyond the reach of the law. Mr. Seward and his State, through a State legislature, expunge the acts of Congress and the decrees of the Supreme Court, because they are inconsistent with the higher law; a Boston mob rescues a slave or burns a convent, because they dislike slavery and convents, and the laws afford no remedy; the Louisville lynchers break into a jail and hang the prisoners, because the Courts cannot or will not convict them; a gentleman invites a neighbor to a convenient place and shoots him through the head, because he has been offended by a wry word, and the laws provide no redress for his wounded honor or violated self-love. In all these cases the actors believe that they are redressing wrongs; that the Courts present no adequate remedy; that they are justifiable in taking the matter into their own hands. The maxim is the same with all—where the law gives no sufficient redress every man may avenge himself or others, and all may decide on the nature of the wrong and the way to redress it. They are all alike incompatible with settled government and the supremacy of the laws. They equally bring all constituted authority into contempt and disrepute, and lead to anarchy as far as their practice and principles extend. What wrong comparable with this can they pretend to cure? Is it the wounds only of the duellist's sensitive self-love? That would be sacrificing the highest to the very smallest purpose—cutting down the great shade tree of the homestead to make a gentleman's toothpick. Yet this is substantially the purpose of the duel. The sort of wrong alluded to is that which, ninety-nine times in a hundred, it is called upon to redress. The great interests of society are endangered and damaged to serve the fantastic purposes of the duellist's inordinate self-esteem. If the effects were not so lamentable to third parties and revolting to humanity, if the principle on which it rests were not so pernicious to established government, it might well be regarded as a farce too ludicrous for grave attention. So far then as principle is concerned, the duel, like mob law, is hostile to the existence of well ordered government. The wrongs which it would redress are for the most part of its own creating—a brood only from the hot bed of a morbidly cultivated self-love.

If there are wrongs of which it is a fit remedy, let it be made the legal remedy. Go back to the superstition that gave it birth.—Make it the handmaid of law and the instrument of justice. Let your law authorities, judge, sheriff and solicitor, preside over and direct the combat, and not wink at it, as they now do, in contempt of the powers by which they exist, and in utter disregard of their most solemn duties as conservators of the peace and executors of the laws. It is true we shall displace an enlightened Christianity for the superstitions of a dark, bloody and ignorant age, we shall graft on our legislation the code of revenge and hate, we shall exchange the cross

for the banner of one whom Milton includes in his magnificent catalogue of fallen spirits and ancient divinities, of

——Moloch, homicide besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice and parents' tears.

But we shall act at least a manly and intelligible part and not, as we now do, sanction lawless combinations that treat government with contempt, and reduce the officers of the law to the deplorable condition of standing helpless and immoveable amid violations of the laws which they are sworn to enforce.

If we continue to make illegal homicide the redress for personal offences, why not apply the same remedy to the wrongs of property? Is not the remedy of the law as often a mockery in one case as in the other? Estates are lost by the ignorance, prejudice, partiality, of judge or jury. What then, are we to levy war and seize the land that has been taken from us under the forms of law? Why not proceed with the rights of property as with personal rights?—There are other wrongs which the infirmity of law cannot adequately punish—the injustice of parents, the disobedience of children, the ingratitude and desertion of friends, the profusion of the spendthrift, the brutality of the drunkard, the crimes of the miser, who hoards while his neighbor starves—for these the law supplies no remedy. But shall we, therefore, permit a volunteer avenger to carry a revolver in his pocket and shoot the ungrateful, the sottish and miserly? Offensive words are not such serious evils to the sensitive nerves of the duellist's self-esteem, which he calls his honor, as those enumerated are to society at large; why shall he be permitted to pistol the offender, in his case, in violation of all laws, human and divine? If the greater offences are left to the tribunal of a cultivated public opinion, why not the less important? The duel is no fit substitute for this. It only disturbs and deranges it.

It is a fallacy then to assume that where the law affords no remedy sufficient in the party's judgment, he is free to find his own, and therefore the duel is right. It is equally a fallacy to assume that the duel is right, because the citizen has no choice except the duel or the Quaker system of non-resistance. Of the first fallacy, we have already spoken; of the second, it may be remarked that the right of self-protection is a right recognized by the laws. If exercised in conformity with law, it infringes no moral or religious principle. It is asserted where the duel is unknown, and the supposed alternative of the pistol, or presenting the other cheek, is a supposed alternative only. We are not driven to the necessity of submitting to wrong or adopting an unlawful mode of repelling it. In a country of law we must be content with the remedies of law. In conforming to these, it does not follow, as we are told, that society is involved in more violence and disorder than it is when we resort to other modes condemned by law. The duel does not displace the casual conflict as is pretended. It is an additional evil only in social life.

For it is not true, as we are told it is, that the duel benefits society by removing a greater for a lesser evil, in substituting a regulated combat for a ruder conflict. There is nothing to support the assumption. Its origin, to which we have alluded, had no reference to any such end. The modern duel grew out of the judicial combat. The judicial combat was a barbarous

and superstitious appeal to God's judgment. It was permitted and ordered, regulated and witnessed by the legal authorities. The defeated party was adjudged to be guilty by the decision of God, and was punished by the laws. The duel was used by governments, not as a substitute for ruder conflicts, but in the place of courts, juries and judges. Its original purpose has ceased long since, what proof is offered that it serves another? When did it begin to suppress irregular broils? At what period has it assumed its new character and new duties? Is there any evidence that it has assumed them at all? Do street fights and personal conflicts cease where duelling prevails? Are they any more common where the duel has no existence? It is notorious that where the duel is most common in this country there the Bowie knife and revolver are in most frequent use. It is equally true that where personal rencounters with deadly weapons or other weapons are comparatively rare, the practice of duelling is almost unknown. We are not comparing different degrees of civilization or modes of manners. Whether Northern or Southern civilization is the most advanced is one question, whether the pistol displaces the Bowie knife is another. We believe that cultivated and well educated gentlemen are very much the same every where, North or South, in Europe or in America, and that it would indicate a prejudiced provincialism to think otherwise. But with this subject at present we have nothing to do. What we have to do with, is the inquiry whether the duel displaces irregular broils? Does it lessen the number? Is it not rather an additional form of violence, so fashioned as to induce many men to commit what the law calls murder, who would otherwise shrink from the very thought of it? This is its purpose, and this its genuine and only consequence.

It is a more just conclusion that one mode of violence, if tolerated, instead of suppressing, naturally produces others; that the regular leads to the irregular homicide, as in even legitimate war between nations, the armies of the belligerents produce hordes of marauders and lawless cut throats. Who can tell what evil effects are produced in this way by the duel among rude and ignorant men? They see a man killed and no question is asked. Neither coroner, nor solicitor, nor magistrate, nor judge, nor governor interferes. Their neighbor has avenged himself on his enemy by shooting him through the head—why should not they? They have the same passions to gratify, the same wrongs or greater to avenge. Their mode of proceeding will be somewhat different. Their weapon is not the same. They will have no formal witnesses or proceedings in mockery of the laws. But they know that the law condemns both homicides alike.—They understand none of the subtilties and sophistries which profess to distinguish the one from the other. These are whisps of straw to the fire of revenge. Why shall they not redress their own wrongs in their own way as the duellist is accustomed to do? What right has the duel to any exclusive privileges? With what propriety do our law officers pursue the homicide in the one case and not in the other? Why refuse the sympathies to the ignorant shedder of blood which they freely bestow on the instructed homicide? They are the guardians of justice and the laws, and they presume to determine when the laws shall be executed and when not. With what

pretence to propriety or a just regard to duty can any officer of the laws prosecute, condemn or execute a man for murder in one form, if he advocates or permits it in another—if he makes it a point of honor to shut his eyes on principal and accomplice who have committed murder in the duel, if he disregards the solemn sanctions of the laws of which he is the guardian, and assists in trampling its mandates and authority under foot? Can there be any more solemn paltering with the obligations of duty than this? In England, where the duel still exists, though not to the same disgraceful extent as with us, there is at least a show always of decent respect to the laws of the country. The duellist flies from justice. He does not laugh in its face. But, with us, blood is shed by violence—the dead body is carried home, in open day, through the streets, to frenzied wife and orphaned children and heart broken parents, and no one interposes, no officer of the law raises a finger to prevent or punish. Even pious Christians, old and young, individual and associated societies, stand paralyzed, and content themselves with a word of sorrow or censure only. If the duel is to cease, as we are told it will, in a *mature civilization and refined Christianity*, we are yet, God knows, a very long way from either.

But why object? Why not allow all parties to fight their own battles in their own way? If nations fight, why not individuals? The matter was better understood five hundred years ago. Then not only nations and individuals, but cities, towns, villages, earls, barons, knights, with their several forces great or small, carried on war at pleasure in every country of Europe. Even now the mob and the lynch gang have an evident leaning to the old custom. Mexico and South America are somewhat addicted to it. In each republic, province makes war on province, and the civilizing effects of the right to fight among individuals and communities, regardless of the government, are widely felt by all our sister republics. The question hardly admits of a serious answer. We grant, for the sake of the argument, that nations have an unrestricted right to make war without moral guilt. It is because they have no common superior. They have not yielded their rights as separate communities to another party. There is no such party to judge between nation and nation, and to enforce the judgment. No party has the right or has the power. But in every regular government the individual citizen has yielded his right to the government. There is a party to judge between citizen and citizen, and to enforce the judgment. There is a party that has the right and has the power. It is the duty of every good citizen to yield obedience to the powers that be. Without this, government is impossible. *No man can be permitted to say that he has not yielded this or that right. The laws are the judge.* It is true that government is imperfect in its doings. Judges and juries are sometimes stupid, laws are imperfect, executives are feeble or faithless. But this in no wise alters the matter. Whatever is to be done, government must rule—not lynch law, nor mob law, nor the higher law, nor the law of honor. Government has determined that war by either of these authorities is illegal; that killing produced in the conflict is felony; that individuals shall not make war with individuals. If the laws and the government are imperfect, it is a good reason why they should be

zen not only to obey the law but to support it, and in the face of this profession we permit a practice to continue which defies all legitimate authority. The civil laws and all government are superseded by the law of honor,—silent leges inter arma.

Let us ask what is this law of honor that so presumptuously tramples on the constituted authorities of the people; what are its immediate and necessary consequences?

Ask ninety-nine men in a hundred what honor is and they will give no intelligible answer. South calls honor the Diana of men of the world. They proclaim her greatness loudly and incessantly, but attach no meaning to their outcry. There is nothing about which there is so much loose talk and confused thinking. It is not the vulgar thing called virtue. It is not the Christian charity which includes all excellencies of morals and manners. It is not the justice or equity of the upright judge. It is a substitute for all these, and excludes them all. And what, again, is the law of honor? It is not the law of God, the moral law, the law of the land. It is independent of these. It is defined by Paley to be the code by which men of the world regulate their conduct towards each other. But as the only published codes of honor ever recognized or alluded to are confined to the regulation of the duel, the law of honor would seem to be nothing more than certain rules determining the mode in which offensive acts, words and looks shall be avenged or punished. Men of honor are those who are governed by this law. Honor is ready obedience to it, as virtue is obedience to the moral law. This is the true nature of honor. The word is ambiguous, and leads easily therefore to false reasonings.—We give it different significations and fall into erroneous conclusions. It is often confounded with elevated and refined integrity—a nice, sensitive, cultivated moral sense, which is often found in men who admit the obligations of the code of honor. This delicate moral sense is common to these men and to the devout Christian who abhors the duel. It is not therefore the distinctive property of the man of honor. The quality only which is common to men of honor can constitute the principle of honor. This common property is readiness to give and take redress for wrong by a resort to the pistol. This is honor, the principle of honor; it must not be confounded with properties which are sometimes associated, but have no necessary connection with it, as fine fruit is often engrafted on a worthless stock.

The direct tendency of this law, or principle of honor, is to produce and foster in society, a factitious sentiment of personal dignity, a morbidly sensitive self-love, a promptness to take offence, a readiness to revenge slight injuries, a false reputation for elevation of character, a false shame, inordinate pride, a distorted standard of right and wrong, of civilization and refinement. These tendencies are best seen in its perfect type—not the fanciful but the true exemplar—not dressed up in adventitious properties, but confined to its own. In a community addicted to the duel, the most reckless to take another's life, or expose his own, the coolest and most expert homicide, the readiest to resent a word, the most tenacious about yielding the slightest point of a certain etiquette, is the standard character among gentlemen of honor—the arbiter, the authority by which conduct is regulated and quarrels adjusted. His dexterity, calm-

ness, steadiness of nerve, promptness to avenge a word or look, are objects of envy, praise, and emulation. This is the true impersonation of the modern duel, not that of fancy, but of fact. This is the character which springs from the practice, its consummate condition and necessary consequence, in action not in theory. Its evil influences are general. What they are in particular on delicately formed, sensitive minds, with nice conceptions of propriety, scrupulous in morals, yet quick to be affected by public opinion, may be more easily imagined than described.

The pernicious tendency of the duel in giving importance and distinction to the most dextrous and determined homicide, often induces men who would shrink from ordinary or unregulated murder, to seek opportunities for the systematic murder of the duel. In the one case, they incur the detestation of the community, and the risk of being hanged; in the other, they avoid both and acquire reputation besides. The duel thus directly promotes and rewards homicide. The single supposed restraint, the exposure of his own life, is no restraint at all. His courage is admitted to be reckless, his skill is unerring, he runs less risk in perpetrating his murders than the highwayman and housebreaker, in committing theirs. Their objects and inducements are equally prized and urgent, with one party it is plunder, with the other, distinction and station among men of honor.

From this cause and the unavoidable inequality in the duel before alluded to, one of its prominent evils arises. We have noted its ill effects of example and influence, but that mischief is not all. It produces others still more odious. In every community addicted to duelling, there will be one man remarkable for all the properties that constitute the unerring shot. If he happens to be peaceable, though his skill will tend to make him otherwise, it is fortunate for society. But if arrogant, insolent, and overbearing, he becomes the scourge of his neigborhood. Who has not heard of men like this? If to his other endowments he adds a vicious character and plausible address, the evil is tenfold greater. For the code of honor does not exclude from its adherents the gambler, the dissolute, the hard drinker, the dishonest even, if he is careful only to pay his debts of honor with ready punctuality. Over the young around him, ambitious of distinction as men of honor, his power is unbounded and pernicious. He has every youth's life at his mercy—quisquis vitam suam contempsit vitæ tuæ dominus est—he is reckless of his life, he is master of the lives of others, because he is ready to risk his own. Worse than that! he has the young man's character at his mercy frequently, and very often he has no mercy. He is the incarnation of cruelty, a very priest of Moloch, mocking the disgrace he inflicts, if it is not resented, and shooting the injured party, if it is. He is the genuine and inevitable product of the duellist's school.

It is the remark of the philosophic historian, that as civilization and refinement advance, the penal code, in every nation, is curtailed and softened. A hundred offences punished with death, in England, eighty years ago, are now subjected to minor penalties. The public mind becomes impatient of blood. The axe is abandoned, the gibbet is removed from sight. Life is taken with reluctance even in cases where the interests of society imperatively require it. But the re-

fining and civilizing code of the duel, knows no mitigating change. Death is the punishment now, as of old, for a hasty word or a scornful look. The most aggravated injury can demand no more. There is no proportion kept between the offence and the penalty, no softening of the code of carnage. To hang for many, even serious offences is no longer tolerated, but men of honor still shoot each other through the head for a trivial word, or an offensive gesture.—And this, we are told, is a refining and civilizing custom, to be defended and cherished. What can we hope from it? Is it possible for a system that tolerates and requires indiscriminate slaughter for every conceivable offence, to have any just claim to refinement, civilization, or ordinary humanity?

It is the misfortune of society, that the code of duelling, or the law of honor, as it is commonly called, is the law of the educated, the wealthy, the fashionable, the elevated in rank, and station, both in this country and in Europe; men who condemn mob law without measure, but steadfastly adhere to their own; who easily see that lynching leads to anarchy, but will not understand that the duel rests on no better principle. The one is the usage of the multitude, the other of the gentleman, that only is the difference. In England princes and nobles have sanctioned the duel by their practice; in America, lawyers and doctors, politicians and statesmen have yielded obedience, often unwillingly, to its mandates. There are noble exceptions. We can thank God that Washington, the highest and purest type of man and gentleman, is one among them. But it is the common vice of the noble and the great. Hence the laxity of judges, sheriffs, magistrates, in performing faithfully their duty, to execute the laws and to punish the duellist; hence the difficulty encountered by wise legislators in suppressing what they know to be an offence against every law of God and man. Hence the notion that homicide is chivalrous and refining. Hence the inconsistences of men high in station and character, who condemn it and yet are weak enough to support it by their practice. Hence the numerous pretended reasons why a man shall be allowed, in open day, in the sight of witnesses, with deliberate design, in contempt of coroner, magistrate, sheriff, solicitor and judge, to shoot down his neighbor, and no one interferes to punish the culprit and avenge the majesty of the laws. The Mrs. Grundy of the great and powerful, commands attention and speaks always with an imperious voice that frightens her subjects. When it is said that the duel is the result very often, not of courage but of fear, we mean the fear of that dread voice which is obeyed with a deep consciousness in the party, that he is doing wrong to every high principle that ought to govern society; that he is setting at naught the laws of man and the commands of God.

We have so far written as to men gravely laboring to defend the duel. We have, therefore, taken a cursory view of the reasons usually assigned in its behalf, and the evils it produces. Not that we admit for a moment, that any reasons in themselves can be worth an answer, which are offered in behalf of a practice, at variance with all laws human and divine. Nevertheless, a grave argument is entitled to a serious reply. We have so replied, therefore, to the defenders of the duel. We have attempted to show that setting aside, for argument sake, all the great sanctions of social life, without which

society can have no existence, and taking a merely utilitarian view of the duel, there is nothing to approve, everything to condemn; it is productive of mischievous effects and influences only, and its benefits are imaginary; it is kept alive, as any other vice is kept alive, by bad passions and the strong influence of those who indulge in it.

But *is* the argument for duelling to be taken seriously? Can a writer be supposed to be in earnest who maintains a proposition under such extraordinary conditions?—When we gravely reply to the defence of a systematic plan for committing murder, are we not like the man who takes seriously Swift's *modest method to prevent the children of the poor of Ireland from being a burthen to their parents and the country*, where the Dean tells the reader, that a young, healthy child, well nursed at a year old, is most delicious, nourishing and healthy food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled, or as he makes no doubt, in a fricassee or a ragout? Shall we not resemble one who reads the history of the Houyhnhnms, and solemnly undertakes to disprove the story, that horses are able to talk; or who sets about refuting the essay of Whately, written to prove that no such man as Napoleon Bounaparte ever existed? When we consider the pro-duel argument as any thing more than a master-piece in literary gymnastics, are we not in the unenvied condition of a victim to a clever hoax? We fear so. There are men who regard all such questions as exercises only in logic and rhetoric—sharp wits, who find an agreeable excitement in subtle speculations, and to whom fiction affords an ampler field than truth. They delight, therefore, in strange theories and paradoxes, on all questions, social, political, historical and literary. They love bye-ways and devious paths, and scorn the broad and beaten public road. One maintains that the New Zealander, with fish bones through his nose and ears, tattooed and covered with fish oil and ochre, is a more happy and dignified creature than the civilized man; another, that Homer's poems are a collection of fugitive tales from different hands; another overturns all ancient history, to re-write it in the 19th century; another vindicates the claims of the third Richard, to personal beauty and sweetness of temper; another discovers something human and humane in Robespiere and Marat; another demonstrates that there is no material world; another annihilates mind as well as matter; another, De Quincey, discusses murder as one of the fine arts; and another expatiates elaborately on the excellences of regulated homicide or private war. The two last have hit upon kindred topics for their skill in dialectics. Their essays may be considered twin treatises—murder considered as a fine art, and duelling as a refining and civilizing institution present an equal and similar field for ingenious rea soning. It is difficult to say which is the most graceful and adroit performance. There is as little reason in the one subject as in the other, for supposing that the writers could have any serious meaning. Their readers would commit an intolerable blunder, to reply as though they had, and yet, we are afraid, it is the very blunder into which we have fallen ourselves.

There is an obvious resemblance in the subjects of the two writers, as murder and duelling are very much the same thing. There is the same similarity in the point of view in which they are taken—as a fine art, and as a refining art. Whatever may be said of the one,

in this aspect, appears to be equally true of the other. There is much that is alike also in the subordinate topics, allusions and illustrations.

To make the parallel more striking, and simplify the comparison, we will confine it to one branch only of murder considered as a fine art, to the Indian custom of Thuggee. Thuggee and duelling are both founded on the ineradicable instincts of our nature; they are both of religious origin; are opposed to the laws of the country; have societies and classes devoted to their practice; have been subjected to rules and ceremonious observances; have produced artists of great celebrity; are nice and exclusive in their implements; abound in excitement, mystery and secrecy; are instruments of society, useful in their way, evils to prevent greater evils; and they will cease "under a refined Christianity and mature civilization."

They equally spring from passions of the human heart, which no earthly power can subdue or tame. They alike assert religion to be their source. Thuggee indeed occupies still higher ground, it retains its religious character. The judicial combat has passed away, but the Thuggee temple and rites are still existing. The devotional element imbues and regulates the whole institution.

They are alike opposed to the laws, and until lately with the same impunity. The native Indian authorities winked at Thuggee, or approved, as our magistrates now do in reference to duelling. The British government has lately interfered very improperly with the Thug's freedom of religious opinion. There is no reason to think that our more considerate rulers will follow so bad an example.

The devotees of Thuggee, are a large community, more numerous than the adherents to the code of honor, and have at least as high respect and reverence for their craft or calling. They are subject to exact rules in the practice of their art, and have this advantage, that their rules are prescribed and sanctioned, not by unauthorized individuals, as with the duelling code of Wilson, but by a regular established priesthood.

If duelling has its heroes, not less celebrated, sung at high festivals, and enshrined in a people's memories, are the distinguished chiefs of Thuggee. The reports of the Indian courts, give numerous instances of remarkable Thugs—men who have exhibited courage and resolution in every danger and trial of their vocation. Among them "we find displayed the most unflinching courage, the most ardent self-devotion, the most sublime magnanimity, the coldest self-possession, the most deliberate contempt for the king of terrors." If it be thought, however, that Thuggee is deficient in those evidences of active courage produced by the duel, "so full of excitement and interest," there are other branches of the fine art of murder, which will supply examples which duelling has never equalled. In the history of pirates and buccaneers, every form of daring, of self-possession, of contempt of death, of rushing into battle, not one man with one man, but one with a hundred, is found without end. What, compared with theirs, is the parlor bravery of the duellist, refreshed with cologne water, and fenced off at ten paces? The one is the work of boys, the other of giants.

The more manly warfare of the buccaneer, is not so nice in its tools as the refined system of the duel. But Thuggee is greatly superior to

both. A silk cord or handkerchief is the only implement. It is more beautiful, even than the nicest saw handle pistol. There is no locking and unlocking mahogany cases; wiping out barrels or ramming down powder and bullet; nothing to soil the nicest hand or glove; no giving of signals; no noisy report; every thing is clean, neat, quiet and efficient.

It is also superior to our refining art in the secresy and deliberation with which it proceeds. The advocates of the duel, have justly blamed judges and legislators, for the preference which they improperly give to manslaughter—*to killing quick, or in hot blood*—a proceeding, which the courts seem to favor more than killing with forethought. The duel prefers the slower and more methodical mode. But in calm, deliberate, silent action, Thuggee is, beyond measure, superior to the duel. For weeks, for months, the Thug pursues his purpose. There is no bustle, no protocolling of seconds, no preparation or practice of arms, no important faces whispering and fussing from house to house, no consulting of friends, no advisings of clumsy umpires, the business of the Thug glides along like time, sometimes as slow, sometimes as fast, always as silent, mysterious and certain.

As instruments of civilization—evils to remove greater evils—Thuggee and the duel have equal claims to high consideration.—Duelling is the substitute for street fighting, biting, gouging and the Bowie knife, which gentlemen, would necessarily resort to if debarred from the pistol. Thuggee displaces in like manner, the coarse brutal homicides, that would otherwise prevail. How superior is it to the horrible mutilations and massacres of a Mahratta horde, or the still more savage throat cutting of the vulgar city villain. Thuggee permits no violence, no bludgeons, nor slung shots, nor knives, nor hatchets, nor mallets. Every thing proceeds calmly and gently. Not a cry is heard, not a struggle. No blood streaming from ghastly wounds, no brain oozing from fractured skulls, no mangled bodies disgust or terrify the passing traveller. All is done quietly, with order and the nicest decorum.

It has been related as a mark of the *duel's* refining influence, that when the proud Earl of Shelburne came on the ground to meet an opponent, he was obliged to enquire who was the gentleman, that expected his attentions. If he had delayed the inquiry until he shot his antagonist, he might have asked who the gentleman was, that he just had the honor of killing.—Even then the Thug would be the superior in perfect exemption from all malice. He neither knows the subject of his art, nor ever inquires who he is, alive or dead. He has no unkind feeling towards him. He has even a sort of regard for him, as the priest has for the victim, whom he offers in sacrifice to his gods.

If it be objected to Thuggee, or to the duel, as a fine art or a refining art, that they occasion a great destruction of human life, the reply is obvious in either case. *What is human life? It is not a property, but a loan.* The patriot devotes it. The martyr makes it an offering. A thousand lives are lost in perfecting an art, in steamboats, on rail roads, or in carrying a military post or storming a city, why not a comparatively few in the arts of duelling and Thuggee, both intended to guard the decencies of civilized life from the barbarities and savagery of coarser modes of killing?

The writer who discusses murder

as a fine art, is much more comprehensive in his views, than we have represented him. He goes back to the Sicarii of the Hebrews, to the nation of Ansayrii or assassins, to the venerable patriarch of murder, the Old Man of the Mountains. He refers to the wonderful tales told in history of the daring courage, skill, zeal, and fidelity of that Patriarch's devoted followers. No supporter of the modern law of honor could exceed, or perhaps equal them in adhesion to the point of honor, or in the qualities necessary to maintain it.

As murder will exist, as it is rooted deeply in the instincts of our nature, as no effort of rulers has been or will be able to prevent it, it is most happy for society, that it should be so admirably regulated in the various forms, in which our two writers have presented it. But we have said enough to show the great ingenuity with which two of the most conspicuous of these forms have been exhibited for the reader's admiration and applause, as refining and civilizing arts or institutions. Both writers, we think, have made out their cases with success, and after reading their essays we shall be constrained to esteem both arts, systems, or customs, Thuggee and the duel, as alike worthy of all mens' approbation and applause.

THE SEASONS.

[Chinese.]

Flowers without number bud and blow around;
On the blue river's brink the peony
Burns red, and where doves coo the lute is heard,
And hoarse black crows caw to the eastern wind.

Under the plane tree in the shaded grove,
Screened from the light and heat, the idler sits,
Brooding above the chess board all day long,
Nor marks, so deep his dream, how fast the sun
Retreats at evening to his western house.

When autumn comes men close their doors, and read;
Or at the windows loll to catch the breeze,
Freighted with fragrance from the cinnamon.

The snow is falling on the balustrade
Like dying petals, and the icicle
Hangs like a gem; all crowd around the fire,
And rich men drink their wine with merry hearts,
And sing old songs, nor heed the blast without.

THE VOICE, THE HAND, AND THE SILHOUETTE.

BEING THE TITLE OF A MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A STOVE.

"There is Giessen, sir," said the driver of the Eilwagon, as we passed along the avenue of poplars leading from Kleinden, "the mountains you are regarding on your left, each supporting a ruin, are Vetzberg and Gleiberg."

"And that on the right?"

"Is Schiffenberg. If it were not for the forest beyond Giessen, you might also see the Staufenberg mountain, where the students are in the habit of fighting their duels."

As he said this, he looked at my vest, to see if I wore the ribbon of a fighting student, and, not discovering any, smiled—no doubt imagining the sport I must afford the *bemossed-heads*, when I should pass the ordeal of initiation into a corps of the Burschenschaft.

It was the first of October, 184—. The sun had set behind the mountains, and it was growing dark. A venerable church-steeple rose from the centre of Giessen, and a deep-toned bell announced that some one was appareled for the grave.

As we entered the town, my attention was attracted to a large building, at the gate of which stood a hearse, with four horses gorgeously caparisoned.

"What building is that?" I asked.

"That is the Hospital," answered the driver.

"Is it possible," I continued, "that any one entitled to such funeral honors, has been left to die in a hospital?"

"Do you hear the ravings of a madman?" enquired the driver, restraining his horses, and holding his head forward to listen, "do you hear any one calling upon his friend Maxwell, and chiding him for not coming to his rescue?"

"I hear nothing," was my reply.

"Then this is the first time in one month, that I have passed here without hearing his cries. No doubt the poor fellow is dead.—You will not be long in Giessen before you hear of his duel, and the strange——."

"What," said I, interrupting him, "wounded in a duel!"

"Oh no, sir, on the contrary, he killed his man."

We now drove rapidly along the gloomy street. It had been a market day. Here, could be seen the plump Hessian girl urging her frolic-loving swain to return to their village home; and there, the matron, with developed authority, forcing her good man from his comrade, with whom he had just drunk his fourteenth choppin.

I was set down at the Einhorn hotel, where the jolly host gave me a warm reception, and, finding that I spoke English better than German, handed me over to his chief waiter, Franz, who understood English almost as well as his vernacular. I was conducted to a room overlooking the street, and left to recover from the fatigue of travelling. It was not long before I threw myself upon the bed—for the journey from Frankfort to Giessen, is a wearisome one, occupying as it does two days and a night. I had scarcely fallen asleep before I was startled by a noise in the street. I did not collect my thoughts sufficiently to conjecture what it was until it had died away to a mere rumbling sound in the

distance;—it must have been a public conveyance. My attention, however, was diverted by a strong light. Supposing it to be a fire, I ran to the window and opened it. The spectacle that met my view was one I had often looked upon before—it was a torchlight procession approaching the town from the direction of the Schiffenberg mountain.

It is a custom in the German Universities, to bury the dead student by night. A more solemn ceremony cannot be witnessed. If the black coffin, the slow pace, and the drooping crape be expressive of the awe with which the grave inspires us, why bury the dead in the brightness of day; when, to the idle spectator, all our display of grief is lost in the glee of nature—the green foliage, the song of the birds, the chirp of the grasshopper? Why not bury the dead by night—when the torch makes each tree a weeping willow; and the mourner dreads not the approach of night, but awaits, with comforting expectation, the rising of the sun, to visit the loved one's grave, gemmed by the morning dew?

I rang the bell, and Franz was again in my presence.

"I see a lengthy torch-light procession yonder—is there a student to be buried to-night?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, "if you wish to be present at the burial, I will conduct you."

I hastily dressed myself, and accompanied him into the street.—As we proceeded along the dimly lighted alleys, he gave me some account of the person about to receive these romantic demonstrations of respect. It had reference to the same unfortunate individual, in whom the driver of the Eilwagon had interested me. The particulars narrated by Franz, however, referred to a catastrophe so mysterious that I thought the incident leading to it must have been exceedingly terrible. Indeed, I found myself specially interested in it, because an American was an actor in the drama, and I felt it my duty to enquire into the matter. The circumstances related by Franz were as follows:

"This student, whose name was Winther, died a maniac, and his madness dated from the moment when he slew his mortal enemy in a pistol duel. As the latter fell, he cursed Winther with his dying breath, and threw from his bosom a Silhouette.* Winther no sooner saw it than he sprang into the air like one shot through the head; and, from that moment to the hour of his death, had been an ungovernable madman. An American, by the name of Maxwell, was Winther's second. When he caught sight of the Silhouette, he became very pale, and declined so rapidly in health, that he never could give any account of his conduct. He died, three weeks afterwards, sitting in his arm-chair.

"Did no other persons see this Silhouette?" I asked.

"Yes," answered Franz, "some gentlemen who were present saw it—in fact, picked it up from the ground, for it did not reach Winther by several paces. It is now in the possession of the police. It is an ordinary pasteboard Silhou-

* A Silhouette is a miniature profile of the human face, painted in uniform black color upon white pasteboard The students exchange them with one another as tokens of esteem. The letters Z. F. E., always written at the bottom in the handwriting of the donor, are the initials of *Zur Freundschaft Errinnerung*—in plain English *for a token of friendship.*

ette of the face and bust of a female. A long guard of auburn hair was attached to it, and, though much bespattered with blood, these words could be deciphered at the bottom: *a token of love from Bertha to Adolph.* Winther's name was Adolph, but beyond this the Silhouette afforded no clue to an explanation of the extraordinary effect it had upon him and his second."

Musing upon this strange recital, I was led into an open place, where the procession had met the hearse. An immense crowd had assembled. A band of musicians poured forth the swelling strains of a funeral march, and the procession moved forward. In the open hearse could be seen the coffin decorated with a profusion of flowers; and upon it were crossed the swords and foils of the student—all to be buried with him. Arriving at the cemetery, the burial was finished, and the curate delivered an address full of feeling. He alluded to the mysterious circumstances attending the career of the deceased; and exhorted his fellow-students to divest his memory of suspicion, and let the many virtues, which had endeared him to them, cover his faults, as roses do the thorns among which they grow.

The multitude, after extinguishing their torches, dispersed, and I returned to the hotel.

The next morning I went with Franz to search for lodgings in a private house. He told me the rooms which Maxwell had occupied were vacant. This information determined me to secure them, and I desired Franz to conduct me at once to the house.

"There was here," said he, "a gentleman from Scotland by the name of McDonald, in close intimacy with Winther and Maxwell. He returned to the hotel, the night before he left Giessen, so dreadfully agitated that it was fearful to look at him. He departed the next morning with great reluctance, hesitating long before he would enter the Eilwagon. That very morning, Winther encountered his victim, (for the public feeling was entirely on the side of the latter,) and stabbed him in the throat, with a curious knife, such as had never been seen here before. Take my word for it, sir, this McDonald is the only man who can throw any light upon ——."

"I thought you told me that Winther had slain this man in a duel?"

"He did, sir, five or six weeks afterwards; for the wound in his throat did not prove mortal."

We now stood before the house. Upon ringing the bell, a neatly dressed servant girl, with whom Franz seemed well acquainted, made her appearance, and, being informed of the object of my visit, conducted us up stairs to the third story. We then passed along a corridor, at the termination of which was the door leading into the apartments that had been occupied by Maxwell. Before entering this door, I happened to look up, and saw a square opening in the ceiling, capable of admitting the body of a man, and, no doubt, contrived for the purpose of conveying water to the top of the house, in case of fire. Observing a portion of a circular object extending over the edge of this opening, I thrust my stick against it, and, thereby, tilted over a large bottle, of the sort used for the preservation of anatomical preparations. It was filled with a fluid resembling naptha, and fell, with a crash, at the feet of Betschen, the servant girl. She started back, with a degree of agitation that excited my surprise, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Franz! Franz! there is the same smell—it has the same smell the hand had!"

I looked at the girl with astonishment.

"You must know," said Franz, noticing the change in my countenance, "that Betschen, here, is easily frightened by trifles ever since the night before the morning on which the Scotchman took his suspicious departure. He and Winther were spending that evening here, with Mr. Maxwell. Things went on quietly until about midnight, when a tremendous noise, that shook the whole building, caused all the inmates of the house to rush up stairs. They found the door, here, torn from its hinges, and the room in the utmost disorder. Mr. Maxwell was lying insensible upon the floor; while Winther, with the coat sleeve of his right arm, burnt nearly off, was pacing the room in a frantic manner. McDonald stood with his arms folded, and was regarding, in amazement, a small shrivelled hand, with a ring upon one of its fingers, which was lying on the table. Upon the floor was a shattered porcelain dish, and, half consumed by fire, a long, black crape curtain was hanging from the top of the door. You recollect, I told you, it was the very next morning that the rencontre took place between Winther and this——."

"By the by, Franz, what was this man's name?"

"His name was——."

We were interrupted by a sudden cry and start from Betschen.

"Franz!" she exclaimed, clinging to his arm, "there's a ring."

We looked down upon the floor, and there, sure enough, was a plain gold ring lying among the fragments of the broken jar.

"Oh, Franz," continued Betschen, "the hand must have been kept in that jar. Oh, yes, it must be so. When it shrivelled, the ring dropt from the finger, and was left in the bottom of the jar. But how did it get up there? Who could have put it there?"

"What do you mean, Betschen?" I enquired.

"Oh, sir, the hand! the hand that was found upon the table that night—so pale and shrivelled."

I was about to question the girl further, in relation to her singular agitation, but was prevented by a circumstance, perhaps, the strangest ever encountered. I was bewildered, and if I had been alone, no doubt I would have been terrified. It is impossible for me to convey to the reader, anything like an appreciation of the perplexity, under which I labored for twenty-four hours; or, of the uncontrollable admiration, to which I yielded, when the puzzle was explained, and I caught a conception, imperfect as it was, of the most wonderful contrivance, that ever originated with genius.

I was about to ask the servant girl some other question, when I felt something like a spider's web, brush across my face. The idea of a spider's web was, however, only momentary; for, instead of adhering to the skin, like that substance, it rebounded, leaving a sensation of metallic coldness and hardness, and the impression of vibration. Cautiously advancing my right hand, I caught it between my forefinger and thumb, and brought it close up to my eyes; but the most intense scrutiny enabled me to see nothing. I pulled upon it, and found that it connected, in some way, with the square opening overhead. I next brought my left hand forward, and, with my thumb nail, put it in vibration, like the string of a violin. It seems almost incredible, but a tone of indescribable sweetness was elic-

ited, which, reaching the ears of Franz and Betschen, forced the latter, to run towards the stairs, with the intention of making her escape; while the other, alarmed at my abstracted, or rather concentrated gaze, caught me roughly by the right arm, thereby causing me to *feel* a distinct snap, and, at the same time, to lose my hold upon the mysterious substance. I called Betschen back, and quieted her, by explaining what had happened. After searching upon the floor for half an hour, without feeling anything, (for seeing it was out of the question,) we opened the door and entered the room. It was a large apartment, with two windows opening upon the street. The furniture consisted of six ordinary chairs, a sofa to the right of the door, and an arm-chair, with a secretary attached to it, standing in front of a small stove. Upon the wall, separating this chamber from a dormitory, was suspended a row of beautiful pipes, and the opposite wall was covered with Silhouettes of students, in their peculiar costumes. There was among them a large lithograph portrait of remarkable lineaments. The forehead was high without being massive. The slightly aquiline nose, the compressed lip and prominent chin, denoted that decision and firmness of character, so much to be admired, when a genial, earnest eye proclaims the supremacy of the nobler feelings. But a scar, delineated across the left cheek, painfully interfered with the fascination produced upon me by a face, which, without this blemish, would have been eminently handsome.

"That," said Franz, "is the likeness of Mr. Winther, whose funeral you attended last night. It is strange, that one cannot regard this unfortunate gentleman in any particular, without recalling a mystery. Now, sir, that scar upon his cheek has never been explained—I mean the way in which it was received. You must know, that Mr. Winther was the most perfect fencer in the University. He had acquired such perfection in the use of the Schläger, that few could stand before him in a duel. What led to this, his last fight, I am unable to say; but I will relate the particulars, and you can form your own opinion as to whether the Devil had anything to do with the matter or not. I have made up my mind about it long ago. You see, sir, they met out at the Stauffenberg, and, just as the word was given, Winther, instead of striking with his usual skill, let his weapon drop, and looked down before him with terror expressed in his countenance, while his antagonist, attacking him, inflicted the gash across his left cheek, you see in the picture there. This conduct of Winther caused much surprise, but astonishment was carried to the utmost, by three or four of the bystanders, declaring that they distinctly heard a voice floating along near the ground by Winther's feet, and rising up between him and his antagonist. They said they heard the words that were uttered, but forgot in the excitement which followed, what they were."

"Well, Franz," I remarked, "at this rate we will get up a romance of some interest. Think of something else."

"Ah, sir," said Betschen, noticing my incredulity, and coming to Franz's aid, "you would not doubt if you had seen what I saw in this room that very night. Here lay Mr. Maxwell. There stood Mr. Winther, with his coat sleeve burnt off; and here was the table with the hand, the pale, shrivelled hand lying upon it."

"Oh, Betschen! Betschen! you frighten me. I will never be able to sleep up here; as far back as I can recollect, I have been afraid of ghosts."

"It was no ghost, sir," exclaimed Franz, "it was the Devil."

"Worse and worse, Franz! Ghosts are harmless, but——."

"Ah, you need not be afraid, sir," he replied, "nothing strange has occurred here since——."

I interrupted him, by pointing to the square opening in the ceiling above the corridor.

"Have you forgotten the little adventure we have just met with, out there? Can you give me no aid in solving the mystery? What produced that strange sound?"

"Lord protect me! Sir, how should I know?"

"You said there was a voice heard? Did no one describe the intonation?"

"No, sir."

"And the jar, you say——."

"Oh, let us not speak any more about it now," exclaimed Betschen, "I will relate all I know hereafter. I am afraid to think about these things. Surely there could not have been any crime, in which Mr. Maxwell was engaged! No, no, he was too good a man for that." Her eyes filled with tears as she continued. "He was my good genius. I nursed him through all his sickness to the very last. That afternoon when he died, I had left on an errand to Dr. Bischoff. I know I was not absent longer than half an hour. When I re-entered the room, he was sitting in that chair. His left arm was hanging down, and swinging to and fro; while he had his face concealed in his handkerchief and resting upon the little secretary. I thought he was weeping, yet I delivered the Doctor's answer. He did not move, and I became alarmed. I took his hand in mine and then I knew that he was dead. Oh, it goes to my heart to think, that he died here all alone, with nobody to hold his head, to clasp his hand."

The poor girl wept freely, and then continued:

"I have his trunk, which I will place in your possession to morrow, as you are his countryman. It contains, among other things, a curious Silhouette—curious in this, that it is wrought with black floss upon white canvass. It is encased in gold, and has a massive gold chain attached to it. As to his money," here Betschen's lip quivered, "as to his money, sir, he willed it all to me, six thousand guldens, to buy me a farm when I get married; but I never will—I—I—never will—no, I nev——."

Here Franz chimed in with a sympathetic howl, of such depth and feeling, that I took the honest fellow's arm, and told him I was ready to return to the Einhorn.

The next day I took possession of my new lodgings. As it was growing cold, I asked Betschen to make me a fire. She opened the stove for that purpose, and a roll of manuscript fell out upon the floor. I picked it up, and, when I was alone, read, with feelings I am unable to describe, what I here present to the public, under the same thrilling title, that made me pause before I could read beyond it—THE VOICE, THE HAND, AND THE SILHOUETTE.

To be continued.

LUCY SHELDON'S DREAM.

"Do you believe in dreams?" she asked.

It was a bright youthful face, gleaming with a sunny smile and the voice was sweet and happy. Her eyes, glanced up earnestly to meet the answer from the person to whom she spoke. This person was a grave, elderly man of thoughtful brow, with lines of care marking no common countenance.

"Do you believe in dreams?—do you think they mean anything? Are they intended to convey instruction, counsel, warning?"

"Have you had a dream that impresses you?" was the questioning reply.

"Yes."

"Tell me it."

"Oh, there is not much to tell; anybody may have such a dream twenty times, only—this one seems to hang by me somehow, and I don't forget it, simple as it is."

"I am listening for it."

"Well, don't laugh at me for repeating such a trifle, or dwelling on it. I dreamed that I was travelling somewhere, with some definite object I suppose, but my sense did not tell where. The carriage in which I was seated was drawn by two fine horses. My companions were variable, sometimes it was one party, sometimes another—always the coach was full, and always gayly filled. The road was smooth enough at first, broad and level, fine trees bordered it, a light breeze I remember waved my curls, and we chatted and laughed, and everybody was kind and attentive to me—they listened to me and applauded all I said, and no matter who came or who went, they made me feel and see that I was the morning spirit and the charm of that "goodlie companie." You know in dreams that time is not certain—you can't mark it. How long my journey lasted in this happy fashion I cannot tell, but gradually our path narrowed, and several jolts showed that the ground was no longer like that we had already traversed. The beautiful trees were gone—the wind blew chill, and the blue sky deepened and darkened: I saw clouds scudding low and threatening close over our heads, and once I heard the muttered peal, following the forked lightning—are you laughing at me?"

"No—why should you think so? Go on."

I see now the abrupt shelving banks, which on either side of the road broke close beside the ruts of my carriage wheels. Down, down they went, farther than my eye could reach, and I ceased to laugh and jest, except by rare fits of merriment—forced, anxious and unreal. My companions looked less often at me, and I saw that they were preoccupied, whispering, and careless of my remarks. The horses steadily kept their way, but suddenly we halted—just at their pausing hoofs, just beneath their quivering nostrils, yawned a great, dark, wide chasm—no farther progress there. 'Is there room to turn?' I asked the coachman. How distinctly I see his black, frightened face. Yes, there was, just at the left, and turn he did, grazing the extremest edge of the precipice, and hearing the rushing roar of a mighty river, which ran deep and strong, black and terrible—foaming, tossing, devouring."

"'Where now?' asked the driver; 'Back as we came?' And I

remember—foolish I am to say I *remember*, but it is all so real—I remember the eager way I strained my gaze ahead, hoping to retrace the firm and easy path which had led me to this frightful danger."

"And did you?"

"No—there was but space enough to turn the carriage, to go some fifty yards, and then, tranquil, calm, deep and impassible lay a broad expanse of waters, filling up the road we had come. It was not dark and hideous like the other stream. Their waters met, but did not mingle—that was turbid, fierce and frightful—this was sweet and rippling. I could dimly see the sunshine far off across—while I stood helpless on this bank, night near at hand, cold, spiritless, weary. I sat down and waited. The horses snorted and trembled—how distinctly I see the uneasy muscles under their sleek skins, quivering as they shook their heads impatiently. They were beautiful, strong and serviceable animals; they were mine, I could use them as I pleased, but even to sacrifice them, could not help me now. I sounded the depths of that blue water with a withered branch, the mighty current, unsuspectingly lurking beneath the gurgling wave, swept the broken fragments from my hand, and I watched them disappear. I wept long and bitterly—years of agony were concentrated in three fleeting, unreal moments."

Tears started to the speaker's eyes—she brushed them away, and repeated again, "don't laugh at me."

Her listener gravely shook his head, and followed with kind interest the progress of her "foolish dream."

"Did not your companions comfort you and cheer you?"

"Did I not tell you? They disappeared as soon as we reached the great gulf—you know how things fade in dreams, vanish without exciting surprise, in sleep. From the moment that danger menaced me, I was quite alone—these admiring friends I never saw again—it was this that made me so despairing. I buried my weary head in my weary hands, and there, crouched upon the bare and arid ground, I listened to the tumultuous throbbing of my sad heart, the even dash of the calm waters upon the shore beside me, and the distant, thundering, angry rush of the wild river, which went leaping, growling, destroying, through the black passage it had made for itself.—Strange to say, I thought oftener of a mad plunge in that cruel stream than trying to ford the calm one. I wonder how long this lasted. Inaction I could not endure—I must be "up and doing." Better to die at once than sit crooning on this bank, and it seemed to me that gradually the gentle wave drew nearer on the one side, lapping stealthily up, while the noise of the far off water came more distinctly, and through the gathering darkness, a lurid gleam of lightning flashed, and showed the advancing torrent. Oh, it was fearful! and a city with its glancing lights, where were hope and safety, now and again rose from the mist beyond the calm waters, and took the place of the sunshine, that had faintly before been seen. Suddenly, to my despair, came a visitor. Like a speck, a tiny boat,—of course it was a boat—lay before me, dancing upon the rippling waters. I stretched out my arms, I raised my voice, I implored that boat; how I watched, and hoped, doubted and feared. Would it drift near me? It did; but there was a man in it, and he looked stern, hard, unfeeling. 'Will you save us—take us in—my servant—

my poor frightened horses—this carriage?' You see it was a dream, and I expected all these to get into a little frail bark, about six feet long. 'I cannot, and I will not,' answered the man, 'I take *you* on one condition only—everything you own you shall give to me; else, certain death. Listen, look!' The strip of land on which I stood, was not a foot wide, and dark, near and overwhelming the great torrent now dashed upon my horses' hoofs, deafening me with its mighty roar. 'Necessity knows no law'—the trite sentence was like the blast of a trumpet, clear, fresh, convincing. I bowed my head, put out my hand. I can feel the rocking of the little boat, its damp, sharp gunwale, it smelt like a coffin, and fiery ashes not yet died out, soaked up the moisture which oozed through the ill-joined planks. The river, so fair and calm to look upon, proved no gentle stream, when once embarked upon its bosom. I saw ugly things peering at me, my fingers streamed with blood, as tossed by the motion of the bark, I tried to steady myself by seizing the gunwale; noisome vapors crept up from the wavelets, as they licked the sides, and the bright city faded and faded, and seemed no nearer.

I was saved, but very sad. I thought of all I had left behind me, perhaps to perish, of course to perish. What was I to do, in this strange city, alone, friendless, without money and without protection—better to have died on that strange shore, and then, I thought, perhaps this is death, a waste of waters, and then the judgment, and then—and then—floating on, and on, vaguely, there came a rushing sound which covered all things, filled all things, and I awoke."

A pause followed. "What a foolish dream, is it not? and to haunt me as it does," she resumed timidly, "do you quite despise me, for my absurdity?"

"Despise you, dear child, certainly not! you are imaginative and nervous. Go and dance now. To-morrow I will speak to you. There stands a gentleman, impatiently waiting for us to end our long conversation. I resign Mrs. Sheldon, sir, into pleasanter care," and Mr. Hargrave bowed, with a kind grasp of her extended hand, to the lady and left them.

* * * * *

Ten months after, at his bachelor breakfast, Mr. Hargrave read from the morning's paper:

.... Archibald Sheldon, Esq., having made an assignment of his estate for the benefit of his creditors, all having claims against him, are requested to meet on Tuesday, 20th inst., for the purpose of settling the same, at the office of

HARD & STRONG,
Attorneys at Law.

Mr. Hargrave laid down the sheet with a sigh, "Poor child! the road has begun to narrow."

* * * * *

The following winter, Mr. Hargrave stood in the same ball room, where ten months before, the pretty, sparkling belle had related to him her simple dreams. He missed the bright eyes, the saucy laugh, the beautiful figure whirling lightly through the dance.

"Where is Mrs. Sheldon?" he asked his hostess.

"Ah, yes, poor Mrs. Sheldon! why I did not invite her to-night. Of course I would not leave her out at a ball, but this is only a small party."

"I see her aunt and her sister here?"

"Of course."

"Did they know that Mrs. Sheldon is not asked?"

"I suppose so," said the lady rather impatiently.

"May I enquire, why you omitted Mrs. Sheldon?" Mr. Hargrave said so politely, that the tone excused the demand.

"Oh, well, I don't know exactly; you see she has been a great deal talked about, and now, since Aubry's failure, they must find it difficult to keep their place in society —and, in fact, I don't know—her day is passing somehow,—and,— really, Mr. Hargrave, you must excuse me, there is some one just entering."

"And this is a woman, whom Lucy Sheldon loved and has been kind to, for years. Poor child, the clouds are scudding low and threatening, the wind blows chill, and I hear the muttered peal, following the forked flash."

* * * * * *

"Good evening, dear Mrs. Sheldon."

Lucy looked up and dropped her book, giving her hand warmly to the visitor. She was paler and thinner than the bright Mrs. Sheldon of former days, and there was sorrow and disappointment stamped upon the sunny face in unmistakable marks.

Mr. Hargrave began a gay conversation, gay for him, but every lively sally brought only a transient gleam to the eyes, once so brilliant, awoke but a faint smile upon the expressive lips, once wreathing so merrily. To every question of, "have you heard this?" "have you seen that person?" "have you read such a book?" came a negative shake of the head. It seemed almost cruel to prolong the catechism, in fact Mrs. Sheldon said, in a painful effort to keep down her emotion:

"I am not gay enough now, to hear these things or know these people. The tide has left me, my old friend; I read this sort of book, and I try to get along with life."

She held up the volume, it was a dreary, desponding work on religion, giving the gloomiest picture of a godly life.

Mr. Hargrave was not what is called a pious man, he only could "pshaw!" at her studies, beg her to read something "*less Methodistic*," and try to cheer her with the assurance that if *she* were cheerful, her life would be bright enough still.

But he sadly walked from the home, with grave and anxious brow. "Poor child! the horses' heads are turned, she sits alone upon the narrow bank, watching the calm waters, stealthily advancing upon the one side, the mighty, dark, resistless flood sweeping up in front. Her weary head is buried in her weary hands, and she listens to the tumultuous throbbings of her sad and wounded heart."

* * * * * *

"The relatives, friends, and acquaintances of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Sheldon are invited to attend the funeral services of the late Mrs. Sheldon, at St. James' Church, this morning, at 10 o'clock, without further invitation."

"Poor child!" murmured Mr. Hargrave, with moistened eyes. 'She has entered the little boat, it is six feet long, and smells like a coffin, she floating vaguely on, tortured and miserable, or "is that wounded heart at rest at last? Who first said false as dreams?"

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Did you ever, reader, turn your back upon civilization, and lead for a time the free life of a savage in the great woods, or on the boundless prairies of the West? If you have, and fate confines you to the stifling streets, and stale routine of a professional career in the city, do you not often revert with melancholy satisfaction, with impatient regret to that month of hilarious activity, and reckless adventure "beyond the frontier," so delicious in its utter freedom and abandonment, independent of tight coats and excruciating boots, of frigid dinner parties, and implacable duns? In your wretched attic, or pent-up office in the fifth story, surrounded by devils (printers') roaring for "more copy," or insinuating dirty "proof" under your nose, the memory of the grand old forest—impenetrable, majestic—

"Whose herded trees commune, and have deep thoughts,
A secret they assemble to discuss,
While the sun drops behind their trunks that glare
Like grates of hell"—

Or of the whirlwind gallop, and hair-breadth escapes on the prairie, brightens for a moment the dull air about you, and fills your narrow sanctum with the waving of green leaves, and the music of waters. How stupendous the contrast between your precious "civilization," and the genial life of the wilds! But fully to experience this, one must be suddenly hurried from solitude to society, from the isolation of the Hunter's Camp to the bustle of some crowded metropolis. The sagacious Mr. Pisistratus Caxton—returned from Australia to London, describes this sensation exactly. "I am ashamed," he says, "to have so much health and strength, when I look on these slim forms, stooping backs, and pale faces. I pick my way through the crowd with the merciful timidity of a good natured giant. I am afraid of jostling against a man, for fear the collision should kill him. I get out of the way of a thread-paper clerk, and it is a wonder I am not run over by the omnibuses. I feel as if *I could run over them.*" It is precisely under circumstances like these, that one is prepared to judge, by more rigid and philosophical standards than usually prevail, the true value of a conventional life. Abuses and affectations, scarcely noticed before, now seem to you monstrous. Everything is strange, artificial, and oppressive. The blind beggar moving on the side-walk affects you as a personal grief, the newsboys, buzzing round you like bees, are inexpressibly irritating; all faces wear a smirk of hypocrisy, and everybody seems bent upon swindling everybody else. You are more alone, an atom in this struggling sea of human existence, than ever you were hundreds of miles from the hut of the "extremest squatter." You are disposed to look upon your fellow creatures with contempt. Their motions are so angular, their voices so feeble, their faces so sharp. Have you ever heard a man laugh heartily—with all his lungs and soul in the midst of a great thoroughfare? We venture to say, never. Such an indulgence would be opposed to the constitution of things. Money-making is too serious an occupation to admit of frivolity. Convulsive rush and hurry, desperate speculation, feverish anxiety to overreach the world, and win the reputation of a "goodly balance at your banker's"—shattered nerves—attenuated frames—paralysis—these make up one-half of the lives in cities. What a different picture presents itself as you turn your eyes westward, where, happily, the tide of empire has not yet rolled. A prairie at dawn—it is deep in the spring; the billowy grass surges towards the horizon. You stand at the door of your tent, in genial communion with Nature. There is a faint breeze from the North—too faint to disturb the unspeakable solitude. Slowly above the clear line in the East the sun rises "like a stately Benediction," and you are enabled to appreciate—as no mere denizen of cities ever could—the majestic simplicity of Bayard Taylor's "Desert Hymn to the Sun."

"Under the arches of the morning sky,
Save in one heart there beats no life of man,
* * * * * *
A silence as before Creation broods
Sublimely o'er the mighty solitudes—
A silence as if God in Heaven were still,

And meditating some new wonder, Earth
And air the solemn portent own, and thrill
With awful prescience of the coming birth,
And Night withdraws, and on their silver cars
Wheel to remotest space the trembling Stars.

See! an increasing brightness, broad and fleet,
Breaks on the morning in a rosy flood,
As if *He* smiled to see His work complete,
And rested from it, and pronounced it good,
The waste lies still, and every wind is furled,
The Sun comes up, and looks upon the world.

Half an hour after sunrise, having partaken of coffee and an exquisite "broil," you find yourself scouring the great plain, in company with gay friends, an unerring rifle, and enthusiastic thoughts of sport. If by good luck your dreams are realized, and you meet the buffalo, then mark that day with white chalk, and refer to it as a period during which you have really *lived*.

Reader, if you are miserable, and bilious, and overlabored, if you are simply *ennuyé*, if you have been crossed in love by some pale cheeked damsel, and are therefore in despair, or if worse than all, that incarnation of horrors—a relentless Dun—has opened upon you with his bloodhound pertinacity of pursuit, shake off the dust of your feet against the city and its abominations, purchase a horse with good wind and bottom, take a last look at odorous alleys, and smoky factories, and the poor devils on 'Change, and then, "Westward Ho!," with a cheerful spirit.

The following powerful description of the various forms of wretchedness, and imbecility which present themselves in one of the crowded Pauper Homes of England (there is a terrible, mocking sarcasm in the word *Home* as applied to such a place) is taken from the "Onyx Ring," by John Sterling.

Musgrave is a kind hearted, but rather *dilléttante* clergyman:

"After another day or two, he visited the poor house, where he found a motley collection of young and old, all more or less in some perverse or unhealthy state. Old age in all varieties of feeble, fretful imbecility—diseases of many and hopeless kinds, palsy, deafness, dumbness, blindness, idiocy—the maimed, the ulcered, the bed-ridden, the deformed, the doting—orphans whom love had never approached—widows, from whom it had for ever fled away—the broken in fortune, once rich—the loathsome, once beautiful—the relics of our human life, still invested with ghastly human semblances—all worn-out and sepulchral shadows of what once was man—all stunted and despised modes of young existence—all these were here, and each a melancholy portion of a hideous whole. The old and infantile were mixed together; but the aged received no duteous reverence, and the children were regarded with no tender watchfulness. There was a certain dull tranquility enforced by power, a chill orderly sufficiency of physical necessaries provided by routine, a discipline and economy directed to no higher than an outward end, and animated by no affection. The whole was an image of evil of all kinds, compressed indeed, and frozen and benumbed by mere superficial pressure, only leaving the consciousness of unrest and pain, but ready, had the weight been removed, and the machinery for a moment relaxed, to burst out in explosions of rage, hatred, horror, and despair.—Here sat an old man, once a wealthy farmer, whom drunkenness had made a pauper, and whose only child, a daughter, had been betrayed by poverty into fatal corruption, and had died an outcast. He looked downward with dim, inflamed eyes, still occupied by the vision of an intoxicating draught, which he could no longer procure. There the widow of a shopkeeper, whom her fierce passions and self-will had goaded to the grave, sat in sullen dignity, dressed with some pretension to superior refinement and brooding on the injustice of the fate which confined her to such society.—Scoffs and fury, when she happened to speak, were the burden of all her language. She had hoarded a single pound for twenty years to purchase a handsomer funeral and better attendance than were provided at the expense of the parish. Among those about her were the drudges who had toiled as the wives of laborers now dead, and the men whose choicest recollections were of years long gone by, when they enjoyed the night of poaching and the ale-house riot. There was the cobbler, disabled with incurable headache, and half-crazed by ill-health and fanaticism, whose sense of the woful present was every now and then brightened by a flashing dream of a golden and vermillion New Jerusalem, and by the assurance of his own im-

measurable spiritual superiority to those who had ever been at school; for he was a self-taught theologian, and was even ingenious in his absurdity. Beside him sat the soldier, with one leg and one arm, whose gayest phantasms were of the town he once helped to sack, and of unstinted brandy. Children, moping over some cankered attempt at glee and happy sport, slunk in corners, and made their presence known chiefly by an occasional quarrel and shriek. One woman of seventy, who had appeared since ten years old destitute of every faculty but the purely animal ones, now, at last, while the clergyman was reading a chapter of the Scriptures, suddenly woke up at the names of Ruth and Naomi, and began to mutter, in language which she had not used for more than half a century, an account of the last gleaning in which she had shared as a child with her mother. She died before she could be carried into another room. In the midst, however, of this strange and disordered society, some members of it appeared to enjoy all the happiness of which their poor mutilated natures were now capable; and some eyes of the lighter and more joyous temperaments twinkled with unquenchable good-humor.

In this dreary confusion, where it seemed that Orpheus might have sung, and Moses have legislated, in vain, the benevolence and faith of Musgrave glanced by and vanished without a trace. One glow-worm under the coal-black vault of night, a single candle in the largest, deepest mine, is not more ineffectual.—Some, indeed, from his soft and delicate ministrations, derived a purblind sense of something like good-will towards them existing somewhere: and even this was a blessing. But he felt himself a wanderer into a region which he did not understand, and where he had no hope of ever finding a solid resting place for his foot. The butterfly among the rocks of Caucasus might as well have dreamt of sweeping down, before its silken wings, the crag on which the Titan groaned in vain.

There is a species of *egotism* which is defined with great acuteness by Coleridge in the preface to an edition of his *Sonnets*. The extract we present below is valuable not only for its philosophic truth, but as a statement of one of the characteristic charms of the *Sonnet* It excuses the subjective tone usually adopted in these brief poems, and incidentally vindicates the Sonneteer from the charge of conceit:

"Egotism is to be censured then only when it offends against time and place, as in a history or epic poem. To censure it in a monody or sonnet is almost as absurd as to dislike a circle for being round. Why then write sonnets or monodies? Because they give me pleasure when nothing else could. After the more violent emotions of sorrow, the mind demands amusement, and can find it in employment alone; but, full of its late sufferings, it can endure no employment not in some measure connected with them. Forcibly to turn away our attention to general subjects is a painful and most often an unavailing effort. The communicativeness of our nature leads us to describe our own sorrows; in the endeavor to describe them, intellectual activity is excited, and from intellectual activity there results a pleasure, which is gradually associated and mingles as a corrective with the painful subject of the description. "True," it may be answered, "but how are the public interested in your sorrows or your descriptions?" We are forever attributing personal unities to imaginary aggregates. What is the public but a term for a number of scattered individuals? of whom as many will be interested in these sorrows, as have experienced the same, or similar.

Holy be the lay
Which mourning soothes the mourner on his way.

If I could judge of others by myself, I should not hesitate to affirm, that the most interesting passages are those in which the author developes his own feelings. The sweet voice of Cona never sounds so sweetly as when it speaks of itself; and I should almost suspect that man of an unkindly heart, who could read the third book of Paradise Lost without peculiar emotion. By a law of our nature he who labors under a strong feeling, is impelled to seek for sympathy; but a poet's feelings are all strong. 'Quicquid amet valde amat.' Akenside therefore speaks with philosophical accuracy when he classes Love and Poetry as producing the same effects."

We think there is a natural tendency in the female mind to engage itself in the assortment and selection of small wares. Ladies, as a class, are extravagantly fond of shopping, Next to balls among the gay and soceities for sewing and philanthropy, among the pious, the mortal annoyance of unfortunate clerks, holds the highest place in the list of female enjoyments. We had once the curiosity to accompany a fair acquaintance upon one of her daily expeditions to King-

street. We shall never forget it. It was an epoch in our life, replete with strange revelations, concerning the indefatigable perseverance of woman and the despairing patience of man. First, we went to a jeweller's. Our companion desired to purchase a locket, and deemed it necessary for the selection of a good one, that the shopman should produce every case, from every nook and drawer in the establishment. He did so, but she was not satisfied, and after an examination of an hour and a half, quitted the store in disgust. Secondly, we besieged a hatter's. There were all kinds of models lying on the counter, and hanging gracefully in the windows—but they did not suit our friend. A couple of boxes just arrived from New York, and labelled "latest fashion," attracted her notice. They must be opened. In vain, the unlucky owner assured her that he had received the counterpart of their contents the day before, and that these were directly under her eye. No! the new box *must* be demolished, and its cargo brought to light. Reluctantly, the poor badgered hatman (whose Parisian breeding barely served to cover his chagrin) seized a hammer, and struck off the head of the precious receptacle. In so doing, he made a false blow, and knocked three elegant French bonnets into so many "cocked hats." Now, thought he, my customer will undoubtedly purchase—something. He was right—for being disappointed in the "latest fashion," she bought a pretty little wreath of artificial flowers, the price of which was—eighteen and three-quarter cents. Thirdly, we went to a toy-shop. Miss —— had a country cousin, a promising young gentleman, of some eight or ten summers, to whom she wished to make a Christmas present. A pretty, but very delicate looking girl, officiated here. We fancied for a moment that our implacable consort (only, thank Heaven, the consort of the day) seemed relenting. No such thing! for in five minutes she was the centre of hobby-horses, and wooden soldiers, and tin trumpets, and paper flags, and droves of minature cattle, piled in beautiful confusion, among sugar plums and preserved apples. From these she took with her a small Noah's ark, value — cents, requesting the weary girl who had waited upon her to have it charged, and assuring her that she would be certain to settle that day—six months. We never accepted another invitation from Miss —— to *shop* with her again. Young Collegiate! disposed to be gallant, take the advice of a sufferer, and no matter how black the eyes of the tempter may be, don't, as you value your peace of mind or body, engage in a shopping excursion with a lady. If you happen to have a grandmother who is purblind and can be managed easily, that is a different thing. Otherwise, beware!

Let us commend to those of our readers who, at this depressing season of the year, stand in need of healthful mental excitement, the perusal of Lockhart's Translations of the Spanish Ballads.—

These, since the general increase of knowledge upon Spanish literature incident to the labors of Prescott and Ticknor in this country, Southey, Sterling and others in England, have been criticised as ingenious paraphrases rather than reliable and accurate versions of the original. But it seems to us that this is a merit to be applauded as illustrating the only principle by which the tone, and *animus* of the popular ballads of one nation (and perhaps we might extend our remark to *all* foreign *poetry* whatever) can be conveyed to the popular apprehension of another. All literal translations of poetry are necessarily dull and tame. The glow, the effervescence, the genius, are not there. They present us with the heavy body, not the ethereal spirit. The adverse idioms, the varied idiosyncracies of different languages condemn these literal attempts as utterly injudicious. We, therefore, repeat that the freedom of Lockhart's rendition is one of the chief characteristic merits of his work. These Ballads "stir and invigorate the blood." Whenever we happen to be in a lethargic and despondent mood, we read them as an intellectual stimulant, and they have never failed to rouse the martial instincts which belong to normal manhood, to put new energy into soul and body, to shame our puling inactivity by confronting it with the savage and stormy, but grand features of the "lost heroic life."

Some one alluding to Mataulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," inquired of Joanna Bailey whether she looked upon them as *poetry*—"yes!" was the memorable reply, "if the sound of a trumpet be music." These "Spanish Ballads" are superior to the "Lays." They possess the force and *vraisemblance* of originals; besides abounding in passages whose felicity of expression is unsurpassable. When, for example, in the interview between Bernardo and Alphonso, the former beards the monarch in the midst of his nobles, and thunders at the very foot of the Throne,

The King that swerveth from his word
hath stained his purple black,
No Spanish Lord will draw the sword
behind a Liar's back,

we feel a thrill of sympathy for the dauntless insurgent, and all the contempt for Alphonso and his cowardly minions, which the author of the Ballad designed to communicate to his readers.

"When Coleridge, in his younger days, was offered a share in the well known London journals, by which he could have made two thousand pounds a year, provided he would devote his time seriously to their interests, he declined, making the reply, so often praised for its disinterestedness: "I will not give up the country and the lazy reading of old folios for two thousand times two thousand pounds; in short, beyond three hundred and fifty pounds a year, I consider money as a real evil." * * * The "lazy reading of folios" led to laziness in every thing else; nay, to the worst form of laziness, the indolent gratification of mind and sense. Degenerating into an opium eater, and a mere *purposeless theorizer*. Coleridge wasted time, talents and health: came to depend, in old age, on the charity of others, and died at last with every one regretting, even his friends, that he had *done nothing worthy of his genius.*"

This paragraph, taken from a Northern literary journal, is a remarkable instance of the unthinking and ignorant criticism which the editors and contributors who make up the matter for our daily journals, are not ashamed to present to their readers. Coleridge, a *purposeless theorizer!* Coleridge, dying *without having accomplished anything worthy of his genius!* These are statements which may well cause the student of English literature to stand aghast. And the misapprehension of the real cause of regret expressed by Coleridge's friends in view of his intellectual career is too palpable to be passed without comment. No one *but* the writer whose remarks we have quoted, was ever insane enough to declare that "Coleridge had done *nothing* worthy of his genius." The opinion, indeed, *has been* expressed that with his colossal genius, and unrivalled learning, it might have been expected that he would have written some great consecutive work, upon such themes, for example, as the "History of Philosophy," or "The *Rationale* of Christian Belief." But even this opinion has been ventured doubtfully in consideration of what Coleridge has actually accomplished. And what was the scope and character of his labors? Upon this point we quote from De Quincey, who cannot, surely, be suspected of exaggerating Coleridge's performances:

"Blind is that man who can persuade himself that the interest in Coleridge, taken as a total object, is becoming an obsolete interest. We are of opinion that even Milton, now viewed from a distance of two centuries, is still inadequately judged in his character of poet, of patriot, of partisan, or finally in his character of accomplished scholar. But if so, how much less can it be pretended that satisfaction has been rendered to the claims of Coleridge; for upon Milton *libraries* have been composed. * * * On the other hand, upon Coleridge, little comparatively has yet been written, whilst the separate characters on which the judgment is awaited, are more, *by one*, than those which Milton sustained. Coleridge also is a poet; Coleridge also was mixed up with the fervent politics of his age—an age how memorably reflecting the revolutionary agitations of Milton's age.

"Coleridge also was an extensive and brilliant scholar. Whatever might be the separate proportions of the two men, in each particular department of the three here noticed, think as the reader will upon that point, sure we are that *either* subject is ample enough to make a strain upon the amplest faculties. How alarming, therefore, for any *honest* critic, who should undertake this latter subject of Coleridge, to recollect that after pursuing him through a zodiac of splendors corresponding to those of Milton in *kind*, however different in *degree*, after weighing him as a poet, as a philosophic politician, as a scholar, he will have to wheel after him into another orbit—into the unfathomable *nimbus* of transcendental metaphysics. Weigh him, the critic must, in the golden balance of philosophy, the most abstruse—a balance which even itself requires weighing previously—or he will have done nothing that can be received for an estimate of the composite Coleridge. *This astonishing man, be it again remembered, besides being an exquisite Poet, a profound political speculator, a philosophic student of literature through all its chambers and recesses, was also a circumnavigator on the most pathless waters of scholasticism and metaphysics.* He had sounded without guiding charts the secret deeps of Proclus and Plotinus; he had laid down buoys on the twilight, or moonlight ocean of Jacob Bœhmen; he had cruised over the broad

Atlantic of Kant, and Schelling, of Fichte and Oken. Where is the man who shall be equal to these things."

And *this* is the author of whom newspaper critics have the effrontery to speak as "lazy," "a purposeless theorizer," one "who had done *nothing* worthy of his genius."

This bold determination to give out *dicta* upon the position and performances of celebrities in literature, without the most superficial knowledge of their works, taken collectively, or the possible comprehensiveness of their endowments, is a case which aptly examplifies the low esteem in which literature itself is held even by those whose pretentions upon the subject are considerable. It is evident that this newspaper critic, in regard to the extent, the variety, the importance, the multiform, and immeasurable learning, and power of Coleridge's works, is profoundly ignorant. And yet, he does not hesitate to speak *ex Cathedra*. He addresses his reader as if there could be no dispute about the matter, with the air of one recording an acknowledged fact. Now, in what pursuit on earth save this unfortunate profession of literature (to be mastered, we presume, by intuition) would the mere amateur venture to adjust the claims of a great man upon the strength probably of *hearsay*, or of a single hour's reading? The audacity of such cool, supercilious, not-to-be-disputed assertion truly rises to the sublime! Moreover the critic has seen fit to give a moral turn to his remarks, and to cite Coleridge as an example of lazy imbecility. Does he really suppose that what Coleridge calls "*lazily* reading old folios" was an enervate, dreamy, and indecisive employment? The "Table Talk," and the criticisms on Shakspeare are a few of the fruits of this "lazy reading"—and so are those profound disquisitions upon the origin, nature, and truth of the Christian Revelation which have done more to settle the doubts, and make lucid the conceptions of intellectual inquirers upon this momentous topic than the logic of all the theological dogmatists who have ever written.

Speaking of literary men, the *New York Crayon* thus bitterly discourses upon the degradation to which, in this "age of intellectual development," they are too often subjected:

"Literary men have became the hacks of booksellers and the playthings of the public, as poorly compensated by the one as they are respected by the other—oftentimes despised by both, and looked upon as impoverished harlequins who have to be fed by a patronizing and condescending charity. Literature has become a trading commodity, which the public buys in a fashionable way—one day to be used, the next to be abused, and the following to be forgotten, and thrust aside. To cast lettered ink upon paper that it may be printed, bound, and sold to temporarily gratify a jaded and morbid appetite for idle, kill-time reading, would seem to be the sad destination of the literary man's brain of this day. He no longer leads, directs, and controls public opinion; he is no longer looked up to as a reliable organ of thought or feeling, but is dragged down to the level of the community, is obliged to bend to its prejudices, without the power to eradicate them.

The merchandize trader is not reduced to half as much haggling and humiliation in disposing of the wares of his shop as the literary man is in disposing of the products of his brain. The publisher looks upon him as a scarcely respectable mendicant, and the public will condescend to purchase his volume only when its pecuniary productiveness has been squandered in puffing, in misrepresenting its value, rather than in appreciating it from an enlightened point of view."

Our friend, *John R. Thompson*, of the "*Literary Messenger*," has been lately arraigned in a very summary manner before the bar of some theological journal, published in Virginia, upon the serious charge of having copied into his magazine so much of an article from the *Church Review* as had reference to the life and character of Dr. Jno. Esten Cooke, a prominent citizen of Kentucky, and closely related to the accomplished author of "*Estcourt*," with which the readers of "*Russell's*" have for some months past been entertained. Certain passages in the Biographical sketch we have mentioned having been colored by the peculiar theological views of the writer and the subject, Mr. Thompson is charged with the introduction into a *literary* journal of "controversial theology," a stratagem which may have been resorted to, observes the assailant "as one might administer strong cayenne pills, or even arsenic, to prevent death by stupor"—to which Mr. Thompson very cleverly replies, "that as his assailant has spoken of cayenne pills in connection with the 'Messenger,' we may infer that he is familiar with the use of

the condiment, like that gay monarch, the King of the Bantams, who, careless of his commissariat, went into a campaign with only a little cayenne and lemon juice, and *lived upon his enemies!*

At the end of Fletcher's play, entitled "*Upon an Honest Man's Fortune*," occur these powerful and melodious lines, —lines which we never read without a conscious elevation of soul:

"Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest, and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early, or too late,
Our acts our Angels are, or good, or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.
O! man! thou image of thy Maker's good,
What can'st thou fear when breath'd into thy blood
His spirit is that built thee; what dull sense
Makes thee suspect in need that Providence
Who made the morning, and who placed the light
Guide to thy labors: who called up the night
And bid her fall upon thee like sweet showers
In hollow murmurs to lock up thy powers;
Who gave thee knowledge; who so trusted thee
To let thee grow so near himself, the tree:
Must He then be distrusted: shall his frame
Discourse with Him why thus and thus I am;
He made the Angels thine, thy fellows all,
Nay, even thy servants when devotions call.
O! can'st thou be so stupid then, so dim
To seek a saving influence, and lose Him;
* * * * * *
Doth not experience teach us all we can
To work ourselves into a glorious man?
Affliction, when I know it is but this—
A deep allay whereby man tougher is
To bear the hammer, and the deeper still,
We still arise more image of his will;—
Sickness an humorous cloud 'twixt us and light—
And death, at longest, but another night.
Man is his own star, and that soul that can
Be honest, is the only perfect man."

In 'Jane Eyre,' Miss Brontë very effectually exploded the conventional notion of novelists that personal beauty is essential to awaken interest in their characters. Thereby she accomplished much for art, and more for the dignity and truthfulness of human nature.

The old idea was a shallow fallacy, which illustrated in a curious manner the tyranny of custom. Observe how many great Thinkers, Dramatists, Poets, Tale Writers have bowed to its authority! They must have instinctively recognized its falsity, and yet they practically upheld it.

A writer in the *Boston Transcript*, discoursing sensibly upon this subject, illustrates Miss Brontë's theory by numerous historical examples. He recalls the cases of Lady Hamilton and Nelson, of the "diabolically squinting," John Wilkes and his proverbial success in winning female regard, of Frances Jennings and the "little Jermyn," in the Court of Charles II, and lastly he records an instance not so well known, which, to our thought, rises to the sublime. "There is a most affecting and thrilling story," he says, "told, in illustration of our theme, of Commodore Barclay, who fought the battle of Lake Erie against Perry. He was engaged to be married to a fine English girl. At Trafalgar, with Nelson, he had lost an arm. At Lake Erie he lost a leg. On returning to England, feeling his condition very acutely, he sent a friend to his betrothed to tell her that, under the circumstances in which he found himself, he considered her as released from all engagements to him. The lady heard the message, then said to the friend, 'Edward thinks I may wish our engagement to be broken because of his misfortunes, does he? Tell him that if he only brings back to England body enough to hold the soul he carried away with him, I'll marry him.'"

Some critical "Muddle-head," alluding to Nathaniel Hawthorne, in the *London Court Journal*, speaks of him as "the American writer of *pretty stories*," and the London *Athenæum*, which has the reputation of being a critical organ of the first class, refers to the same writer as "the author of some *pleasant works of fiction, nothing more.*"

We often see it stated that the English are now disposed to be just towards American Literati. We quote the above as an evidence of their geniality and *truthfulness.*

"To love," says Spencer, is—

"*To fawne, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,*
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone."

"The philosophy here might be rendered more profound by the mere omission of a comma. We all know the *willing* blindness, the *voluntary* madness of love. We express this in thus punctuating the last line:

To spend, to give,—*to want to be undone.*

"It is a case, in short, where we gain a point by omitting it!"

This paragraph is taken from the "Fifty Suggestions" to be found in the latter part of Poe's "Marginalia."

How Poe could have written such nonsense we cannot imagine. The lines quoted from Spencer refer to anything but the passions and pains of '*love.*'

They are fragments of an intense and bitter description in *Mother Hubberd's Tale* of the miseries to be endured in the pursuit of court-patronage, and are the offspring of the Poet's own humiliating experience.

Count Garouski, in a work upon American manners and institutions, speaks as follows of what we have always considered a foolish custom—one, in fact, worthy only of the most absurb *petit maitre*:

"Among all classes of society, and preeminently among women, considerable confusion seems to prevail in often mistaking the conventional ladylike manner for true genuine womanhood. The word lady is all-powerful, and all-powerfully used and misused in America. It is applied not to mark a certain distinct position, but extends to morals, character, dress, behavior, occupation, pleasures. It has almost superseded the use, the signification of the word woman. In its thus generalized sense, it is applied with equal right and logic in the parlor as in the kitchen, in the mansion as on the farm; to the luxurious and the idle, as to the laborious and the plain. But, by its shabby genteel sense, this lady and ladylike character stands often in the way of truthfulness and nature, stands in the way even of accomplishing many social, conventional, as well as real duties, besides generating shams, affectations, and all kinds of spurious displays, defacing genuine reality. It is an acid, destroying the suave perfume of ingeniousness, discoloring the freshest tints of a richly blossoming flower. The misuse overflows all the strata, and spreads even in literature, while the word GENTLEWOMAN—the noblest in the English language, and unequalled in any other—presuming all the purest qualities of the soul, of the heart, combining them harmoniously with the external gentleness of demeanor, is unheard in conversation, and has scarcely penetrated into literature.

"Artificiality, internal or external, in notions or in half-formed manners, stiffness denoting or covering mostly fragmentary crumbs of breeding, lame imitations, make not a woman—not even a lady. The best manners are simple, not attracting notice, not striking by any extreme. High-toned, well bred, elegantly accomplished women are not stylish, have no style at all. *Stylish-looking*, an application profusely applied in America, would be considered the poorest compliment, if not an offence, in Europe."

The following is the latest joke upon John Bull:

John was travelling on some Western Rail Road when a tremendous explosion took place, the cars at the same time coming to a sudden halt. The passengers sprung up in terror, and rushed out to acquaint themselves with the mischief, —all but Mr. Bull, who continued reading his newspaper. In a moment somebody rushed back and informed him that the boiler had burst.

"Awe!" grunted the Englishman.

"Yes," continued his informant, "and sixteen people have been killed."

"Awe!" muttered the Englishman again.

"And—and," said his interlocutor with an effort, "your own man—your servant has been blown into a hundred pieces."

"*Awe! bring me the piece that has the key of my portmanteau.*"

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Fortunes of Glencore—A Novel. By Charles Lever. Harper & Brothers, New York.

Those who remember Lever only as the dashing author of "Charles O'Malley," "Harry Lorriquer," and works of a kindred stamp, will be surprised by the new and far higher powers which he displays in "The Fortunes of Glencore." The careless exuberance of style, and spirit to be found in his earlier tales has given place to thoughtful, often profound observation, a more comprehensive sense of art, and a style of matured vigor, perspicuity, and elegance. As a story his present work is very successful. The action is rapid and engrossing, and the portraiture of character eminently felicitous. Billy Traynor, and the courtly minister, Upton, possess an individuality and *vraisemblance* which convince us that these personages are the vivid representatives of salient originals. Indeed, the chief charm of the book is its truth to Nature—not merely *that* Nature which exhibits itself in the innumerable complexities of European social life, but the general nature of humanity. Lever has studied the world not unkindly, but with a searching and keen analysis which has mastered the springs of men's conduct and passions. He understands the value and real significance of that "vast show of things" we term—society.

What, for example, can be more true than his description of the effect produced upon the fashionables of Florence by the sudden abdication of Nina De La Torre, and the consequent discontinuance of her grand entertainments? And not less successful are the pictures he gives us of Diplomatic life on the Continent. Sir Horace Upton, in disclosing the mysteries of his "guild," somewhat diminishes our reverence for statecraft, and the high dignitaries, by whom governments are sustained, but he compensates us by revealing his own idiosyncrasies, which are very amusing. Scratchley, the Russian Princess, and the younger Glencore, are drawn with great spirit.

The author has not been equally happy with his hero, some points of whose character seem to us exaggerated, and others false and revolting. The disinheritance of his son, and the denial of his marriage simply to further a revengeful purpose, as unmanly as it was wicked, provokes our disgust, and any character thus conceived is a mistake in art. Every species of villainy is tolerable in fiction—nay, legitimate, and necessary to the designs of a writer of comprehensive powers, except that which springs from the utter abnegation of *manhood*.

We cannot sympathise with Glencore, and we hardly dare to pity him. Even the partial derangement which comes upon him in the latter portion of his "Fortunes," is too evidently the result of evil passions long indulged, to impress us otherwise than as a most righteous judgment.

Still, this work will probably be voted —and justly voted—"the best novel of the season." It possesses originality, vigor, great subtlety of observation and analysis, and whenever the writer speaks in his own person, a broad and healthful philosophy. The *denouement*, though in some respects unsatisfactory, is striking and pathetic. The loyalty of Billy Traynor reminds us of old Caleb Balderstone.

Homes and Haunts of the most Eminent British Poets. By William Howitt. With forty Illustrations. Geo. Routledge & Co., Farrington-street, London, and Beekman street, New York.

The reputation of this work has been long since established. The originality of the plan, and the elaborate manner of its execution, no less than its Catholicity of spirit and genial appreciative tone, have rendered it widely and deservedly popular. Wm. Howitt may not be a profound critic, but he is a felicitous and delightful writer. In the charity and kindness of his soul, he has even caught a full view of truths which to men of far subtler and more philosophical intellects have only been revealed in "brief and indeterminate glimpses." So true it is that to the really genial spirit many things are clear, which to the reason bolstered upon syllogisms seem unfathomable and not to be deciphered.

We are here introduced to the Poets

chiefly in their domestic relations, or in their hours of earnest commune with Nature. We meet them not battling their way to immortality through the crime and temptations of a Capital, or beset by servile flatteries and undiscriminating homage, but in retirement, during the moments of healthful inspiration, under the quiet oak at Olney, or on the 'breezy' Quantock hills, or, later still, among the fen-lands, or on the flat sea coast of Lincolnshire. It is thus that we like to meet them, and our satisfaction is doubled by the companionship of so charming a guide as the author. His comments are always timely and suggestive. He does not bore us with declamation or fulsome eulogies, but his converse is quiet and thoughtful, as beseems the place, and the personages in whose presence we stand. Nor is the work destitute of a special critical value. The characteristics of the different Poets—particularly the more modern ones—are discussed not only with great liberality of spirit, but with much vigor of analysis. Let us hear, for example, what he has to say of Tennyson:

"The genius of Tennyson is essentially retiring, meditative, spiritual, ambitious only that itself, and not the man shall be seen, heard, and live. So that his song can steal forth; catch by a faint but aerial prelude the ear quick to seize on the true music of Olympus; and then with growing, and ever swelling symphonies, still more ethereal, still fuller of wonder, love, and charmed woe, can travel on amid the lessening and spell bound multitude, an invisible spirit of melodious power, expanding, soaring aloft, sinking deep, coming now as from the distant sea, and filling all the summer air; so that it can thus triumph in its own celestial energy, the poet himself would rather not be found. He seems to steal away under the covert of friendly boughs, to be gone to caves and hiding crags, or to follow the stream of the grey moorland, gathering

"From old well heads of haunted rills,
And the hearts of purple hills,
And shadowed coves of a sunny shore,
The choicest wealth of all the earth,
Jewel, or shell, or starry ore."

In a profound and blessed reliance upon the all-sufficiency of his art, perhaps no Poet ever furnished a more complete example than Alfred Tennyson.—There is nothing stirring, nothing restless, nothing ambitious in its tone; it has no freaks and eccentricities by which it seeks to strike the public notice.—There are no evidences of any secret, yet palpable artifices at work to urge it on, and thrust it before you in magazines and reviews.

Quiet in itself, it comes quietly under your eye, naturally as the grass grows, and the bird sings, and you see, hear, and love it."—[p. 693.]

This is a capital criticism. But we have not the space to discuss the book further. We would only observe that the present is the *third edition*, enlarged, revised, and in every way improved. We wish, however, that it had been issued in *two* volumes instead of *one*, as the latter is rather bulky and inconvenient.

It is printed in excellent style.

School Days at Rugby. By an Old Boy. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

An entertaining work, displaying great vivacity and spirit. The "Old Boy" does not seem to have been burdened by his years. Far from it. He writes with all the freshness, and elastic energy of an undergraduate. His account is not only amusing, but valuable as the completest record we have of the educational system of Dr. Arnold. The enlightened wisdom of his policy was never so thoroughly illustrated as in these pages. Yet, the work is no defence, or elaborate analysis of Arnold's method of instruction. Its information upon this point springs naturally out of the school-day experiences of Tom Brown the author. A manly, upright, sincere, and acute old fellow is Tom Brown. He shows his good sense at the outset by not being ashamed of his name. Ashamed of it! He proves conclusively that all the grit, the 'game blood,' the courage, and untameable obstinacy of John Bull is to be traced directly to the Brown family

Hear him. "The Browns have become illustrious by the pen of Thackeray and the pencil of Doyle within the memory of the young gentlemen who are now matriculating at our Universities. Notwithstanding the well merited, but late fame which has now fallen upon them, any one at all acquainted with the family must feel that much has yet to be written and said before the British nation will be properly sensible of how much of its greatness it owes to the Browns.

For centuries, in their quiet, dogged, homespun way, they have been subduing the earth in most English countries, and leaving their mark in American forests and Australian uplands. Wherever the fleets and armies of England have won renown, these stalwart sons of the Browns have done yeoman's work. With the

yew bow and cloth-yard shaft at Cressy and Agincourt; with the brown bill and pike under the brave Lord Willoughby; with culverin and demi-culverin against Spaniards and Dutchmen; with hand-grenade, and sabre, and musket, and bayonet, under Rodney and St. Vincent, Wolfe and Moore, Nelson and Wellington, they have carried their lives in their hands; getting hard knocks and hard work in plenty, which was on the whole what they looked for, and the best thing for them, and little praise or pudding, which indeed they, and most of us, are better without. Talbots and Stanleys, St. Maurs, and such like folks, have led armies and made laws time out of mind, but those noble families would be somewhat astonished, if the accounts ever came to be fairly taken, to find how small *their* work for England has been by the side of that of the Browns."

After this gallant burst, we think Tom Brown may be left to speak for himself.

The Satires of Juvenal Annotated, by Charles Anthon, L.L.D. Harper & Brothers: New-York.

An edition of Juvenal's works, suitable for the American student, has long been a desideratum in the seminaries of our country; Mayor's edition, now used in Great Britain, has not been reprinted in the United States. We think with La Harpe that Juvenal was the only poet of his time endued with a republican soul; he concerns himself only about vice and virtue, servitude and freedom, folly and wisdom; to truth he sacrifices all meaner views, the spirit which directed his satire was a regard for the public good, and we think it will be conceded, that the writings of this celebrated moralist of antiquity should be studied by the youth of a country, the institutions of which are yet free, and in which the ardour of patriotism is not yet extinct. Juvenal reveals to the minds of the Romans of his time, the happy days of the virtue and independence of their forefathers—a useful lesson to the youth of our republic, who can preserve the liberty which they enjoy, purchased by the blood of their ancestors, by no other means than by imitating the illustrious examples of pure morality and incorruptib'e integrity, who so gloriously achieved the revolution.

Dr. Anthon's Juvenal is published on the same plan with all the preceding editions of his valuable series of classical writers. The classical scholar who will take the trouble to peruse the 7th satire of the author, will at once perceive the merit of the new edition; the language of eulogy is superfluous; the judicious and candid critic will appreciate the sound discrimination of the editor in the selection of authorities, and the depth of research manifested throughout the commentaries of this eminent scholar.

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1. *The Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton; with Notices of his life; a history of the Rowley controversy; a selection of his letters; notes critical and explanatory; and a Glossary. In two vols. Little, Brown & Co.: Boston.*
2. *The Poetical works of Andrew Marvell; with a Memoir of the author. Little, Brown & Co.: Boston.*

There have hitherto been but *two* editions of Chatterton's works; the handsome, but unsatisfactory edition prepared by Southey and Cottle, and published in 1803, and the well known edition in *two* volumes issued at Cambridge in 1842, and edited by Charles Wilcox. From the latter work, nearly every thing in the edition before us has been derived, and we thus have, with a few very judicious omissions, a complete counterpart of Mr. Wilcox's elaborate and reliable publication. The life of Chatterton here presented, is particularly full and interesting. The author has spared no pains in the collection of information and details, and these he has set forth with admirable clearness. Few biographies possess so thrilling a hold upon the reader's sympathy.

Chatterton was indeed a prodigy of intellect and of will. His endurance, and decision of character and purpose, were quite as remarkable as his genius. Considering his position at the attorney Lambert's, where no doubt the Rowley poems were chiefly prepared, we cannot but wonder at the indomitable nature of the youth. Lambert, who seems to have been a thorough brute, was in the habit of tearing up his apprentice's manuscripts; ridiculing in a swinish way the lad's taste for poetry, and occasionally cuffing him 'about after the manner of pettifogging despots. Worse than all, he compelled Chatterton—who was proud as Lucifer—to sleep in the kitchen with the foot-boy. Nevertheless, the great work went on. In the midst of distasteful duties (which however he did not neglect), and under the surveillance of a harsh and sottish master, Chatterton commanded the leisure to pore over Camden's Britannia, and Speght's Chaucer, and the dictionaries of Kersey and Bailey, mastering the enigma of black-letter and occult English dictions, and making immediate use of his knowledge

in the composition of the Rowley poems.

But we must leave the assiduous biographer to tell his own story. Only, as a curious matter likely to interest Charlestonians, we copy portions of the earliest epistle of Chatterton extant—a letter addressed to an old schoolmate named Baxter, whose roving propensities led him to emigrate from Bristol to *Charles-Town, South-Carolina.*

Bristol, March 6th, 1768.

"Dear Friend—I must now close my poetical labours, my master being now returned from London. You write in a very entertaining style, tho' I am afraid mine will be the contrary. Your celebrated Miss Rumsey is going to be married to Mr. Fowler, as he himself informed me. Pretty children! about to enter into the comfortable yoke of matrimony, to be at their own liberty; just apropos to the old saw, out of the frying pan into the fire. For a lover, heavens mend him! but for a husband! oh! excellent! what a female Machiavel this Miss Rumsey is!"

* * * *

"I am glad you approve of the ladies of Charles-Town, and am obliged to you for the compliment of including me in your happiness; my friendship is as firm as the white rock when the black waves roar around it, and the water bursts on its hoary top, when the driving wind ploughs the sable sea, and the rising waves aspire to the clouds, turning with the rattling hail. So much for heroics. To speak in plain English, I am, and ever will be, your unalterable friend,

Thos. Chatterton.

Andrew Marvell, the bosom friend of Milton; the intrepid patriot and advocate for liberty amongst a servile generation; the accomplished wit, scholar, and poet, is here introduced to us in a pleasing biography by Henry Rogers, who, of all men now living in England, is perhaps most fitted by nature to appreciate the excellences of Marvell's genius and character. No other biography of Marvell (at least none with which we are acquainted) approaches this in fullness, impartiality, and critical justness of opinion.

Of course it is not upon his *poems*—many of them simply *jeus d'esprits*—that the literary fame of this writer depends; still they are worth preserving as clever and sparkling versicles, always ingenious, sometimes fanciful, and touched with true sentiment. His best poems, we think, are amatory. "Marvell's mind," his biographer well observes, "presents the rare union of *wit* and the *moral sense* by which the one is rescued from scepticism, and the other from prosing. His poems form the synthesis of Donne and Butler."

Tent Life in the Holy Land. By Wm. C. Prime, author of "Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia," "The Old House by the River," &c. Harper & Brothers: New-York.

We are very careful how we venture now-a-days to commend *any* book of travels. The mania which besets modern tourists to take the public into their confidence, under the delusion that the public are hungering for their individual experience, should certainly be discouraged.

The standard of criticism with regard to works of travel ought to be greatly elevated, so that the individual who obstinately presents us with his printed "sensations" at Bagdad, or before the Pyramids, by the side of the Golden Horn, or even on the banks of the Niger, must be prepared for rough treatment, should his production be tame, or commonplace, or merely respectable. But even under the more rigid critical *regime* we have imagined, the author of "Tent Life in the Holy Land" would have nothing to fear. His work is far more than respectable. It is full of enthusiasm, vigour, and unaffected sentiment. The *locale* he describes seems to have awakened in Mr. Prime the most fervent feeling, a profound awe and veneration, which break into spontaneous, and often beautiful, utterance. The opening chapter is a favorable specimen of his style:

"To see the sun go down beyond the sepulchre, and rise over the mountain of the Ascension, to bathe my forehead in the dews of Gethsemane, and lave my dim eyes in the waters of Siloam to sleep in the company of the infinite host above the oaks of Mamre, and to lie in the starlight of Bethlehem, and catch, however faintly, some notes of the voices of the angels, to wash off the dust of life in the Jordan, to cool my hot lips at the well of Samaria, to hear the murmur of Gennesareth, giving me blessed sleep—was not all this worth dreaming of—worth living for—was it not worth dying for?

And all this I was to accomplish—not in the some dim future—but to-morrow—to-morrow!

Yea, there lay the Holy Land, and thither my pilgrim feet would carry me, ere three suns had risen and set. How I shrank from the sea, lest it should engulf me, before I had seen Jerusalem—how I trembled lest the nerves and sinews should fail me, and the delicate thread

of life break before I could kneel at the tomb! How I looked, earnest-longing, clinging gazes at my wife, lest some dire mishap should prevent that perfect joy of our glad lives, and forbid our standing together on the Mount of Olives!"

The Professor—A Tale. By Currer Bell. Harper & Brothers, New York.

We observe that most of the northern critics speak of this tale as greatly inferior to Miss Brontë's later productions. If it be judged by a standard, which the author never intended should be applied to it—that is, if it be judged only *as a novel*, no doubt the critics would be right, but the work is purely analytical, it has nothing to do with plots and complicated incident; of movement—using that word in the dramatic sense—there is little, or none: but the dissections of character are wonderful—quite equal, we think, to anything in that line accomplished by the author, in her more elaborate novels.—As an intellectual and moral anatomist, Miss Brontë has no superior. True, the scope of her observation was limited; she depicts but few characters, and her men are not strictly representative men, nor are her woman types of more than a class—and that class an uncommon one—but what she attempts to portray is portrayed with a fidelity, clearness, and profound sagacity, unattainable by mere *talent*, however perfect in culture, or exalted in degree. Her writings glow with the electric life, and light of genius, and "The Professor" is no less significant of her great powers than "Jane Eyrie," "Shirley," and "Villette."—Though her earliest work of any length, or pretension, it was composed in the maturity of her faculties, and it should, and *can* stand upon its intrinsic merits.

Leonora D'Orco—A Novel. By G P. R. James. Harper & Brothers, New York.

It is the fashion to sneer at Mr. James. He is snubbed every where and by every body. The magazines dismiss him with a curt paragraph, and the newspapers, upon the appearance of any new work from his pen, indulge in a stereotyped joke about two omnipresent horsemen, who are either at the foot or on the brow, of some interminable hill. All this is very absurd, and very unjust.—Mr. James may not be a great novelist, but he is a capital, and instructive writer. His tales possess a definite historical value. If they seldom stir imagination to its depths, they never sink to the level of inert mediocity, and in *style* many of them are models of clear, vigorous English. "*Leonora D'Orco*," is a picture of the times of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and is a really admirable work. It is vivid and correct, as a history, and entertaining as a story.

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1. *The Collegians—By Gerald Griffin.*
2. *The Munster Festival—By Gerald Griffin.*
3. *The Rivals—By Gerald Griffin.—Geo. Routledge & Co., London and New York.*

Twenty years ago these stories were widely popular. Their author, who had the reputation of being one of the ablest of the Irish novelists, (John Banim and Wm. Carleton, contesting the palm with him as a tale writer,) was a man who united brilliant wit with the earnestness of deep passion.

His productions belong to the *intense* school of fiction, that is, they deal with the more stormy feelings, and are chiefly successful in evolving elements of tragic interest.

His wit is but the foil to a strong, and somewhat gloomy imagination. We hold "The Collegians" to be the best of his works, all of which possess great merit. While still a young, and at the zenith of his fame, Gerald Griffin joined himself to a brotherhood of monks, among whom, a year or two after, he died of a malignant fever.

The present neat edition of his novels will find, doubtless, many delighted readers. In fact, for the general public, they are likely to have all the charm of originals.

We have received from *Messers. Ticknor & Fields*, four other volumes, (viz.: "Rob Roy" and "Old Mortality,") belonging to their invaluable series of the *Waverly Novels*. This edition is the cheapest, and most convenient ever published. Moreover, it is enriched by many additional notes.

Elements of Punctuation, with Rules on the use of Capital Letters, &c. By John Wilson. Crosby Nichols & Co., Boston.

This is an abridgment of Mr. Wilson's elaborate "Treatise on English Punctuation," and though prepared especially for the use of schools, will prove to the general student, a lucid and valuable work. The plan adopted by the author

is simple and perspicuous, the parts of his "Treatise," are well arranged, and what is very unusual in publications of this sort—the selections used for illustration, are taken from a range of literature both various and excellent.

The Orations of Demosthenes—Translated, with notes. By Charles Rann Kennedy, in 2 Vols. Harper & Brothers, New York.

An important addition to Harper's *Classical Library*. Mr. Kennedy's ideas of a good translation—as expressed in his sensible and interesting preface—are fully carried out in these two handsome volumes, which contain besides "The Olympiacs," The Phillippics," the orations on "The Crown," and "The Embassy," all the minor speeches of Demosthenes, from the oration "On the Letter," to the subtle argument in favor of the "Megalopolitans."

This translation is not a text-book for schools. Its aim is, rather, to present the scholar with a readable version, sufficiently literal, and yet elegant and correct as an English composition. The plan was judicious, and we think that its execution has been entirely successful.

The Life and Enterprises of Robert William Elliston, Comedian. By Geo. Raymond. Illustrated by Cruikshank & Phiz. G. Routledge & Co., London and New York.

Whoever reads this book will experience what Oliver Wendell Holmes has oddly, but expressively called, "a champaigny feeling." It is written with delightful ease, grace, and wit, and while professing to be the biography of one man, gives us a graphic picture of society, especially of the *beau monde*, and the prominent theatrical celebrities of the first quarter of the present century.

The account of Elliston himself, related with infinite spirit, and illustrated by various entertaining anecdotes, and clever *memorabilia*, impresses us with the idea of a man of sparkling and versatile genius, of good impulses, but uncertain principles.

As an actor his powers were very remarkable. He did not fall far short of being in the histrionic sense, a universal genius. No performer of his day equalled him as a comedian. "His countenance," says Mr. Raymond, "was the very mirror of comedy. His face was round, his features small, yet highly expressive, laughter lay cradled in his eye, and there was a noticeable play of lip so pregnant of meaning, as frequently to leave the words that followed, but little to explain." And yet Elliston rivalled, and in the opinion of many, *surpassed* even Kemble, in certain scenes in Hamlet.

We have room but for one of the many anecdotes, with which this volume is crowded:

"Elliston had been acting at Weymouth, a place to which the King was extremely partial, and where it was no unusual thing for him to take his stroll unattended. On the morning of Elliston's benefit, he had been enjoying one of these afternoon wanderings, when rain coming on, just as he was passing the theatre door, in he went, and finding no one immediately at hand, proceeded at once to the royal box, and seated himself in his own chair.

"The dim daylight of the theatre, and slight fatigue which exercise had occasioned, induced an inclination to drowsiness. His majesty, in fact, fell into a comfortable dose, which presently became a sound sleep. In the meantime, Lord Townsend, who had encountered Elliston in the neighborhood, inquired whether he had seen the king, as his majesty had not been in the palace since his three o'clock dinner; and it being then nearly five, the queen and princesses, were in some anxiety about him.

But his lordship gaining no direction from the dramatic star, pursued his object in another course.

"Elliston now making his way to the theatre for the purpose of superintending all things necessary for the reception of his august patrons, went straight into the king's box, and on perceiving a man fast asleep in his majesty's chair, was about re-calling him to his senses in no gentle manner, when, very fortunately, he recognized the king himself.

"What was to be done? Elliston could not presume to wake his majesty—to approach him—speak to him—touch him—impossible! and yet something was necessary to be attempted, as it was now time the theatre should be lit.

"Elliston hit on the following expedient, taking up a violin from the orchestra, he stepped into the pit, and placing himself just beneath his exalted guest, struck up, *dolcimente*, 'God save the king!' The expedient had the desired effect, the royal sleeper was gently loosened from the spell which had bound him, and awaking, up he sprung, and staring the genu-flecting comedian full in the face, exclaimed, 'Hey! hey! hey! what! what! Oh, yes! I see! Elliston—ha! ha! rain came on—took a seat—took a nap—what's o'clock?'

"'Approaching six, your majesty.'

"'Six! six o'clock!' interrupted the king, 'send to her majesty, say I'm here —stay—this wig wont do, eh, eh? Don't keep the people waiting—light up —let 'em in—let 'em in, ha! ha! fast asleep; play well to-night, Elliston—great favorite with the queen—let 'em in —let 'em in!'"

"The house was presently illuminated —messengers were sent off to the royal party, which in a short time reached the theatre. Elliston then quitted the side of his most affable monarch, and dressing himself in five minutes for his part in the drama, went through his business with bounding spirit, nor was his glee at all diminished, when on attending the royal visitors to their carriage, the king once more nodded his head, saying

"'Fast asleep, eh! Elliston! fast asleep!'"

An original and pleasant wit, was his Majesty George III.

The Romany Rye—A Sequel to "Lavengro." By Geo. Borrow, author of "the Bible in Spain," "The Gypsies of Spain," &c. Harper & Brothers, New York.

Those who have read "Lavengro," will probably be eager to procure this sequel. Mr Barrow is an eccentric but vigorous writer, who, although he frequently offends us by his audacity and self-assertion, is generally successful in arousing a sort of pugnacious interest. "The Romany Rye," like "Lavengro," is utterly destitute of artistic method, and unity of plan, but we have seldom read a more shrewd and *pungent* work. The style is often execrable, even bitter, and the opinions absurd, but the author is entertaining even in his vagaries. As descriptions of Gipsy life, both "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye" are picturesque and doubtless truthful books; as stories, they are both failures. The thread of the narrative is continually interrupted by elaborate polemical discussions, which, however learned and ingenious, are calculated after a time—particularly as they turn upon the one subject of the Pope and his authority—to weary the most patient reader.

We find in the present volume a lengthy "Appendix," intended as a synopsis of the incidents in "Lavengro." The prejudices of the writer are here ridiculously apparent. He shows himself a "good" if not a very *wise* "hater." His wrath and spleen are especially bitter against the House of Stuart, the Tory party, and the man whom he chooses to consider as the apologist for the one, and the haughty champion of the other. Mr. Borrow speaks of Sir Walter Scott as the descendant of 'cow-stealing' marauders, charges him with having deliberately falsified history, and directly after indulges in a great glorification of —— Murat!

If any body wishes to be provoked into a just and healthful passion, let him glance through this "Appendix." It is full of one sided, heterodox, and extravagant opinions, maintained with the shrewdest effrontery, and delivered altogether "*ex-cathedra.*"

Memorials, and Other Papers. By Thos. De Quincey, in 2 vols. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

Both in personal and literary character, De Quincey has always been to us an interesting study. The gorgeous imagination of the "Opium Eater," with its startling revelation of the capacities for joy, or for suffering, which rest in the human nerves and brain, created an interest in the author, which his numerous essays upon every conceivable variety of subject, since successfully issued by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, have in most cases confirmed. Perhaps no man has ever lived in England, possessed of De Quincey's combination of original mental power, with elaborate attainments, whose works are so wholly fragmentary, so little deserving of the epithet *great*, though evidently emanating from a great intellect.

His essays, so far as they go, are full of the rarest information, the acutest logic, the most marvellous command of illustration, drawn from the resources of a learning, which we believe to be both general and profound. His diction is remarkable for an almost sensuous richness and harmony.

The sentences are evolved with artful regard to the effect upon the *ear* as well as upon the understanding. Sometimes they are tortuous and involute, but never awkward or unmusical. To *style*, for its own sake, and because of the infinite power, beauty, and possible variety of combination which belong to words, De Quincey has paid a special regard, and thus he has acquired consummate skill as a Rhetorician. There are many pages in his "Confessions," and in "Suspiria De Profundis," for example, which, though essentially pure and vigorous, display the utmost gorgeousness of diction, allowable to the proprieties of the English tongue—pages which are in-

stinctively read with a *rhythmical* intonation, and may be cast with singular facility into blank verse. But with all his wonderful endowments, and his lucid perception in matters of critical taste, De Quincey's diffuseness is discouraging to ordinary readers, and even to the most studious and patient ones.

In fact, he is not unfrequently as garrulous as any old grandmother. His digressions are insufferable, and his egotism is very fatiguing. Again, in speaking of his contemporaries among literary men, he occasionally assumes a tone which is ungenerous and even bitter.

His animadversions, for instance, upon the character of Coleridge are, to our apprehension, indefensible, and heartily do we side with Hartley Coleridge and the other relatives and friends of the great Metaphysician and Poet, in denouncing it as reckless, unfeeling, and in the worst possible taste. But whatever may be his faults we cannot cease to reverence the noble intellect of De Quincey, and whenever we receive from his publishers (to whom the thanks of the whole country are due) a fresh instalment of his miscellanies, we are happy in the certainty of entertainment and instruction, of a high order. The volumes before us contain, besides the novel of "Klosterheim," a continuation of the "Auto-Biographical Sketches," two essay's entitled "The Sphinx's Riddle," and "The Pagan Oracles," a series of elaborate "Dialogues on Political Economy," analyzing the great work of Mr. Ricardo, and an exceedingly able review of Gordon's Modern Greek Revolution, a subject by the way about which most persons are profoundly ignorant, and which, notwithstanding, is full of thrilling and romantic interest. We do not think upon the whole that these two last volumes are calculated to increase the author's reputation, or to excite very special attention in literary circles. The papers (excepting Klosterheim) are "caviare to the general," but to a small body of thinkers and scholars they must certainly be suggestive, and consequently acceptable.

A System of Independent Research, the Great Educational Want of the South. An Address delivered before the Society of the Alumni of the College of Charleston, at the Inauguration of the Charleston College Library. By Prof. John McCrady. A. J. Burke, Broad-street.

This is an earnest and well-timed address, which, with clearness of argument, and great propriety and force of language, and illustration, discusses the present intellectual condition of the South, points out the radical deficiencies of our educational system, and modestly, but with true discrimination and insight, suggests the remedy. For logical closeness of reasoning, and general thoughtfulness and ability, the Address is remarkable, and if read, and heeded by the class of self-sufficient utilitarians of which, unhappily, modern society, and Southern society in especial, is largely composed, may possibly be of service to those practical plodders who sneer at "theories," and imagine themselves in their ludicrous hallucination, to be the only abiding pillars of the world.

Prof. McCrady does *not* think that "practical improvement" is the *great* want of the South—he subscribes to no such shallow sotticism, the confutation which is so patent, so immediately beneath the eye of our daily experience, that one might well suppose that a sensible man would be ashamed to give his authority to any such fallacious and delusive opinion.

But we have not space to present our readers with an analysis of the Address. We can only commend it to their perusal and candid consideration.

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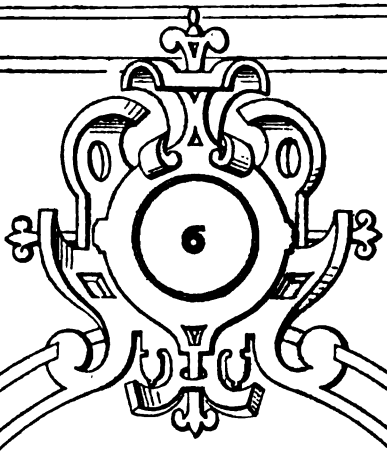

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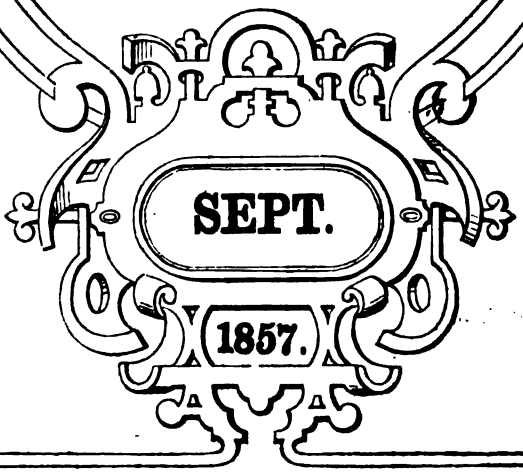

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THE NATURE AND THE CLAIMS OF PARADOX.

We think it may be assumed, that whenever a man is not interested in the propagation of falsehood, he will be friendly to the cause of truth; that other things being equal, men desire the true rather than the false.

Lord Bacon more than insinuates the contrary when he refers to the jesting Pilate, who, after inquiring what is truth, would not stay for an answer.

We have never been able to conceive Pilate in the light of a jester. His whole conduct on the celebrated occasion to which the great father of modern philosophy refers, is marked by seriousness and earnestness, and, paradoxical though it may seem, with a moral weakness which ill accords with the tone of a jester's spirit. The question in truth is so only in form, it is not inquisitive but declaratory. It was not his intention to open a discussion, but to close one. He had no disposition to inquire after the truth, but by a figure of rhetoric signified his conviction that she is veiled from our eyes. And though it is pretty certain that he had no expectation of being enlightened by the prisoner before him, it may not be difficult to show from the tone of that conversation and his subsequent conduct, that even he was one that would gladly have listened to the words of truth.

If a man should be seized with an insane desire to possess little or no weight in his circle, let him acquire a character for being paradoxical. He will find his work fully accomplished. His aim will be thoroughly effected. He may then give utterance to the profoundest truths; they will fall unheeded on the ears of his auditory. He will be considered as merely indulging a morbid taste; and fortunate may he esteem himself, if he is not subjected to the treatment of a lunatic; and thus, by a strange fatality, the votary of truth will be made to experience the same condemnation with the systematic contriver of a lie.

Worldly wisdom deals in axioms;

reverences old established saws; has a profound respect for proverbs, which it considers the concentration of a people's experience; never feels its confidence in them shaken even when they inculcate maxims directly contrary, but regards with holy horror any attempt to question the divine origin of those maxims on which it has reposed its faith. It lives in the light of truth, tested and established by the experience of ages, and abhors a paradox.

What is a paradox? Why should it have arrayed against it all the virtue and all the respectability of this world? Why should its unfortunate victim be driven like a Pariah from every respectable class, and made to wander alone in the great moral wilderness of neglect and intolerance? It may not be difficult to show that it is because he alone is the votary of truth, and that the neglect which he suffers is but the penalty imposed upon him by those who espouse the false, and find their interest or their ease promoted by veiling themselves from the truth.

A Paradox is the assertion of an opinion contrary to that which is generally received. It is not a misstatement of a fact, nor is it the assertion of a falsehood. It is intended to be the announcement of a truth. It may not be true, but it is not necessarily false. It may run counter to our opinions, but may nevertheless be truth. It ought not to be received without examination, because old opinions are favored by presumption; but at the same time it deserves to be heard, to be weighed, to be tried.

Paradoxes are frequently necessary to rouse men from an intellectual torpor, and prevent them from conduct the most absurd and incomprehensible. He who will take the trouble to examine the maxims which currently pass among men for truth, will be astonished to find how their truth is practically denied even by those who most studdily abhor all paradox. In politics we often hear men boast that they have uniformly advocated certain political principles. When we hear this boast from a certain set of very honest and worthy persons, we almost instinctively feel that amid the varied phases of our political history, if at any time these boasters were in the right, it must have been the result of accident. There are those who are governed not by living principles but by dead rules. Such men can always raise the charge of inconsistency against a statesman. They cannot understand that a truly consistent person will find himself compelled under certain contingences to advocate that which he would utterly condemn under others. The mariner would hardly acquire a reputation for skill who should refuse to alter his course even when the winds absolutely forbid his progress in the desired direction.

A striking instance of political inconsistency was exhibited by the late Sir Robert Peel, who, elected to oppose in Parliament the emancipation of the Catholics, found himself compelled to advocate that measure; and at a later period called to the premiership to proclaim the triumph of the Corn Laws against the rude assaults of the Free Trade party, had hardly invested himself with the insignia of office before he became the most illustrious champion of Free Trade. The commanding abilities and the unsullied integrity of this statesman saved him from the odium under which a common man of equal integrity would have sank into obscurity, but it was his uncommon fate to be always opposing paradoxes, and yet to have

acted on them whenever he got into power.

It not unfrequently happens hat through this intellectual torpor which refuses to question an old opinion, a lasting injury is done to the memory of departed worth.

This is strikingly illustrated in the case of the Machiavelli. This distinguished Italian published a political tract entitled the Prince. In this work he illustrates by numerous examples drawn from Italian history, the various modes by which artful and designing rulers may overthrow the liberties of a people. Surely one would suppose that a work like this could not but be the production of a mind studious of his country's liberty, but some one denounced it as containing lessons of tyranny, and the Machiavellian policy is now but another name for a system of politics abounding in intrigue, oppression and crime. The name has even become a bye-word, and many use it in the language of denunciation who know nothing either of the man or of the books which they so liberally deprecate.

It not unfrequently happens that a spirit of sluggishness, sometimes the pride of intellect, sometimes both combined, cause a man to hug his opinions, and even refuse to listen to a paradox. We once took the liberty of recommending to one of our citizens, whose name is considered a guarantee for taste and excellence in the literary world, the perusal of Cobbett's History of the Reformation in England. The recommendation was made on the ground that, though the production of a Protestant, it undertook to prove that the reformation had produced almost unmixed evil among the English people. The views of Cobbett were paradoxical, and our friend coldly remarked, that he had already made up his mind as to the effects of the Reformation, and felt no desire to hear or read any more discussions on that subject.

It is more than probable that mankind is in possession of a vast amount of truth which has descended from generation to generation, and which we do well to adopt as our guides in life; but it is no less probable that with this truth is mingled an immense deal of error. The generality of mankind seldom reason respecting the lessons which they have been taught, but contentedly take them as a portion of their inheritance. And this is a part of that innate wisdom, if we may so express ourselves, which governs humanity. Progress is the test of civilization, but progress is the result of labour, and labour is stimulated by faith. If every man felt himself obliged to verify all the maxims he had received from his father before making use of them, the world would stand still—progress would be at an end, and we would retrograde into barbarism. The unthinking laborers are those who constitute the practical class in society—those who give dignity and respectability to humanity. Occasionally their ears are annoyed and their spirits vexed by the ravings of a paradoxical dreamer; but they quietly dispose of him; if contempt will not silence him, they consign him to the walls of an asylum, perhaps punish his presumption at the stake, and then resume their wonted conservatism. But the victim of paradox is a thinker, and thought is apt to fly from dungeons, and make itself heard even by the unwilling.

So offensive were the paradoxes of Huss to those pious souls who were the salt of the earth in the fifteenth century, that the flames alone were deemed an adequate remedy for his heresy; but the next

century saw the triumph of his principles, and that which was not only paradox, but damnable heresy in one age, was revered in the next as the undoubted revelation of the divine will.

In the lately published memoirs of Sidney Smith is a letter from Marion de Lorme, giving an account of a madman imprisoned by Richelieu in the Becêtre at Paris. To listen to him, said the keeper of the Asylum, you would imagine that with steam you could navigate ships, move carriages, in fact, there is no end to the miracles, which he insists upon it could be performed. The Cardinal sent the man away without listening to him, but De Caus followed him wherever he went with the most determined perseverance, until the Cardinal, tired of his folly, shut him up in the Becêtre, where he calls out to every visitor that he is not mad, but that he has made a valuable discovery. So, too, we are informed that Watt, when a youth, is said to have sorely annoyed his mother by the pertinacity with which he wasted his time in disturbing the operations of her tea kettle.

At this period, when new discoveries in physics have been rapidly followed by inventions for their application to use, no visionary need fear the walls of an asylum for any of his paradoxes. In truth the paradox now consists in questioning the real utility of these improvements; in questioning whether a one-sided development of humanity is true progress, and whether that which fills the pockets of the rich may not stint the stomachs of the poor, and who, amidst this unwonted prosperity, looks with trembling at the uncertain future.

The man of paradoxes is a thinker. He is no infidel as many most absurdly believe; he may be rather skeptical, and is unquestionably a doubter. He belongs neither to the progressive nor to the conservative party, but desires to aim at the truth. He respects thought, and is not intolerant of opinion; but he earnestly desires to know on what opinion is based. He is liberal; because aware that he takes liberties with others, and he feels the want of liberality from them. He inquires freely, boldly, but is slow to condemn or approve. In fact the only objection which can be truly raised against the defender of paradoxes, is, that by subjecting all opinions to the test of inquiry, he finds in the vast and complicated web of human thought so much to approve, so much to condemn, so much to approve which others condemn, and so much to condemn which others approve, that at last his opinions become uncertain even to himself, and when he speaks, he not unfrequently expresses not his opinions, but the thoughts which may be used for the purpose of forming an opinion. He is uncertain, not because dishonest, but because truthful. He is striving after the truth, but it eludes his grasp, and he becomes to appearance insincere, because he would most religiously avoid the false.

We cannot but pause here to express our admiration of those solid men who never entertain a doubt of their maxims, who receive them as a part of their religious faith, who are intolerant of all opposition or contradiction, and who abhor a paradox. There is a sturdy truthfulness of spirit about them which commands our respect even though we may be convinced of their error. They are the true working men of the world, and the disciples of the paradoxical disturbers of their ancestor's peace. A strong, abiding

and unquestioning faith is one of the greatest blessings which it is possible to enjoy; and he who possesses it, possesses no small element in the composition of a respectable man. But all men have not this faith; and to such, who indulge also in thought, the moral world presents an aspect so varied that it is not wonderful thought should unsettle faith. The world is two-fold in its nature. As light and darkness alternately sway the physical universe, so the moral world has its front and its obverse.—We speak not of the teachings of divine revelation in which the victim of paradox may have a faith as profound as that of any other person; but merely of *human wisdom*, the teachings of experience and the maxims which are deduced from them. From its very nature truth is indemonstrable. It can be discovered only by weighing the aggregate of probabilities. There is no patent standard scale wherein these may be weighed, and uncertainty renders our conclusions unsatisfactory. Nor is *this* true merely of human wisdom. Even when men attempt to deduce practical rules of life from the undoubted teachings of divine revelation, how widely do they differ. How different the philosophy of one age from that of another; how easily do Christian morals accommodate themselves to the business habits of a people; and how sedulously do we endeavor to believe that our reading is the true one because we hope it is so, or it suits our interest to have it so. Thus the honest Lieutenant in Fielding's novel had no wavering of his faith, but could not understand the theology of him who doubted the Christian gentleman's right to fight a duel.

It is a very remarkable fact in the religious history of this country and of England, that our conduct is an humble imitation of a set of men whose actions are not generally approved. We presume few men of intelligence will admit that Vane, Pym, Cromwell, Peters, and other leaders of the great English rebellion, had any more of the spirit and principles of true piety than Lord Strafford and others, who became their victims. That they had superior claims in their own estimation is granted, but if the tree is known by its fruit, the reformers of the rebellion would appear to have more sins to answer for than those who succumbed under their fatal influence. The externals of piety, however, they unquestionably possessed in a very eminent degree, and prayers and sermons were so familiar to their ears as to be almost like play things. Under the influence of these teachers piety was characterized not only by austerity, but it stimulated the intellect in an uncommon degree, and the pious man could imagine no entertainment greater than listening to sermons. It was no uncommon thing for several preachers to succeed each other without the audience having any intermission of rest, and they appeared to receive the word with as much kindness as it was proffered.

What a change this was from the practice of the establishment may be inferred from the fact that books of homilies had been prepared for the use of those clergymen who felt either unwilling or unable to preach sermons of their own composition.

With the restoration a tendency to return to the old order of things appeared, but the influence of puritan zeal was too great to permit it absolutely. Sermons became more common, and in one of the charges of Bishop Atterbury to his clergy, he finds himself compelled to protest against the practice then be-

coming prevalent of the clergy preaching in the afternoon. But in spite of the great authority of that learned prelate, the practice continues, and whenever it is practicable, the good Christian is expected to hear two sermons every Sunday.

Now, with all respect for the opinion of the age, we cannot but think the Bishop of Rochester right. Is the object of preaching to furnish an intellectual entertainment to the hearers, or to make a favorable and salutary impression on their hearts? If the former, the case must be decided against us and the Bishop, but if the latter, we are not afraid to adhere to our opinion A sermon is intended to convey to the mind instruction, and furnish matter for reflection on some topic deemed important by the preacher. If it is important, it is surely unwise, after the lapse of a very few hours, to present to the hearer with the same solemnity another set of reflections on another topic. Before the mind has had time to digest the first, it is called off to attend to the second. Besides this, from frequent custom, we acquire an indifferent habit of listening, and the preacher is permitted to go through his course of argument or reflection, without making any but a transient impression upon the hearer's mind. If he is an ordinary man, no decided evil is done; we listen with decency and reverence; but if the preacher be endued with eloquence, the fervor of devotional feeling is exchanged for the enjoyment of an intellectual treat.

The truth is, that no subject is so puzzling to the thoughtful Christian as the due observance of the seventh day. All have rejected the levitical observance, and the great struggle is to ascertain which is the true spirit. The intention of the commandment which hallowed it was to furnish to hardworking people a day of repose. In many portions of our country it is after a certain fashion, the day of most unmitigated labor. It is a very remarkable fact that the commandment never was mentioned by our Saviour but to justify its violation; and by the early Christians it appears to have been completely disregarded. For the commendable and necessary purpose of cultivating Christian fellowship, they habitually assembled on the first day of the week, and we believe it was never until the pharisaical spirit of puritanism invaded England, that any attempt was ever made to re-establish the levitical institution.

Infinite are the sources of error in the best regulated minds; innumerable the fallacies which the most honest soul entertains as inestimable truths. Society itself is a source of error, and the more refined, the more powerfully are fallacies perpetuated, the more honestly are they defended. Innumerable the violations of the moral law, both human and divine, which under its influence are excused, defended, justified, commended. We unconsciously accommodate ourselves to circumstances, and by the skilful logic of conventionalisms find the true interpretation of every divine injunction in that practice, which, under the influence of society, we find almost necessarily imposed upon us.

We laugh at the backwoodsman, who entering society, unacquainted with its training, violates its rules and disregards its proprieties; the rustic will learn better in time, meanwhile he is a subject for amusement; but when the child and pupil of society questions its proceedings, our laughter is not excited; the man is paradoxical and the ban of society is laid upon him.

But just as surely as any princi-

ple of society is based on error, just as surely will the thought which calls it in question, make an impression on its heart. We punish the presumption which lays bare our sin, but the probe is efficacious. Men do not practice a falsehood for its own sake, and as soon as the mists of prejudice begin to lift themselves from the fallacies which they protected, a new impulse is given to thought, and succeeding generations quietly receive as undoubted truth that which their predecessors had punished as demonstrable error.

This great truth should always be borne in mind by those who abhor paradox; that the paradox of one age is the established truth of another. This reflection should teach them moderation if not toleration; and if it fail to inspire them with modesty, might at least clothe them with humility. When Harvey announced the paradox of the circulation of the blood, it lost him his practice, and he who had done more than any other man to elevate the character of the medical profession, was denounced by his brethren as a charlatan, and suffered to want his bread.

It not unfrequently happens that the paradox consists not in the enunciation of a principle, but in the terms in which it is announced. We often act upon principles which in theory we deny. Thus the Protestant is shocked at the claim of infallibility set up by the Church of Rome, and never suspects that his own particular church is no less arrogant in this respect than that which he denounces; and yet who will deny that any church which puts forth a system of faith to be obligatory among her children, assumes the prerogative of infallibility. Nor is this assumption either presumptuous or condemnable. It is the essence of conservatism, and every church which practically rejects it, lays the foundation of its own dissolution. In one of the first sermons preached before the Puritans in Massachusetts, the preacher distinctly waived this claim; insisted that the church was not yet in possession of the whole will of God, and that time would reveal it. And where has the old Puritan spirit of New England fled? How different from the sturdy conservative sufficiency of the churches of Great Britain, which rode triumphant over every storm, and are as ready as ever to teach the same faith, which is no less their characteristic now than it was in the beginning.

An amusing instance of the way in which men practically deny their principles, is to be found in the conduct of those reformers who would have our children usefully educated; by which phraseology, as far as we can understand it, they mean the abandonment in our schools and colleges of the old system of classical instruction. And yet, if at any time one of these utilitarian professors should have occasion to appear before the public, one may safely wager any amount that his discourse will be pedantically full of classical allusions and quotations. These persons would be shocked at the paradox, that the best indication of a good classical education is the purity and simplicity with which English is written and spoken.

Opinions change daily, almost hourly, and the paradox of to-day is the faith of to-morrow. When Rousseau was howling out from his lair of infidelity the ominous notes of abolition, the Orthodox Christians of that age little fancied that within a century the defence of slavery on religious grounds, would,

by a large party of honest Christians, be regarded as a delusion of the arch enemy. A great deal of the Christianity now taught by reverend professors (preachers of the Beecher or Theo. Parker school, for example) would have put to shame the irreverent infidelity of Voltaire. It is important, these professors would seem to say, that a man have a Bible in a corner of his library, and that he should profess a decent reverence for the sacred volume; and this tribute paid, he may extract from it whatever doctrines he may please, and adopt a scheme of practice in conformity with them. Had Joe Smith rejected the Bible, Mormonism would have failed utterly; now it is protected by the ages of Christianity, and the people of this country are meanly and weakly looking forward to the time when we are to grasp in solemn and brotherly union, hands which are soiled by the foulest crimes that can degrade humanity.

The great lecturers at the North are generally clergymen. This is necessary to their success, and saves them from destruction. It may do very well for these holy men to take liberties with sacred things, but if a common sinner should venture to class in the same cate gory Paul and Socrates, and Lord Bacon and our Saviour, we presume that the moral sense of the audience would naturally be not a little shocked.

The world is full of delusions, and it appears that the more refined the society the more completely delusive are its maxims. If any thing is to be learned from a careful and attentive study of the history of Europe, and of England in particular, it is this, that one portion of society has been steadily advancing in wealth, power, and refinement, while the other has been as steadily in a state of retrogression; and yet we are gravely invited to join in singing praises to the superior happiness of the present age. We doubt the truth of the assertion. We cannot believe that a happy state, in which the weak have a constant tendency to become weaker. We cannot believe that to be a happy country, in which, in the conflict between capital and labor, the latter is sure to be defeated. We know it is the one in which wealth will most certainly accumulate, but we cannot understand how the accumulation of millions in one hand can be of the least possible advantage to the thousands whose wages are kept at a rate just above the point of absolute want. There are recompenses and reactions in the moral as well as the physical world, and we do not tremble when we anticipate the reaction which will at no very remote period recompense the prodigious evil under which the civilized world now groans.

But it is time to bring this essay to a close, and, perhaps, some of our readers are ready to exclaim that the substance of the article is a practical illustration of the subject. We would only remark, in conclusion, that everything in nature is dual. Every good has its counterbalancing evil, every evil its resultant good. And so it is with everything connected with humanity. If experience has taught one maxim, it has also with trifling variation of circumstances taught another directly the contrary. This is illustrated by the proverbs, the concentrated wisdom of every age and every people. He, therefore, who, from the restless activity of his own thought, endeavors to pierce into the obscurity which envelopes human wisdom, is the

friend, not the enemy of his race. If there is on earth any thing which is absolutely good, it must be truth. Emanating as our spirits do, from the source of all truth, surely every process which purges our souls from error, which disturbs and dispels the cloud that hovers about our intellectual vision, must lead us forward nearer to the author of our being, and bringing us nearer to him, must infuse into our souls a more perfect sentiment of happiness. The truth is to free our souls from bondage. Surely, then, he who earnestly seeks after her, must be considered friendly to the best interests of humanity.

SONG.

When I bade thee adieu, thou rememb'rest the time,
To depart for no'distant or alien clime,
Oh! who would have deemed, as I sighed it in tears,
The farewell then spoken a farewell for years!

Yet, believe me, whatever these years may have brought
Of deadness to feeling, or sadness to thought,
And whatever the shame they have stamped on my brow,
No change ever touched my first passionate vow.

Still I look to thy love as men look to a star,
Which may never be reached, yet is worshiped afar,
And always in gladness, and always in gloom,
The star of thy smile was the star of my doom.

I have bowed, it is true, before many a shrine.
Have praised, and have sung charms less winning than thine,
But the song was ne'er more than a passionless glee,
I kept the soul's language—my silence for thee.

And indeed if sometimes I gave more than a song,
Thou wast ever the cause, and must pardon the wrong,
For wherever a blue eye bewitchingly shone,
I saw in its beauty a type of thine own.

That falsehood is dead, and these follies have passed,
And again I come back to thee, dearest, at last,
With the feelings of one who hath circled the earth,
But to strengthen his love for the home of his birth.

ESTCOURT:

THE MEMOIRS OF A VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN.

—

CHAPTER XVI.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

The brief scene which we have just related will serve to exhibit the immense and successful struggle made by Estcourt to conceal the passionate emotions of his heart.

During this brief period of his life, he found himself compelled to pursue a course in no slight degree repugnant to his feelings; but having once determined to shut up within his own breast every particle of his secret, he did not shrink in the execution of his design; the exterior which he presented was one of impenetrable calmness and good natured carelessness.

In presence of the young girl he often found his strength taxed to the utmost; and at times the resemblance to his former love would bring to his features a painful shadow. But toward the young lady he displayed simple affection. To Frances, as to his other guests, he maintained his old air of smiling ease—and if at any time the sight of the young man and the girl, walking hand in hand upon the lawn, brought to his features an expression of pain and gloom, this shadow suddenly and completely disappeared as Frances drew near; and he would take the flowers which she held out, with no sadness even in his smile, as he met the frank eyes of the girl.

His fears had all been justified by the event. Estcourt now loved this young lady with all the powers of his deep and vigorous nature—loved her with an ardor which increased hourly, as the charms of her mind and person developed before him, and became more fascinating. His whole nature had changed as it were—and yet, by an immense effort of his fainting will, he concealed this change. His love had made him almost a youth again—but, in appearance he was older. Sedulously adopting his air of "old gentleman," Estcourt yielded to his boy the entire field—neither by word or look did he enter the arena for the struggle. One would have said that the young lady was truly his daughter or his sister, and that nothing could have rendered him happier than a union between herself and Frank.

This was "before the scenes," however, as the reader may easily comprehend—it was Edmund Estcourt, comedian, going through his appointed part, in presence of an audience scanning his features—in presence especially of the penetrating gaze of Gilbert, who seemed incessantly to make his friend the subject of absorbing study. In Gilbert's society, above all, did Estcourt find his powers of dissimulation taxed to the utmost, and from their interviews the unhappy man would often retire with the mental exhaustion of an actor who has just gone through a most arduous part. Then came the scene *behind* the scenes, where, divested of his stage

costume, Estcourt heard his heart speak to him, and replied with groans of anguish. Pale and despairing, he went over thus, in the silence of his chamber, the events and scenes of the twelve hours which had elapsed—not a look, or a word escaping him; reproducing again from his memory, the most varying shades of expression, or tone, in the face or the voice of Frances Temple. Never before had he suffered this peculiar torment—never had the bitter draught been sipped thus, drop by drop; never had corroding jealousy, a profound sense of honor, and paternal affection, held such a riotous carnival of conflict in his heart. Misfortune, he thought, had emptied all her bitterness upon him—he had never dreamed of such suffering in the weary world. And yet, after one of these feverish and sleepless nights of misery, this man would descend with his calm smile—no trace left of his anguish, but a slight pallor—and greet the girl and the youth with the easiest affection—passing on with an indifferent smile, and holding out his hand to Gilbert, whose piercing eyes strove vainly to plunge beneath the calm and impassive features, indicating no more of internal emotion than a mask.

Never for an instant did he falter. As long as an eye could rest upon his face, Estcourt preserved his coolness and his smiles. He would accompany his guests upon their rides—sail with them in his fine sailing boat on the river—read aloud from any book which it pleased the ladies to hear; never was the assumed rôle of an actor sustained with such consummate skill. In the minds of Frank and the two ladies not the remotest shadow of a suspicion had ever arisen. Gilbert alone had his opinion of this calmness hiding a slumbering volcano.

This was the state of things then, with the characters of our history, when an event of some interest occurred, which event we shall proceed now to relate.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SEVENTH END OF THE WORLD.

Mr. Frank Hay had at an early period of his youth, adopted certain views upon the subject of women and their traits, which he was accustomed to make the rule of his proceeding upon all critical occasions; or, more definitely speaking, when he designed to "reduce into possession" as his wedded wife any young lady who impressed his volatile fancy.

This young gentleman's philosophy, touching the point in question may be briefly summed up in the maxim he was accustomed to use to his "next friend," which maxim was in the words following, to wit: "My dear fellow, never let a girl know you too well." The consequences of this intimate acquaintance, Mr. Frank would declare upon his personal experience, eminently disastrous.

"The fact is," Mr. Frank would say, setting his cocked hat on one side of his head, and extending a finger persuasively, "that women fall in love purely from the *fancy*. It is the fellow they *think* you are, that they take a liking to, and and you've only to give 'em line and play 'em, and the thing is done. If, on the contrary, you go to see them every day, and court

for a year or two, as I've known some fellows to do, they soon find out that you are very different from their fancy—they see your weak points, and when you come at last to ask a certain question, they have the answer "no I thank you, sir," hot for your reception. There are other objections to lengthy courtships, such as the time and expense they involve, but this is the great reason against them. Never let a woman—mark me—find you out! Recollect, it's a stand up fight for victory—be cool, be calm, close at the right minute, early in the action—grapple—and the day is yours!"

These were the opinions of Mr. Frank Hay upon the subject of the fair sex, with which he was accustomed to edify his companions; and on the present occasion, the young philosopher essayed heroically to act in accordance with his system. That he followed his latter precept "to close early" in the action, it is no more than justice to allow, but we seriously doubt whether an impartial observer would have considered Mr. Frank "cool and calm" in that twilight, walking with Frances beneath the great old oaks of the Fairfield woods. Perhaps he meant, however, that the assailant should preserve an internal coldness—should not lose his judgment, however passionate he appeared. If this was the philosopher's meaning, perhaps he fulfilled his views in every particular.

It is not our intention to relate the particulars of the scene between these two young persons. In company with our brother historians we prefer stating the results of such interviews. The majority of these affairs contain so grand a mixture of the tragic and the comic, the sublime and the ridiculous, that the dramatist may well despair of delineating them appropriately. We shall only say then that Mr. Frank delivered an oration of the most astonishing eloquence—that he made use of the stars, the heathen mythology, and various other things, to adorn his discourse, and that he ended by declaring himself doomed to the direst wretchedness unless Miss Frances Temple would consent to become Mrs. Frank Hay.

The blushing girl listened with the utmost agitation and confusion to the young man's impassioned address, and could only murmur:

"Oh, Frank! Frank! don't—please don't! It pains me very much to hurt your feelings, but I cannot—it would not be right to—Oh, Frank! you distress me so!"

And the girl turned away and was silent. This silence was broken by Frank, who made another speech—a speech which became by degrees wretched, tragic, and despairing, and ended in Stygian gloom.

"It pains me very, very much to pain *you* cousin," said Frances, looking at him with moist eyes, "and do not think that I am cold or indifferent. I—love you very much, as my cousin—and I would not wound you for worlds; but I ought to speak plainly. I do not think it would be honest for me to promise to be your wife when I cannot return your feelings fully. Would it, cousin? Pray do not think me cold—you won't, will you?"

And Miss Frances looked into her companion's face with so much sincerity and affection, that, as Mr. Frank afterwards declared, "his feelings overcame him." He made a third oration—but the result was not more encouraging, and the conversation terminated on Frank's part with a gloom and depth of misery utterly indescribable.

They had by this time reached the mansion, and with the parting words, "Please don't think me cold, cousin!" the girl bestowed a last look of the softest affection upon her admirer, and hastened to her chamber.

As for Mr. Frank, he sat down on the portico, and uttered a groan which was piteous to hear. The very sunset looked black—and he thought, for the seventh time, that the end of the world was rapidly approaching.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE RIVALS.

Frank was still wrapped in the profoundest gloom, from which came forth at times, low groans, as thunder does from a dark cloud, when all at once he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and, turning round, saw Estcourt.

"What troubles my boy?" said his companion. "You seem really distressed by something."

"Oh, it's nothing. I am not troubled—I feel quite lively. Don't I look so, cousin?"

And Mr. Frank presented for his companion's inspection a countenance upon which despair was written in the most legible characters.

"Instead of looking lively, you look perfectly miserable. Why, what on earth could have—ah! you were walking with Frances! she ran by me without speaking, to her chamber! You have—spoken, Frank! Is it possible that——!"

And with a strange light in his eyes—a thrill running through his frame, Estcourt abruptly paused, fixing his piercing and almost dazzling glances upon the young man.

"Yes, cousin," said Frank, in a low sombre tone, "I see you have guessed it, and my experience tells me you would soon have known—for in some way these affairs *will* get out. Yes—Frances has told me that she does not love me, and I am the most miserable creature in the world!"

Frank's head sank as he spoke, and he gazed at the floor with a frown which indicated the sincerity of his disappointment.

As for Estcourt, he was silent—his mind and heart a prey to those mingled and conflicting emotions which the reader will not fail to comprehend. The uncontrollable joy of the lover who knows the disappointment of his rival, encountered, breast to breast, the pain of the paternal heart at the unhappiness of its child, and for a time these hostile emotions produced in Estcourt's bosom a hurly burly which prevented him from uttering so much as a single word.

At last he summoned all his self-control, and said with tolerable calmness:

"So you love Frances?"

"Since a long time, sir."

"And have paid her your addresses in form?"

"Yes, cousin; and she has formally rejected them," replied Frank, in a low voice.

Estcourt could not suppress a thrill of happiness, and let us not blame him. He was a man, and he loved deeply—and when did a lover lament the ill-fate of his rival. But soon this sentiment disappeared from his generous heart; he forgot the young girl and thought only of the misery of his boy.

"You pain me greatly, Frank,"

he said, "by your exhibition of distress. Is your suit quite hopeless?"

"I do not know, sir. I see scarcely a gleam of hope, for I cannot flatter myself. She loved me, she said, as her kinsman, and so it ends. I think she is attached to me—but that is all; and yet—and yet—if I do not win her heart, cousin, I shall be the most miserable creature that ever lived, for I cannot exist without her—I scarcely breathe out of her presence!"

Frank's head sank again as he uttered these unhappy words, and for a moment there was silence. Estcourt's troubled eye dwelt intently upon the face of the boy; and as he gazed, the likeness to the mother came out forcibly and brought back memories that had long slumbered. With a sigh resembling a groan, Estcourt said:

"Can you not banish her image from your heart?"

"I cannot," murmured the young man with trembling lips, and again he was silent—his breast heaving, his eyes fixed upon the floor.

"There, there, my boy," said Estcourt, greatly moved, and summoning all his fortitude for the words he was about to utter, "things are not, perhaps, as bad as you suppose. It is very natural that you should be distressed, but do not attribute too much to the first refusal of a girl. Come, let us take a walk, and talk over your affair. Whatever distresses you, distresses me—come, come my boy! Let us not despair—don't give up the ship!"

And endeavoring to laugh cheerfully, though his pale lips indicated the painful effort which it caused him, the speaker took Frank's arm, and they walked forth in the evening.

Estcourt had already determined upon the course which he would pursue, and he now summoned all the resources of his generous heart and powerful will, to sustain him in the struggle. He had determined to overcome the scruples of the young lady—to plead his boy's cause in his own person—to forget himself, his love, the hopes and dreams of his life—to sacrifice everything to the happiness of the son of the woman whom he had loved. The effort which this resolution caused him was terrible, but brief; a strange emotion of proud despair gave him strength, and, suppressing every outward indication of his feelings, he played his part with consummate coolness.

By his counsel, Frank returned on the next morning to Williamsburg—his ostensible business being some matters connected with the plantation, which it would require some days to attend to properly. Thus, the first embarrassment following the critical scene was spared the two young persons, and the field was free to the ambassador.

No one but Gilbert suspected anything. The subtle eyes of the painter were not easily blinded—and from that moment he subjected Estcourt to a criticism more exhausting and intense, if possible, than before. His investigations terminated, however, in nothing at all. Never had his friend appeared so cheerful; his conversation had rarely sparkled with so much wit, or been so entertaining. He was the life of the party throughout the entire evening, and acted his part with a skill which even made Gilbert doubt if human dissimmulation could proceed so far. He had guessed the truth, but he now found himself saying that it was impossible.

All finally retired, and the mansion was silent except for the meas-

ured steps in Estcourt's chamber. Something seemed to have banished sleep from his eyelids, for he was pacing the floor with disordered steps until two o'clock in the morning.

CHAPTER XX.

ESTCOURT AND HIS "LITTLE SISTER."

The sun had just risen; and descending, Estcourt found Frances upon the portico. They exchanged a smiling greeting, and Estcourt said:

"Shall we take a walk, my little sister? The morning is lovely and I have something to say to you."

With a slight color in her cheek, Frances took the offered arm of her cousin, and they strolled across the green lawn, beautiful in the sunrise.

"My boy has told me all, Frances," said Estcourt, with some sadness, "and I have been pained by his distress."

The girl held down her head and a burning blush covered her cheeks, but she did not speak.

"He loves you very much," continued her companion, in a low tone, "and I was deeply moved by his despair. Can you not love the boy, my dear?"

And with the kind air of a father to his child, Estcourt looked into her face. Their eyes met, and unable to repress her feelings, the girl burst into tears. It was, perhaps, the tone, or the tone and look together, which moved her so; and, sobbing lowly, she murmured:

"It—pained me—very much; but I could not—you would not—have me—cousin ——."

"There! do not cry so, my dear Frances," said Estcourt, "I do not blame you—that was not my wish, and I only intended to offer you some reasons for thinking better of Frank's proposal."

The girl only sobbed in reply—but the sobs grew gradually less agitated, and finally she dried her eyes, looking at her companion with a soft, tearful smile. Her face was full of so rare and touching a loveliness as he gazed at her now, that the poor heart of the ardent lover sank within him, and he could scarcely restrain himself from wildly pressing her to his heart. The paroxysm instantly subsided, however, and with a gigantic effort of resolution, Estcourt grew calm again. When he spoke, his voice was as collected as though he felt no more than a paternal interest in the affair about to be alluded to.

"I love you very much, my dear Frances," he said, "and I can easily understand how Frank loves you too. I forced him to confess as much, indeed—and now, my dear, will you listen while I speak plainly? I am somewhat more experienced in the human heart than you can be, and I wish simply and candidly to address your convictions, my child. Will you listen to one who has your happiness very much at heart—to an old gentleman who asks only to see his children tranquil and happy? You will not think me intrusive if I speak as your elder brother, will you, Frances?"

"Oh, no! no indeed!" she murmured, blushing deeply, and then her voice died away inaudibly.

Having thus prepared the way for his argument, Estcourt proceeded to urge upon the girl, the injustice to her own feelings and Frank's of a direct and determinate rejec-

tion of the young man's addresses. Marriage, he said, was dependent for its happiness far more upon the sincerity and amiability of the wife and husband, than upon the existence of a mere passion—momentary it might be, and unable to sustain the trials of human life. Love was assuredly a noble and commendable sentiment, implanted in the bosom by a loving Providence—but it was possible to mistake the true nature of the emotion. The truest love was rather affection than passion—rather kindly attachment than romantic excitement; the basis of marriage should be a moderate and enduring tenderness, not a fiery illusion, soon destined to disappear and leave wife and husband wretched. If this was true—and he thought it certainly was—why should not the young girl reconsider her determination touching Frank's proposal. The boy was a noble hearted youth—as kindly and true and affectionate as could be imagined; he would love and cherish her as his wife through all trials, and even if she did not love him deeply now, this sentiment would in due time come.

In this manner did Estcourt for an hour continue to urge with his companion the cause of Frank, and combating in turn every objection which, with a trembling voice, she advanced, he finally succeeded in obtaining from Frances a promise that she would not avoid Frank, but test her feelings deliberately. It was rather her dread of afflicting Estcourt than any wavering, which dictated this compliance—that was plain; but, at least, the gentleman's design was accomplished.

Blushing and agitated, the young lady returned with him to the mansion; and when, a week afterwards, Frank returned, she received him with an elaborate cordiality, which impressed him strangely and delightfully. It is true that Estcourt was present, and, after pressing Frank's hand and smiling sweetly, Frances turned unconsciously and gazed at her cousin.

CHAPTER XXI.

ESTCOURT'S JOURNAL.

* * * "Heaven seems to have decreed that this year should be crowded with strange emotions for me. For more than a decade, I have slumbered as 'twere unmoved by any sentiment of extreme pleasure or pain; living an apathetic life of unvarying routine, and dreaming of the past. Now the present thrusts itself upon me. I no longer dream—each day brings its throng of bitter or delicious emotions—I live rapidly, and I fear the result.

"But to narrate. Two or three days ago, my old enemy, Joel Crafton, died. He was carried off by a critical disease, which came upon him suddenly, and now he has disappeared from the rolls of mortality—another of those old assailants of my happiness gone to his account, before a higher tribunal. I do not write the words bitterly. I have long forgiven him—and had I not done so, I should now banish from my mind all bitterness. On his death bed, the unfortunate man sent for me to ask my forgiveness, and that forgiveness he received—honestly, sincerely, from my heart.

"I found him sadly and strangely altered. I had not seen him for many years, and I scarcely expect-

ed to see him so different from his former self. His hair was white—his cheeks were sunken—care was written deeply in the wrinkles of his forehead; and he presented a spectacle most woful to behold. His daughters, now constituting his sole family, stood at the window trying to conceal their tears, and at the bedside the physician was calculating the length of time it was possible for the patient to live.

"I shall not repeat the details of the painful scene. He had long and deeply regretted his terrible injustice to me, he said; carried away by an evil and hostile mind, he had permitted his passions to blind him, and dictate a "base revenge" he declared; but this act had been the source of bitter self-reproach with him, and he had now sent for the victim of his injustice to beg that forgiveness which God enjoins upon all who themselves ask to be forgiven. 'I am an old man, Mr. Estcourt,' he said, in a faint voice, indeed 'twas scarce audible, 'I have but a few hours at best to live. I wish to devote a portion of this time to a vindication of myself from your evil opinion.' He then spoke at some length of his past life, and I was surprised to find how unjust had been many reports of him. Although I felt no sympathy for the pursuits which he had devoted himself to, yet those pursuits were honest and in a business point of view entirely honorable—this was placed beyond all doubt by the dying man. Our interview terminated with an assurance on my part that I should no longer remember the past—he had my entire forgiveness—from the heart. Three hours afterwards the unfortunate man expired, perfectly tranquil, I am informed.

"I regret that the condition of his estate is far different from what every one supposed. A bare competence will in all probability remain to the young ladies. Gilbert has taken charge of every arrangement, and I was surprised to hear him say yesterday that he and Miss Mary Crafton were plighted lovers. Mr. Crafton, it seems, opposed the marriage, but during his last illness withdrew this opposition. I am happy to hear that the unprotected young ladies will find a home in the house of our good Miss Gilbert.

"So much for *this* emotion! Of *the other* I cannot to-night speak. 'Tis almost beyond words now. I thought my heart would break when I saw them sitting in the moonlight on the portico this evening, talking in a low murmur of—I know not what.

"Ah! does my life so end?—Well, at least I'll be true to my colors, though my heart is cleft asunder! What remains to me? What is there for me on earth, but the proof to her that I was a gentleman, when some day she finds out all! Now, I am nobody—an amiable old gentleman, with a match-making spirit, whom she likes and will try to oblige! What bitter folly—what idiot fatuity, to imagine that *I* could be aught to her! I, with my melancholy face, and my worn out heart!—and yet—yet that heart beats warmly as before; my frame is erect and vigorous, my eye clear and strong, my forehead unwrinkled by age! But! what vanity again! I am an old man—a mere antiquated eccentric; and if there was no obstacle, and I came and said 'I love you,' she would turn aside and laugh, and beg me to read the poem of 'January and May!' Poor Estcourt! what a dunce you are to imagine that *you* could win a young girl's heart! That *you* could cope with a younger rival—some boy with a fresh young face and smiling lips—with curls, and smooth

cheeks and laughter! Let her love as she will, then. Before I murmur, my teeth shall tear the lips that utter it, though blood drowns the sound. My father left me the name of gentleman—his spirit shall not upbraid me! I'll be true to him and myself though I die in the effort!"

* * * * *

"Since writing the above, a month has passed—a month which I shall ever look back upon with a shudder, for in those hours, and days, and weeks, I seem to have exhausted the capacity of human suffering. Step by step I have approached my aim—inch by inch I have driven this rebellious heart toward the object I toiled for—one by one I have conquered her scruples, removed her objections, supported with my will her own fainting resolution—and now I triumph! Yes, I triumph—O, woful triumph! I conquer—O, woful victory!—With a broken heart, I rejoice in my success. Frances Temple and my boy are plighted. His joy and gratitude meet me and overwhelm me. If the spirit of a dead woman can return to the earth again, I raise my drooping head and say from the bottom of a torn and bleeding heart, 'Are you satisfied? Have I been faithful to my trust?'

"They will be soon married. So let it be."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

Estcourt's end was thus accomplished—his object reached; at what an expense of agony and despair, it is unnecessary to say.

There is something so painfully tragic in the spectacle of a great nature writhing beneath the hand of what resembles a hostile fate, that the painter approaches such a subject with reluctance, and would prefer to leave it entirely to the imagination.

For a month this spectacle was exhibited to the eyes of Gilbert, now thoroughly enlightened, at the mansion of Fairfield. Convinced at last of the true state of things, the friend of Estcourt saw with mingled pain, astonishment and admiration, the strange self-sacrifice; with the absorbing curiosity of a profound student of human nature, the portrait painter followed every step of the tragedy, saw all the struggle, and understood perfectly when the drama reached its consummation.

One day he went to seek Estcourt, who now remained during many hours every morning in his study. His friend was reading a volume of manuscript, which he closed as Gilbert entered, and shutting the clasps, deposited it in a drawer of his writing table.

"What have you there?" he said, looking with pain upon the pale, melancholy features of the reader, "is that the tragedy written out, Estcourt?"

"*The Tragedy*, say you, Gilbert, what tragedy?"

"The one you have just been playing. Ah! my dear friend, it is no longer with banter or affected dissatisfaction that I address you—'tis with pity, admiration, and wonder."

Estcourt smiled sadly.

"You still retain your fancy that I loved this young lady?"

"Do you not? Come, Estcourt, there is no longer any possibility of deceiving me. Believe me, I

love and wonder at you. You are truly great and devoted."

Estcourt made no reply; his drooping head rested on his hand—his breast heaved. They remained thus silent for a long time—Gilbert fearing to break the pause, Estcourt absorbed in gloomy thought.

At last he raised his head, and taking a paper from the table, handed it to Gilbert. It was a deed conveying to Francis Hay, Esquire, the entire Fairfield estate, with all right, title, and interest in the property.

"I thought I would set my youngster up comfortably," said Estcourt, "I am going to make a little journey."

"A journey?"

"I think of going to Europe for some years. You start, Gilbert. But is anything more natural? Yes! I will no longer play a part; I cherished for this young lady a very great affection, and as this love was unfortunate I shall seek in new scenes, for some years to come, the alleviation of my disappointment."

In vain did Gilbert oppose with every argument in his power, this decision of his friend. He represented to him the injustice he was doing himself in thus withdrawing from home and friends—the wound he would inflict upon those who loved him—the chances of death in a foreign land, far from those hearts which loved and cherished him. It was insufficient to shake Estcourt's resolution.

"I am not afraid of death, Gilbert," he said, "and when my master calls me, I trust He will give me faith and courage to obey without fear, and say, hopefully, 'O Lord! receive my soul!' I exhibit little of my faith, but I think I possess it, Gilbert; and as to the foreign death, I say as your noble namesake, Sir Humphrey Gilbert did, when about to perish in the storm, 'Heaven is as near by sea as land'—in Europe as in Virginia."

Moved deeply by these sad words, his friend again attempted to dissuade him, advancing a hundred reasons for changing his resolution.

"There, there, my dear friend," was Estcourt's simple reply, "Your kind words are all thrown away. If any one could move me, you could—but I am fixed in my determination. I shall give the young people my plantation here—I retain enough money to supply all my wants—I shall go away, and stay for a few years—then return. My boy will give his old cousin a seat at his table, I know; and so I shall in due time leave the coast clear. Now let us speak of something else. I am fixed."

Gilbert saw that any further argument would be unavailing, and, with a groan almost, remained silent, looking with painful earnestness at his friend.

"I have already engaged my passage," said Estcourt, calmly, "in two weeks the brig sails. I must ask you to take charge of that deed, which I will not deliver to Frank. His thanks would be embarrassing to me."

"But why! why do you go Estcourt! Why do you leave us?" cried Gilbert, carried away by his feelings, "why should you make this sacrifice of your love—or making it, exile yourself! You wound me to the very heart by your determination—I love you a thousand times more than ever as I listen; but I suffer a pang at the idea of your departure which I thought myself incapable of. Oh! why thus sacrifice your entire happiness in life!—why leave us!"

He stopped, painfully affected. Estcourt looked at him with pensive sadness.

"Gilbert," he said at length, taking and pressing the hand of his friend, with a smile, "Gilbert, there are two ways of living—honorably, dishonorably. I do not praise myself when I say that the latter is with me an impossibility. I was born and raised in this land—I am a Virginia gentleman—I am compelled to obey the voice which says, 'Do not stain your escutcheon!' I assume no merit, I simply follow my race. Doubtless, however, there is selfishness in this—'tis my pride; and if in a foreign land God calls me, I shall not reject it. My epitaph will be, '*He was a true Virginia gentleman!*' I go thus from an unconquerable sense of honor. That honor compels me, from the simple fact of my life. I loved a woman—I promised her spirit to love her son—I love the woman *he* loves, and I abandon the field! All that is plain, is it not? I have secured his happiness by some sacrifice of feeling—I go away to make his horizon entirely clear. That is all!"

"Now let us no longer dispute," added Estcourt, smiling with his old expression of sadness, "you are sufficiently acquainted with me to know that I do not resolve hastily, or without surveying my position, so I do not easily abandon my intentions. In two weeks I shall leave you. Until then you will be my guest, will you not?"

And with a look of much softness and affection, Estcourt gazed at his friend. Gilbert listened with sighs and sorrowful glances. This resolution of Estcourt had brought forth all his affection; about to lose him now, Gilbert found for the first time how much he loved him. But it was equally plain that he could oppose to this fixed determination no sufficient argument.

"Well, well," he said at length, "go then, and may God, who watches over us, have you in his good and holy keeping, and give you to your friends again, before many years. No, I cannot remain your guest. I must return to my labors to-morrow, and my sister with me. The daughters of Mr. Crafton are ready to take up their abode with Sarah. At least do not remain here long—come to see me—let me have your society as far as possible, until you depart."

And greatly moved, Gilbert covered his eyes with his hand, and after some moments slowly left the apartment.

Estcourt gazed after him, and, with his sorrowful smile, murmured:

"That is an honest heart—he loves me truly, but I must go."

As he spoke, he took from a drawer the casket we have seen on a former occasion, and examined its contents. At the bottom of the sheet headed 'Edmund Estcourt in account with Frances Dew,' he wrote: '*In the month of August, in the year of our Blessed Redeemer one thousand seven hundred and fifty-six, I did my duty to your child. You know the rest.*

'EDMUND ESTCOURT.'"

Having made this entry, he calmly closed the casket, and restoring it to the drawer, carefully turned the key in the lock.

"Now let me fix my countenance," he murmured, "and announce my intention to depart."

LINES.

Treasures of ocean's caves,
Say where your murmuring voices wake,
When to the listening ear ye make
Songs like the moaning waves.

'Tis like a fond regret
That ye are taken from the deep,
As if your home where surges sweep,
Ye never could forget.

Whence came your beauteous dyes,
So softly shaded from the hue
Of roses steeped in early dew,
To the deep crimson skies,

When morning clear and bright,
Rises above the blushing sea,
Which mirrors back with laughing glee,
Each tiny streak of light.

The great Creator's hand,
Alone could show such wondrous care,
And paint your colors bright and fair,
Upon the ocean strand.

There's an unfathomed sea
Of Memory flowing in the Soul,
Forever shall its waters roll,
On to Eternity.

When hearts are free from fear,
Those waters may in quiet rest,
Like waves upon the ocean's breast,
When skies are soft and clear.

Yet when dark sorrows lower
Like tempest clouds above the main,
The heart's forgotten thoughts, again
Shall meet the Present's hour.

Then shall come back, before
The mind, rich memories of past years,
Sweet tones, remembered smiles and tears,
Like shells upon the shore.

O Earth! thou can'st not bear
The joys the undying soul would seek;
The thoughts that most we yearn to speak,
Scarce find expression here.

There is a blessed home,
Where shall be satisfied desire,
Pure spirits soar forever higher,
In boundless thought to roam.

Thou who dost reign on high,
Enthroned in Heaven's ethereal light,
When shall thy glories meet our sight,
Beyond the starry sky.

Raise thou the deathless soul
To realms of peace and joy above,
To praise thy everlasting love,
While endless ages roll.

EXPERIENCES OF A CALIFORNIA DEPUTY SHERIFF.

Some four or five years ago, I was passing through one of the interior counties of California on my way to the mines, when I recollected that I had a strong letter of introduction to Sheriff A——, who had been elected to the sheriffalty during the most violent times of California, and had become by his daring and various adventures quite a distinguished personage in the wild portion of country into which I had strayed. I was received by him with the most unexpected kindness, and with such sincerity of manner, that I did not hesitate to accept his invitation to spend some time with him, while I assisted as I best could about the office as a slight return for the hospitality I was enjoying.

Sheriff A—— was an extraordinary personage. He was a very handsome and magnificent man, of great enthusiasm and chivalry of character; but while he was as gentle as a girl to his friends, he was noted for exploits of the most audacious courage, and to his enemies he was overbearing and terrible. He had led a bold and eventful life. He had served as a Texas Ranger, and had afterwards been distinguished in the Mexican war. The story is related of him that in one of the battles of that war, he was lying sick in his tent, the surgeon having strictly prohibited his joining in the action, when a charge of cavalry swept by with a blare of trumpets; and in an enthusiasm of courage, he leapt from his sick pallet, and dashing out with no other garment on but his shirt, he vaulted behind the saddle of a dragoon as he passed at full speed, and fought till he was forcibly carried from the field.

My assistance of Sheriff A—— in his duties was chiefly about the little temporary jail, where he confined his prisoners. It was a small room above the kitchen, made of scantling, and with a ricketty door and windows. It looked absurdly, insecure, filled as it often was with desperate criminals; but a constant guard, night and day, was set over the men, and a severe discipline, as well as vigilance, was maintained. Occasionally a desperado, who had not been broken in, would vent his spite by disturbing the whole neighborhood with awful howling; or, in his mad animal rage, would attack the other prisoners or try to provoke his jailors to come in and fight him, until at last he would lose his voice from hoarseness or become wearied out by lashing himself against the stout timbers across the floor, to which he was chained down when in such a mood.—Others would make almost daily attempts to escape. I recollect a notorious and desperate highwayman, familiarly known as Mountain Jim, who was under sentence of death for murder, and who, as the day of his execution drew nigh, made desperate attempts to escape. On the night before his execution, Sheriff A—— took him into a separate room, which was securely fastened and guarded; and, as a precaution of vigilance, compelled the highwayman to sleep in his embrace, his arms being closely wound around the prisoner's body. In the depth of the night, Sheriff A——, who slept lightly, was dis-

turbed by Mountain Jim's slowly gliding out of his embrace, when the poor wretch said (God knows, it may not have been hypocritically) that he only wanted to get up to pray. Sheriff A—— immediately arose, and the miserable murderer, at last despairing of escape, knelt, as a simple child, in prayer, on the edge of the bed, and for a long time in silence sought mercy for the immortal soul that was to be surrendered on the morning into the hands of its maker.

Public executions, particularly at the hands of the mob, were common spectacles in California, and they have undoubtedly done much to brutalize the people. Taking the life of a fellow creature is at any time a horrible sight, but when men, women and children collect around to watch with morbid curiosity the last lingering look and the death agonies, as many of them, becoming hardened to such exhibitions, treat the scene with levity, or at least show a fierce, brutal delight in the dread excitement, swearing perhaps at the wild, horrid terrors of the criminal, should the poor craven wretch happen to scream out or struggle with the hangman, then the spectacle to the humane heart becomes absolutely harrowing. Such unnatural spectacles have been exhibited in California. If their monstrous inhumanity is discredited, we may simply call to mind the circumstance of the mob execution of Barclay, in Sonora, of which I have heard the incident related, that the crowd, having swung the prisoner out of reach, and in their murderous haste, having forgotten to tie his hands, by which the miserable man held on to the rope above the noose, one of the spectators climbed the tree to the limb where the rope was fastened, which he kept jerking until he had broken the hold of the victim, at whom he kept swearing for his tight grasp of agony on the fatal cord. I myself, can bear witness to the brutality of the crowds, which the awful spectacle of an execution attracts, as it was my misfortune to witness such a scene a short time after my quasi installation in the office of jailor. A miserable "Greaser" (a term of reproach for the Mexicans in California) had been sentenced to death for a murder committed in a gambling saloon. On the evening before his execution, he was actually amusing his hardened companions in the jail, and making them laugh by his braggadocio and contempt for the death of the morrow, uttered in broken and absurd English. The next morning a vast crowd assembled before the jail door, and commenced shouting with impatience for the execution. Their shouts must have sounded terribly to the prisoner, as he immediately commenced trembling, and making short nervous attempts to pray, as he felt his last hour beating away in the irresistible on-moving of time. When at last the deputies of Sheriff A—— approached to lead the prisoner to the place of execution, he became furious from terror, clinging to the timbers of the jail and screaming out, then turning to beg for his life wildly and abjectly, and at last imploring for brandy, to make him insensible to the agony of death! When he was taken out and placed in a wagon between two of the deputies, his whole manner again changed. He seemed to feel then there was no hope; his countenance became stupefied from terror; he swayed to and fro between the guards who supported him as a drunken man. Never shall I forget the expression of that face—

the protrusion of the eyes which yet rolled stupidly about, giving an idiotic glare of terror. In the meantime, as the wagon drove slowly out to the fatal tree, the crowd kept alongside, swearing and jostling each other; some on horseback, others trudging through the heat and dust, and the men followed by drays loaded with abandoned women. The criminal preserved the same stupefied appearance when lifted to the platform from which he was to be swung. No one in the vast assemblage of spectators seemed touched with pity for him, except perhaps a few of his proscribed race, who stood sadly looking on from the outskirts of the crowd. When Sheriff A—— ascended the platform to see the last office performed, as sheriff of the county, he was immediately assailed by the brutal crowd with cries of "speech, speech," in the same spirit of levity that the galleries of a flash theatre might exhibit, calling out for an oratorical display from a supernumerary who had the hardihood to cross the stage after the curtain was raised. Sheriff A—— excused himself as briefly as possible, but said he would take pleasure in introducing the priest, who had confessed the criminal, and who would consider it a privilege to address a few remarks to the crowd on behalf of the prisoner, such as he might deem appropriate to the solemn occasion. The Padre, however, had scarcely commenced his exhortation when he was cried down by the crowd in their impatience for the execution. The criminal submitted stupidly to the last office; and, although his neck was not broken by the drop, the convulsions of his body were slight and soon over.

We will give one other scene characteristic of the then state of society in the interior of California. The whole country was infested at that time and since then, by Squatters, as persons who settled on private lands, and claimed their actual possession of the same as a higher title, were called. While many of these people acted from a mistake of their rights, and had some show of excuse in the fact that the large Mexican land grants, many of which were notoriously fraudulent, monopolized the best portions of the agricultural districts, others were unmitigated land pirates, and did not hesitate to "jump," in their own vernacular, any private estate. Large combinations of such men, including desperadoes of every nation, with a smart sprinkling of Sydney convicts, existed throughout the country and defied the law. They commanded a strong political influence, and the officers of the law were generally anxious to shirk the responsibility of coming in contact with them. At the time I refer to, there were frequent squatter demonstrations on the San Joaquin. Sheriff A—— had executed writs on a number of these men, and they had evidently combined to come to an issue with him. A party of some fifteen or more had "jumped" a valuable piece of land in the immediate neighborhood, on which stood a public toll bridge, and had converted a house on the premises into a regular Squatter Fort, with loopholes to fire from. They were well armed, supplied with provisions and ammunition for a siege, and they had conveyed word to the authorities that it was useless to shed unnecessary blood, for they had all determined to die before they would surrender. On the same day that the intelligence of this outrage was received, Sheriff A——, having provided himself with a writ for the arrest of the outlaws, summoned a select posse

of a dozen tried men, and started for the scene of action. The party moved slowly and thoughtfully on, as if to a battle field that was to decide the fortune of a long war. On approaching the extempore fort, Sheriff A—— held a council as to the mode of attack. The plan was suggested to blow up the house with a keg of gun powder, and one of the deputies, who went by the name of "the Wild Irishman," volunteered to run the keg under the house. Sheriff A—— replied by saying that as the lives of both parties were in a measure in his keeping, he would not incur the responsibility of ordering any attack until he had used every persuasion for peace; and for this purpose he now determined to go to the house alone and unarmed, and make a speech to the men. Every one of his posse besought him not to deliberately expose his life by thus venturing within gun shot of men who had sworn to have his blood. Sheriff A—— simply replied that he did not think they would shoot him, and moving off from the party, he advanced unarmed and alone towards the house. He held out no sign that his mission was peaceful, convinced perhaps that these men would respect the simple evidence of exalted courage sooner than a flag of truce. The Squatters had no sooner discovered the posse and noticed the sheriff approaching alone than they set up the most furious and derisive shouts. Sheriff A—— walked leisurely along, with no change in his manner, except that his head was more erect than usual, and his broad breast heaved out like the breast of a gallant soldier marching slowly and proudly to the cannon's mouth. It was a moment of almost breathless anxiety. As he approached within range, a half dozen of the Squatters collected at one of the windows and covered him with their rifles. Sheriff A—— still advanced; he said afterwards that at this terrible moment, when he expected a bullet to pierce his heart, he felt that if he faltered for an instant, he would be a dead man. And he was right. The desperadoes who had their rifles levelled at his person were disconcerted by his quiet and unflinching courage; and each man hesitated to take the responsibility of firing first. As he advanced, he heard them exclaiming to each other, "Kill him, d—n him;" "Why dont you shoot?" "You shoot first, and d—n you for a Skulker," mingled with some few expostulations. As soon as he got within hearing of the men, he paused and commenced his speech. I had heard Sheriff A—— make many previous attempts to speak in public, and had laughed heartily at his awkwardness. But on this occasion he was truly eloquent. Standing in front of the levelled rifles, with his magnificent figure drawn proudly up, and his manly countenance suffused with the bright inspiration of courage, he commenced an appeal to the men to surrender to the law, as the guardian of the liberties of all, and the true protector of the rights of every citizen. He reminded them that he was there as an officer of law, sworn to execute the commands of the Court, and that the blood of himself and all his posse could not wash out the law of the land. He concluded by stating very deliberately the desperate mode of attack he had planned in the event of resistance, and solemnly warning them that he and his men had come there prepared to die in the contest. Fifteen minutes were allowed the Squatters for consulting, and ten minutes additional by request, when

the whole garrison surrendered and were quietly brought in to the county jail.

The fight was won by moral courage, and if the hero of the humble engagement had gained the prize of valor on a glorious battle field, fighting beneath floating banners of silk and gold, and in front of the red crash of artillery breaking on the battle's tempest, he could not have better deserved that noblest title of soldier or civilian—A TRULY BRAVE MAN.

TO THEE.

Draw close the lattice and the door!
  Shut out the very stars above!
No other eyes than mine shall pore
  Upon this thrilling tale of love.
As, since the book was open last,
  Along its dear and sacred text,
No other eyes than thine have passed—
  Be mine the eyes that trace it next!

Oh! very nobly is it wrought,
  With words and sentences of might—
But not to feed my soul with thought,
  Hang I upon the page to-night:
I read it only for thy sake,
  To every line my lips I press—
The very leaves appear to make
  A silken rustle like thy dress.

And so, as each blest page I turn,
  I seem, with many a secret thrill,
To touch a soft white hand, and burn
  To clasp and kiss it at my will.
Oh! if a fancy be so sweet—
  These shadowy fingers touching mine—
How wildly would my pulses beat,
  If they *could* feel the beat of thine!

OUR TOWN IN SUMMER.

I cannot overcome the surprise and incredulity with which I listen every day to the individuals of all ages, sexes and positions, reiterating and re-echoing with emphatic earnestness and a seeming air of belief in the sentiment, "that town is always so dull in the summer time." I do not know how it is in other cities—fate has not made me a cosmopolitan—I have not wandered over all the world like M'me Ida Pleiffer, forgetting the existence of such a common spot as home, ignorant of the low animal instinct of local attachment, feeling as much at my ease on the top of Mt. Blanc or Vesuvius, in a fashionable hotel of Naples or New York, as in this cosy parlor, within whose walls I have grown old and grey, and where every stain upon the ceiling and floor suggests to me episodes of my life, dating far back when the "shades of the prison house" had just begun to "close upon the growing boy." My lines have always fallen in these pleasant places, where the skies are bluer and brighter, the flowers gayer and sweeter than anywhere else, in the Southern land, "the best land that the sun shines upon," and home-keeping has had its usual results. I am simple and uncultivated enough not to feel it at all tiresome here in the long, dreamy, hot summer days. How can one, with any of the Abou Ben Adem, the lover of his kind about him, find it dull when the inner life of so many thousands of his fellow humans is so entirely thrown open for his interested study and comment?

In winter we lead here a comparatively secluded life. In my neighborhood, which is a populous one, well filled with handsome residences, I have hardly any knowledge of the inmates of the different establishments around me.—Their windows are tightly closed, their doors barricadoed, the piazzas and gardens deserted; the master of the house comes out hurriedly, rides or walks off to his business, the women of the household keep sedulously in doors, or are only seen when shawled and bonneted carefully, that rough winds might not visit their fair faces and delicate forms; the little ones, guarded from cough and croup, are shut up in their nurseries, and the premises might as well be uninhabited for any signs of gaiety about them.

But in summer all this is changed. Doors and windows are thrown wide open, all within come gladly out to the fresh air and sky, and I am, as it were, taken into confidence, made one of the family circle of all those within my range of observation. I have, for my amusement, enacted every day out door domestic scenes more charming than any vaudeville or comedy played upon any boards in the world. That pretty house just opposite, with its long well shaded piazza, its wide old fashioned steps, its large yard and garden, is my favorite stage, in it live my favorite company of actors. I do not know its occupants except by sight, but I love them all dearly, and owe to them the happiest hours of my day. There, in the morning early, I see the little ones come down, rosy, gay, laughing, shouting, leaping, glad to be alive; after them generally appears the mother—matronly, serene, gracious, intent on household cares, with her suite of young serviles, who evince their sense of the misery of their abject

condition by remaining in a chronic state of broad grin; then descends the head of the family, the house bond, in dressing gown and slippers, with newspapers in hand.—Hear how vociferously he is welcomed, see how vehemently he is kissed by the band of juveniles; does not your heart warm to them all? And now, fresh, glowing, lovely, in white flowing drapery, with smiling eyes and glossy hair, enter my *prime donne*, the two young girls, who come in for a large share of the kisses and embraces. Watch now the pretty pantomime of family affection and union, the graceful caresses, listen to the merry laughter and the low murmur of pleasant chat; can a day be dull with the remembrance of such an opening scene as this? The hot mornings are made gay and vociferous by the abounding negro life, which renders our public ways so picturesque and amusing. London in its palmiest days of street cries, never owned one third of the original and ludicrous invitations to purchasers which are shouted under my windows every hour of the twenty-four, and never could a Londoner boast of such admiring audiences as surround the successful vender of vegetables and fruit, who is so fortunate as to make "a hit" with his newly invented jest or refrain.

Our street is peculiarly happy in the possession of a boy and dog, whose united efforts alone would prevent the possibility of ennui in the gloomiest Englishman on the dullest day of November. Numberless and unimaginable are the misadventures and mishaps of this unfortunate pair. The neighborhood re-echoes from morning till night with their names, and we are involuntarily kept entirely au fait to all their pranks and failings. The boy is always fighting, or climbing up a tree, or getting under a carriage wheel, or falling down and hurting himself, and the dog is his never failing assistant and confederate in all these amusements. They are a perpetual source of painful pleasure to me, and I am always sorry when the boy is ignominously captured and led off howling, to disappear for the day, and his shadow, the dog, retires with shrinking tail and drooping ears to some cool place in the shade, where, with lolling tongue and panting sides, he awaits impatiently the re-appearance of his little master and friend.

In the afternoons, I haunt the public walks and squares, and look at the children as they play, unbonneted and free, on the green grass beneath the shade trees. I have made acquaintance with some of these small men and women who are regular visitors, like myself, and have watched two or three pretty delicate snow drops blossom into strength and health with every day's invigorating exercise and enjoyment in the pure sea air. How happily I have seen the small languid head, drooping so ominously on the nurse's shoulder, lift itself once more, the half closed eyes brighten into smiles, the pale cheek grow round and rosy, and the small thin hand become plump and dimpled. In enjoying this transformation of the frail white lilies into blooming rosebuds, and in picturing to myself the glad gratitude of the mother's heart, as she, too, saw life and vigor return to her little treasure, hope and joy again promise to bless the home from which they had so lately threatened to fly, leaving it desolate and lone, I have whiled away many an hour which ought, I know, to have been very dull and long to me here in town in summer.

But the silent, quiet night is my

gala time. Then, my actors find voice and I am no longer limited to pantomime and gesture, but can hear them talk and laugh and sing, and am admitted still more closely into the innermost shrine of that lovely domestic life which only in summer opens its charmed circle to be viewed by alien eyes. The family among which I love best to be, all throng and gather with the twilight into the piazza, their voices come up to me, and as the streets grow quieter I can plainly distinguish their words, can laugh with them over the precocious cleverness of the little ones, agree with or dissent from Papa's vehement political argument, and enjoy the innocent merriment and coquetry of my young beauties. They sing sometimes softly and sweetly, old songs mostly, so that papa, who evidently leans to old fashioned music, can join in with his bass, and they would be startled to know how often their fresh touching voices had called tears into unseen eyes, and thrilled unknown hearts with tender melancholy and pleasing sadness. There is a window with a broad old time seat at the end of the piazza, to which, when no visitor breaks in upon them, the two girls often saunter away from the family group to enjoy a confidential chat, discussing, men, women, and things not dreamed of in our philosophy, oh, masculine reader! but all so gracefully, gently, and with such true womanliness that if I could violate their unconscious trust, I could open so pure and sweet a page of human nature that all hearts and eyes would love to linger over it. Sometimes only one of my beauties and a youth (who, I am afraid, is destined to carry her off from my loving observation) take the tête a tête window seat, but then the whispering is so low that I can distinguish no words, and if I could, I would not, for there is that in their attitude and air which makes it treason and disloyalty to intrude upon them, so hallowed and so gracious is the time.

When the last good night kisses have been exchanged, when the houses around are all closed and darkened for the night, and I lie lazily listening to the serenade, which is to find its way to some "unguarded heart," I begin to chide myself for being so uncivilized, so *slow* as not to have found one hour of the day hang heavily upon my hands. I think over the horror I have seen imprinted on the faces of my kind friends, the Grundys, as they repeat their astonishment at my "staying in town, when I might so well go to the North, to Europe!" I try to become enthusiastic over Niagara, Strasburg Cathedral and the Rhine, St. Peters and Westminster Abbey, but the recollection of my mischievous small friend and his dog, the little invalids whom I must watch into rosy health, and of my pretty coquettes with their charming family surroundings, flashes into my mind, and I turn over determining, in spite of expressed surprise and unexpressed contempt, to stay all summer in town, where it is *so* dull.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

NO. IV.

It was while smoking a cigar in the Buffet at the Bal Masque, of the Grand Opera, that I made the acquaintance of a most singular individual. I was speaking English to a young man, when a tall, lank mulatto, in a loose shirt and trousers, overhearing me, hailed me with "yes, sir—how do you do, sir?" He was passing on, but I cried after him, "Well enough, how do you do?" He turned, saying—"very well, thank you, sir, but I am deuced thirsty, and wish you would stand a drink for me."—"Good! what'll you have?" "Grog Americain, thank you, sir." "What's your name, friend?" "John Matthews, sir, guide and interpreter, always before Meurice's Hotel, sir, and be very happy, sir, to serve you any way." But, to be brief, here's the fellow's history, which I got partly from himself, and partly from others—and the various accounts agree so perfectly that there must be a good deal of truth in the story.

John Matthews, after being engaged as a boy in the Cod fisheries, having been born in Boston, went to New Orleans as the servant of a merchant. Afterwards, he served as under-cook in one of the steamers on the Mississippi, which place he changed for the berth of steward to a steamboat on the Mobile. Thence he went with an American Minister to Quito, where he learned Spanish, and, subsequently, to San Francisco, where, his master having the bad taste to blow out his brains, John took to the mines, filled his pocket with a couple of thousands of gold dust, and returned to New York. Having acquired a taste for travelling, and hearing a good deal about Europe, he determined to visit it. Landed in England, our hero became a pet of the Duchess of Sutherland, and made the acquaintance of the young nobility of her set; but finally found himself reduced to the life of a hay-market sharper. He left London for Paris and got the place of valet at the American legation.—Having mastered French, his reputation as a "*diplomate domestique*" spread so rapidly, that he was sent for from Russia to install our Minister there. But having the misfortune to be found drunk and creating a disturbance in the streets of St. Petersburg, with Lord D. and some other young nobles, he was put into the lock-up, and thus, losing character, he made his way back to Vienna—attached himself to the legation, learned German and attended the court balls. He travelled with various masters, as interpreter, over the East, and Italy, and was put into jail at Jerusalem. Afterwards, being in Paris, he gallantly espoused the quarrel of three Americans to whom he was acting as guide, against four gendarmes. He knocked two of them down and was given apartments at Clichy for two months.—In this unfortunate condition he was deserted by the Americans, and came near starving. Released from durance, he threw himself on the mercies of our American Peter Parley—Goodrich, sometime Consul at Paris, who gave him bread and employment, and finally sent him to Spain to install Dodge.—Again in Paris, Matthews finds his business poor. He made *a raise*

in the *fall* by being at a party of *Lorettés*, who were gambling with some French nobility. The party being broken in upon by the police, John managed to secrete four Napoleons lying loose on the table, in his stocking, and he has lived on them until now. He has kept a diary, which he told me will fill two printed volumes, and promised to show it to me, but I have not seen him recently. The fitting up and publication of this diary would be no mean literary speculation, in these autobiographical days of ours; not, however, that I myself could be tempted to undertake so glorious an enterprise.

NO. V.

BORDEAUX, April 21st.

"*Fouette cocher, et me voici sur le chemin*," was my exclamation as, carpet bag in hand, I jumped into a voiture, last Wednesday morning, and rolled away from my lodging, in the Rue Bonaparte, towards the *chemin de fer d'Orlvans.*

After traversing the immense plains which form part of the principal grain producing country of France, we reached Orleans about half-past 10, A. M. The country around is level, low and damp, without being marshy, and would be much improved by ditching, of which I saw no signs. This soil is alluvial, light and sandy with a very small proportion of clay of a darkish color, rendered grey by the great abundance of small quartz pebbles which everywhere cover the surface. It is from one to three feet in depth, as well as I could determine from the railroad cuts, with a subsoil of sand, largely mixed with lime, under which is found, at a distance of from five to fifteen feet, the limestone rock—the same which forms the celebrated Paris basin. It was April the 16th, and the thermometer stood at 49½ deg. at half-past 8 A. M. This, however, was cold for the season, yet lilies were in bloom, and the trees and vines budding everywhere.

The department of Loire, in which the town is situated, has, besides its fields of grain, 36,341 *hectare* planted in vines, which produce a yearly average of 1,200,000 hectolitres of wine. These wines do not rank among the *vins fins*, as, indeed, do none in the whole region of country on the Orleans and Poitiers route, between Paris and Bordelais.

After breakfast, I asked my landlord for the address of the principal *vigneron* in the neighborhood; and, half an hour afterwards, found myself pulling the bell at the door of M. Cabart, the Mayor of St. Jean de Bray, a village near Orleans. I was ushered into the parlor by Madame, and, in a moment, found myself in the presence of the Mayor, a handsome middle aged man, in a blouse, and shod with *sabots*. His toilet surprised me not a little, as the neat black silk dress of Madame, and her manners, at once elegant and easy, had led me to expect something more in her husband's appearance; but, whatever my astonishment, it was altogether eclipsed by the perplexity and bewilderment of the good Mayor, when I informed him that I had come to inquire after every thing pertaining to his vineyard. I relieved him from his dilemma, however, by saying that if he had no objection to showing me his vines and giving me the information that I wanted, I could explain

myself with much more facility when we were once in the vineyard.

To this he assented with a charming good nature, as he was really a good fellow, and a man of excellent understanding despite his blouse and sabots, for which I like him all the better. I passed a very pleasant hour in his vineyard, and learned a great deal about his vines, of which I will endeavor to convey to you the principal ideas.

The soil being on a direct level, there is no question about exposure. The particular species of vine is the Auvergnat, one of the family of Pinot, of which I shall say more when I visit Burgundy and Champaigne. The species of vine is a subject of prime importance, as you will readily see, when I tell you that more than 2,000 varieties have been collected at the gardens of the Luxembourg at Paris, and have been studied, classified and named. Of these, but four kinds are from America—the Scuppernong, Isabella, Catawba, and somebody's Madeira. In the fall, the vigneron selects the branch of that year's growth which he thinks most fit for his purpose, and cuts it off exactly where the wood of that year's growth joins with the wood of last year. There exists here a ring called the "talon," from which the root springs. These twigs are made into bundles and buried during the winter. In May they are dug up and the roots are found to be sprouted and the eyes swollen and white. They are then planted in holes, made with a sharp iron, to the depth of six to ten inches, in rows three feet by three. In the second fall after their planting, they are trimmed down to three eyes, or about four inches from the ground. This process of trimming is continued for five years, when the vine is pruned into a gnarled stump from three to four inches in height, and from three-quarters to two inches thick. In the fifth year it commences to produce, and the fruit is always borne by wood of one year's growth, which is a single twig growing on the stump I have described.

The one nearest the ground is left for this purpose, when they trim in autumn, and is cut off at the length of three feet; when the vine is very vigorous, they sometimes leave as many as two other shoots of three or four eyes. The fundamental principle of the culture is to make the vine produce as near the ground as possible. This is assisted in another way. In the spring, as soon as they have stuck the stakes on which the vine is trained, (they are about the size and in every respect similar to our sticks for pea vines,) they bend the twig into a circle and attach it, so as to bring the extremity near the ground. This is done when the buds are swelling, and they say its object is to prevent the sap from rising; but as it is now known that the first motion of the sap is downwards, this is not the correct reason. But the result is that the lower buds develope equally with the upper ones, when this system is followed, which proves that it is not the relative position of the bud on the stem which effects their development, but that there is probably a difference in the upper strata of air, as discovered by Guy Lussac, viz: that the upper strata is always positively electrified, in reference to one that is lower, or the difference in the reflection or evaporation from the earth, &c. The vines are pulled up when they reach the age of twenty-five years, the ground planted for five years in oats, wheat, &c., and more vines again set out.

The yearly working consists of four labours; the first in the fall, after the vintage, when the ground

is shovelled up into beds six inches high between the alternate rows of vines; in March, the beds are changed, that is, made in the alternate rows which were left in the fall. The manuring, which is done once in five years, takes place at this time. The manure is placed between the beds in April, and these are thrown on it in May. The beds are shifted again in July, which constitutes the last working. Besides this, there is only what is called the "*accolage*," which consists in fastening the shoots to the stakes, when the vine has fully shot and the blooms have fallen—about June.

M. Cabart told me that a man and his wife could tend six to seven acres, but, at harvest, it would require a much larger force. The great labor is the trimming, which occurs in the fall as I have said. Of course this applies only to the Orleanais. In every district the culture differs. The wine here, when the vintage is good, does not sometimes exceed a few *sous* the litre in price. I was struck by the number of little white snails that covered everything. There were three or four in every vine, and they were so numerous that you would notice them even in passing in the cars. They eat the young buds, but do not do much harm.

The next morning I took the cars for Blois, and got there to a 9 o'clock breakfast. The country continues much the same as at Orleans, but begins to be hilly; indeed, Blois is built upon a nest of little hills, washed by the Loire, a rapid river, about 200 yards in breadth here. We have still the limestone, but the soil is red.

I set out after breakfast for the Chateau Chambord, about twelve miles off. We skirted the Loire for eight miles, on a dam from ten to thirty feet high, and wide enough on top for three carriages to pass abreast. This embankment extends also for many miles below Blois; it is said to have been commenced by the Romans. At present it is sadly out of repair, and does not protect the surrounding country from inundations. After leaving this dam, we passed through vine plantations. The wine they yield is of an inferior quality, and all white. From what M. Cabart told me, I was prepared to believe this as soon as I saw the vines. They are planted the same distance as in the Loiret, but the stump or stalk is allowed to grow to the height of from one to one and a half feet, and several large limbs are suffered to remain on it. Whenever the "*taille*" or trimming is defective in this region, to that extent, I am informed, wine is always white. However, the white wine of Bourray produced here, I think, is much superior to the red wine of Beaugency, generally esteemed the best of the Orleans wines. They were driving down the "*echalas*," or stakes, as we passed, and I observed that they had performed an operation which is not customary at Orleans, but common enough in other parts, the "*dechaussement*" of the vines; which consists in digging away the dirt from the roots of the vine to the depth of four or five inches. It has two effects—it retards the budding till the frosts are past, and cuts away the superficial roots, of which the French agriculturists seem to have great horror. They insist strenuously upon the roots taking deep.

A gentleman on the car told me that when the strata of lime rock were placed vertically, the vine and grapes grew well, however close the rock was to the surface, while, when the strata was horizontal, they did not succeed at all, because the roots would not penetrate. In

the former case he said he had known the roots of Lucerne to be traced to the depth of 20 feet. He said too, of Lucerne, that, when once sown, it lasted for eight years. The trefoil, however, which resembles it very much, must be sown every year.

I got out of the vehicle—I really do not know what to call it, the people here say it is a cabriolet—to talk with one of the vignerons, who told me the vines he was staking were fifteen years old, while those on the side were a hundred, but that the young were better—just as young men and young horses are better than old!

The Chateau of Chambord is a royal castle, built by Francis I, and now nominally the property of Henry V. of France, or, as he is called, the Count de Chambord.—The august Count, however, has nothing to do with his property, of which the State appropriates the rents to making repairs. I was a little surprised to hear the people speaking of him every where as Henri V. It reminds me of an old cicerone showing where the government had covered the Bourbon arms with painting in a church, while he informed us with a shrug that the paint could very easily be washed off.

I stopped the next day at Poitiers, having passed Tours without resting. The formation continues the same, except that the sand and lime come to the surface in many places, and in others the soil is so thin as to be barren. The country is hilly, and the climate warmer. I have fairly reached the middle of spring. The vines around Poitiers have, for the most part, been pulled up during the last forty years, and grain planted, which pays better. The only singularity in the culture of what remains is, that instead of having stakes (which are one grand item of cost in French vineyards) the bearing twigs are bent and their extremities stuck in the ground.

Not to speak of the three great battles, the Roman remains, and the ancient churches of Poitiers, the most singular thing I met with here was a Druidical remain, situated on a hill at some distance from the town. It consisted of a flat oval rock, fifteen by twenty feet large, and three feet thick, resembling the top of an old fashioned table, raised on smaller rocks, set up perpendicularly to about the height of a man's breast. One end has given way, and only three of the legs, or supports, are standing. Some think it an altar, but who knows but that these old mystics might have practiced gigantic table tipping here.

What, even more than this, interested me on the next morning (a market day,) was the sight of the peasants crowding from the country. The young people of both sexes are handsome, especially the girls, who are remarkable for their delicate feet and hands; but as they grow older, poverty and distress write deep lines upon their faces. It is singular to stand in a crowd of this sort and observe how distinctly all the grades of poverty are marked; not in the dress, but in the very expressions of the middle-aged persons. There is no mistaking, for a moment, the slovenly servant girl for the peasant in her market dress and clean face. The former is civilized; she has had meat once a day; while the knotted features of the other tells at once of those struggles, moral and physical, for bread; that force of habits and acts, which deface and deform nature itself; a sort of education not so much to depravity as to deterioration. Montesquieu says that the young Jewesses

were rendered lovely by the divine hope each cherished that she might be the mother of the Messiah. So, too, the young peasant girl of Poitiers, with her quaint old fashioned 'bonnet' (cap) inspired by coquetry, and all the impulses of a heart whose destiny is not determined, is beautiful; but some bright day when her fate shapes itself, and inevitable toil and penury stand before her, these, like two demons, transform the fresh young girl into the withered crone, while health and strength, increasing every day, does for her acquired ugliness what was never yet done for natural loveliness—embalms and preserves it—in the mummy state! Apropos of the caps of the peasant women, I have seen nothing that pleased me more in the way of dress. They have been worn for centuries by their ancestors, and you will see correct pictures of them in Froisart.

Last night I reached Bordeaux, and went this morning to see the races; an undertaking which I consider by no means the least perilous of my adventures. I mounted on the top of an omnibus (my only chance) and squeezed in between two rough looking workmen.—Scarcely was I seated and all retreat cut off, than I perceived under the dirt that covered the hands of my *compagnons de voyage* the unmistakable diagnostics of the itch, by no means a pleasant discovery when one is on a pleasure excursion. Just then, happily, I was thinking of the Romans, of that great people, who had not only left in these then remote regions memorials of their dominion, such as walls and ditches, but had given names to most of the cites that exist at the present time. Then I thought of Cæsar, and how it says, "*Cæsar in Gallia summa diligentia venit.*" which the French boy translates: "Cæsar having the itch—*la gale*—rode on the top of the diligence;" by this antiquarian reflection I found that my friends had a classical right to their seats. Nor had we gone far before I felt an admiration for these poor fellows. They exhibited all the boyish glee of urchins who had escaped floggings and books for the day. No jealousy, no selfishness, no envy—they clapped their hands with delight when the rich man's Victoria dashed by our miserable equipage; they pointed out to each other the trees in bloom and the pretty little luxurious villas that skirted the road, crying "*voyez quelle jolie maison, quel arbre! quel arbre! qu' il est magnifique; Oh! que c'est charmant.*" And when the rich man's dog fell into a ditch by mishap, instead of exhibiting exultation at the accident, they said sympathizingly "*pauvrechien!*"

To-morrow I will deliver my letters of introduction. One of them is to the largest wine merchant in Bordeaux, M. Guestier. He pays yearly £300,000 duties on the wine he sends to England alone. In a few days I hope to be *au courant* with the culture in Medoc, the most perfect in the world of wines.

NO. VI.—VINE GROWING IN FRANCE.

BORDEAUX, FRANCE, April 29.

I believe I closed my last by saying I was about to deliver my letters of introduction to M. Guestier, *pair de France*, Proprietaire in the Medoc, and the largest negociant of wines in Bordeaux, if not in the world. I did so, and no sooner had M. Guestier read the letter and found out my object, than he at once placed his chateau

of Beycheville in the Medoc, his servants, carriage, horses, kitchen and all at my disposal, and gave me a letter to his "homme d'affaires."

I accepted this kindness with the same freedom with which it was offered, and, the next morning, at 6 o'clock, I took the steamer down the Gironde for the chateau of Beycheville, and the land of Medoc, *patria insigna Baccho.*

The Gironde, formed by the confluence of the Gironde and the Dordogne, about ten miles below Bordeaux is a large river, or, rather, arm of the sea—as the water is salt. There is no current, and the tides rise from six to eight feet high. It is about two miles wide at the point where the two rivers unite to form it, and gradually widens as it approaches the sea, which is eighty miles distant. In color it resembles the salt water rivers I have seen on the coast of Georgia. The right-hand bank, as you descend, is lined with bluffs, rising about 200 feet from the water and composed of limestone rock, whence the building materials of Bordeaux and the surrounding country are drawn.

This rock contains more sand than that which forms the Paris basin, and, consequently, is not so durable. It is soft when first dug up, but hardens on exposure. On the left hand—the great wine district of Medoc—the banks are low and marshy, the marshes sometimes running more than a mile inland and producing abundance of intermittent fever in autumn, as I was informed by Labarthe of Ludon. At 10½ A. M. I reached Beycheville. After nine months passed on steamboats, railroads and in smoky cities, I found myself once more surrounded by broad fields in the midst of sunshine, flowers, and green trees. I felt my heart swell and my breast dilate with that indescribable sense of pleasure and gratitude with which a native of the country welcomes again the presence of nature.

When my step echoed as I crossed the paved vestibule and I entered the grand saloon, and looked up to the great beams of the ceiling, twisted with age, the immense old fire place, with its high, quaintly carved old mantle piece, the silence, the solitude, the prestige of age and nobility, gave back to me in an instant all my individuality, so long mixed with the thoughts, feelings and actions of other men. I felt at home. What can I say more?

It will be long before I forget Beycheville and the kind attentions of M. Marlin, the "homme d'affaires" of M. Guestier, a veteran who served in the peninsular campaign under the first Emperor, and an excellent vigneron; and the worthy Casteret, an old soldier and prefecteur des vignes by inheritance, who twice a day (at meal time) did proper homage to the keen appetite which the unusual exercise and country air gave me, as he announced, with a military salute, "Monsieur est servi;" and how, in the morning, I jumped out of bed and ran upon the large stone terrace, to breathe the fresh breeze of spring and greet the rising sun which glistened and sparkled among the dewy flowers of the rich green prairie that sloped away towards the Gironde, which shone in the distance like a great silver mirror; and how, at night, the perfume of the lilacs and roses, with which the chateau is surrounded, stole into my chamber to mingle in my dreams, with the notes of the nightingale, which had just made her appearance from the south, and whose song I heard for the first time. But, delicious as these sensations were, it was for

other and more important purposes that I found myself at Beycheville, to wit, as you already know, to study the cultivation of the vine. This I did with all diligence, and succeeded in gathering many particulars which I hope may be of interest and importance to you, and of which I shall endeavor to communicate to you as many as possible in the space afforded by a letter.

First of the climate. The Medoc is cut in half by the 45th° of latitude. I extract from the *Carte Agricole et Climatique de la France*, of M. LaGendre Declay, the following observations made at Bordeaux:

1st. The predominant wind is northwest.

2d. Days of rain yearly 74.

3d. Extreme cold 17.8° below zero (Farh.)

4th. Average of the thermometer from April to October, inclusive, 64.3°.

For April the average is 55.2°; for October, 57.5°; July is the hottest month and the average is 71.8°. Dr. Labarthe told me that the extreme heat in summer was about 91. My thermometer stood, in the grand saloon at Beycheville, April 25th, 7 A. M., 54.5°; 1 P. M., 64.4°; 5 P. M., 62.6°, and the sun was so hot in the middle of the day, that I was forced to exchange my beaver for a straw hat. Further, the lilacs were commencing to shed their flowers, and the pea vines were of full size and full of blossoms, as were also the strawberries. In comparing this climate with ours, we must not forget the long spell of cloudy weather, and fogs which prevail here at all seasons, and the hails of summer.—These are points of great importance, but I can obtain no figures in reference to them, except only the fact that everywhere there are insurance offices to insure the vines from the effects of the hails.

Next comes the great question of soils, in regard to which it is difficult to give satisfactory information. The general appearance of the country is this: After leaving the rivers and the marshes, which consist of a stiff black alluvial, containing sufficient sand, you reach the hills which do not rise more than 50 to 70 feet above the river. They stretch in long swells with level tops from the marshes to the *Landes*, a distance of from three to eight miles. They are the drift formation, lying on the tertiary limestone—sandy and filled with quartz pebbles, worn smooth and round, from the size of your fist to that of a pea; indeed the best vineyards, such as the Chateau Lafitte, look like piles of stones. The prevailing color is a dark grey, admitting innumerable shades. For Lafitte I find this among my notes: "Soil black strong, about 15 inches deep; subsoil yellow, gravel and stoney, about 16 feet in depth; in many places the subsoil consists of a conglomerate formed of yellow gravel and stones, as hard as rock. It is called a *liais* and is found at the depth of from one foot to five. The stony grounds are esteemed the best.—While the quantity of the produce is less, the quality is superior. The soil is everywhere, except where the sand renders it worthless, of an extreme hardness, so that the pick and the plough enter with difficulty; but it is not tenacious, for when broken it crumbles readily." I extract the following figures from a report made on an attempt to construct an artesian well at the Chateau of Beycheville: "one to twenty-two feet, soil, sand and gravel; twenty-two to twenty-eight feet marine calcareous stones, shelly, color grey, ochraceous in spots, with

with blackish points, texture unequal, grained, sandy; twenty-eight to thirty-three feet marl, grey and brown, with atoms of mica, soft; thirty-three to thirty-five feet, calcareous stone, aspect marly, medium hardness; thirty-five to forty-three feet marl; forty-three to forty-five feet limestone, grey, slightly fetid and very hard."

They found continued alternations of these formations, with, now and then, clay, mixed with mica and lignite, until they reached a depth of 300 feet, without finding water in sufficient abundance, when the work was given up.

The soil changes with astonishing rapidity as you pass from one spot to another. Within a few hundred yards of Lafitte, whose wine sells for 4,000 francs the ton, I saw a fellow hoeing up his vineyards to make wine at 160 francs the ton. I jumped out of the carriage and took his hoe in my hand, and with the first stroke it penetrated the soil with a facility which at once discovered the mystery.—His soil was sand and deprived of that hardness which I suppose in the good vineyards marks the presence of cement, such as lime.

Let no one suppose that the fine, high priced wines of the Medoc are grown upon strong beds of barren land, as some travellers have stated. Quite the contrary. At Leoville, whose wines are classed among the second class, and whose reputation it was necessary to maintain, I observed the immense pains taken by the proprietors. On two or three acres the vine had failed at the age of 18 years from an exhausted soil. To remedy this, the ground was covered during two or three years with a stratum of greyish green clay five inches thick, on the top of which was again placed from one to three inches of black swamp mud. The ground was then dug up to the depth of twenty inches, and six inches of this artificial surface soil placed at the bottom. The lands which I have mentioned are extensive sandy pine-barrens, reaching from the hills to the sea. The swamps or marshes produce wine in great abundance, are strongly tenacious, of a black color, and yield about six tons to the acre. It does not sell for more than 160 francs to 500 francs the ton, and is called "*vin ordinaire.*" The hills produce from a half to three tons per acre, which sell from 1,000 to 4,000 francs the ton; the quality advancing as the quantity decreases, and these changing with soils; the highest quality and least quantity coming from vineyards where the soil is most strong and driest. The last property, that of dryness, is very highly esteemed. Until within the last few years, drainage was not practiced here, and even now when they have commenced to employ pipes and covered ditches, the subsoil at three feet is found everywhere moist, and in ditches four feet deep the water runs all the year. Perhaps it is owing to this fact and to the reflection of heat from the stones which assists the grape to mature, that the elevated strong lands are so highly valued. Here is an extract that I made from the books at Beycheville, relating to two pieces of ground in the same vineyard. The wine is of the 4th class, and brings now about 2,000 francs the ton. In 1831 it was sold at 1,000 francs the ton.

"Cut, called Lamps—soil dry and large stones—ufrage carbonet sanvignon—extent 3 hectares, 79 ares, 69 centiares (nearly 9.4 acres, price 59,774 francs." "Cut called Robin, soil moveable, stones small, extent 1 hectare, 11 ares 65 centiares (nearly 2¾ acres,) value 25,678 frs."

But to proceed to the culture. When the plants have obtained a certain age, varying from sixty to one hundred years, ordinarily, and are found to be exhausted, they are removed in this manner: At the trimming in the fall, the requisite number of twigs are selected, and taken from the vines, in the months of November to January, to form the new plants. They are cut about a yard long and ¼ inch in thicknsss. They are kept, during winter, buried in the ground in some sheltered spot. The first of April they are brought to the place where the laborers are preparing the ground for the plantation, and if they are found very dry, they are placed in water ten or fifteen days, or, as is most usual, they are placed in a ditch, and covered with dirt for about one foot, where they rest till planted. The ring, called the "*talon*," formed by the junction of the old and new wood, is not considered indispensable here as in the Orleanais. It is left, or not, as it suits, and is sometimes cut off when they are setting out the cuttings.

The preparation of the soil for the plantation is an immense labor. They commence in the winter by pulling up the old vine stalks, after which they pass a harrow over the ground to efface the old furrows; in the beginning of April they commence the plantation, which is done by opening a ditch the length of the field to be planted, twenty-inches deep, and three feet wide. Men, with picks, go ahead grubbing into the hard stone soil—an operation frequently quite difficult. They are followed by others with the "*pioche*," who complete what the picks have begun, and were followed in their turn by men with shovels, who threw up the dirt which has been loosened, and mould the sides of the ditch. This ditch, which reaches across the vineyard, receives the cuttings, which are placed upright in it, three feet apart, and is immediately filled up by another ditch of the same width and depth, cut parallel to it, the soil of which is reversed into the first, and so on, until the whole vineyard is ditched or trenched, and planted. A half bushel of stable manure is usually placed around each cutting when set in the trench.

I saw eleven workmen engaged in planting, and was told that 294 yards in length was their daily task. The plantation is finished about the beginning of May. The young plants are cut off at from three to four buds above the ground; *espaliers* are constructed, and they receive their first working in May with the plough, and are afterwards tended like other vines. The *espalier*, to which the vines are trained, is formed of stakes 25 inches in length, which are driven ten inches into the ground. Along the top of these stakes are attached rods, called *lattes*, by means of withes of willow. There are three stakes to a vine, one for the trunk and one for each thigh. They have recently commenced the practice of soaking these stakes in sulphate of copper before using them, in order to make them last longer; the wood being an item of considerable importance here.

There are other modes of planting, but not in general use, such as "*la plantation à la barre*," when the ground is turned up as in the case I have described, but that had condemned him to labor, to bless and assist those labors. Who more than the tiller of the soil, lives in the presence of the Almighty?

As soon as I had made the tour of the celebrated vineyard of Chateau Margaux, where I saw an immense operation in process, to wit: from a spot of seven acres in extent, where the limestone crops out, they

were removing the soil and grubbing up the rock with pick-axes, in order to remove that also. I took voiture for the village of Ludon, some eight miles distant, to deliver my letter to Dr. Labarthe, who, after making me taste his wines (among which was some Chateau Margaux of '47 worth 6,000 francs the ton, for besides his profession he is mayor of Ludon, proprietor of considerable vineyards and negociant of wines), introduced me to the culture of the "*vignes des palus*," or vines on swamp lands, of which more hereafter. At the same time he showed me the manner in which the artificial propagation of leeches was conducted; at one time a very lucrative business, but at present destroyed by the great competition. The manner of feeding the leeches is singular. They buy a worn-out horse, which costs from 80 to 100 francs, and drive the poor beast into the marsh where the leeches are kept; in an instant his legs are attacked by the thousands of these voracious animals, which, in a longer or shorter time, varying with the strength of the poor brute, finish by bleeding him to death.

The same evening I made my way back to Bordeaux. The next morning I called upon M. Guestier, to return my thanks to him, when he took occasion to increase my obligations to him by having me conducted through his immense wine cellars. He afterwards introduced me to M. Lomjet, the principal white wine broker of Bordeaux, who carried me next day through Sauterne and the white wine country, and gave me a letter to M. Orsibat, "negotiant à Libourne," where I went to-day for the purpose of visiting the vineyards of St. Emilion. M. Guestier has likewise given me three most valuable letters to gentlemen engaged in the cultivation and fabrication of wines. The kindness of M. Guestier is such as I had never expected to receive except at the hands of a Southern planter, and I feel under the greatest obligation to him.

A THOUGHT.

The rose that's bent with summer rain,
  Or filled with early dew,
Sheds richer perfume o'er again,
  And glows with lovelier hue.
The pearly drops that light within
  Its leafy chalice rest,
But fresher beauties for it win,
  Its fragrant charms attest.

So, hearts bow'd down with weight and care,
  Or crushed by bitter grief,
Shew clearer what their virtues are,
  While waiting for relief;
Each tender sigh is sweet, that springs
  From hearts by sorrow riven;
If on its parting breath it brings
  Some dearer hope of Heaven.

THE VOICE, THE HAND, AND THE SILHOUETTE.

Continued.

THE MANUSCRIPT.

"My physician has just left me; he says that I cannot live the week out. Well, I am ready. Let me see—to-day is Monday. Four, perhaps five days more! I have seated myself here in my arm chair, at twenty minutes past two o'clock, for the purpose of recording, while my little remnant of life continues unexhausted, what has passed under my observation during the last six months. It will be a dreadful memoir! I will deposit it, with a letter I received last week, in the stove. Yes, I received it last week; but it was written three weeks ago, the night previous to his decease, and when he knew he would surely die the next day. Strange mortal! I shudder to think of him. He possessed secrets, the revelation of which would have carried this world a century onward. It may be asked why I did not make these disclosures at once before the proper officers; knowing, as I must have known, the perplexing uncertainty which has embarrassed the public. How could I, when I have not been able to speak above a whisper, since that fearful day, and at least three fourths of my time is claimed by this racking cough? But I will write, and, if the Doctor is not wrong in his prognosis, I I have no time to spare. I will write it in the English language, and place it in the stove. The new lodger cannot fail to discover it. Let him have it translated for the students of Giessen, that they may be able to do justice to the character of Winther; but I wish the original to be sent to Archibald McDonald, at Edinburgh, No. 61 Princess-street; for, although he heard the Voice, and saw the Hand, he did not see the Silhouette, nor learn its mournful history!

"In giving a hasty sketch of my life antecedent to my arrival at Giessen, it is sufficient to state that I never knew my parents—never had a brother, nor a sister. The foundation of my character rested upon the certainty that I was possessed of inexhaustable wealth. I never took the trouble to ascertain the extent of my possessions; I was satisfied with the fact that no application, however extravagant, for money was ever refused me. What was the consequence? Ruin. I was enticed into gambling, and all its train of varied dissipation.—Heavens! what a course I have run! My cheeks burn. Is it for shame, or is it the hectic flush? I am bent like an old man—I stoop. Is it the posture of imploring humility, or is it the *amende honorable* required, by nature, of a frame which has perverted blessings into curses?

I am a native of Louisiana, and New Orleans was the theatre of my recklessness. I will mention only one incident, out of the thousand follies and dangers attending my career, not only because it forced me to leave for Europe, but also on account of the curious connection it has with certain passages in the enclosed letter. It happened one fine moon-light night in April. My favorite gambling saloon was in the second story of a wing running back into a garden.

We had to ascend from the room below (a bar room) by a spiral stair case, coiled like a snake around a column. To this place I turned my steps late at night, wearied with revelry, in the expectation of deriving some amusement from the faro table. Of course, I lost largely, but my attention was soon diverted from my own game by the extraordinary success of a man on the other side of the table, and immediately opposite to the place I occupied. It was not the simple fact of success, that forced me to regard him. It was rather a suspicion, in which all the by-standers participated, that he possessed rules which enabled him to determine with certainty when he could win. Emboldened by curiosity and intoxication, I charged the stranger with employing a secret that placed his adversaries completely within his power, and appealed to him to divulge it. He smiled, and drew his feet up upon the bottom of his chair, placing at the same moment his hands upon the table. This conduct incensed me, as I thought he assumed the posture in derision, but I soon had reason to know that it was a preparation for a spring. In answer to my appeal, he commenced a train of mathematical reasoning, which rivited the attention of the company. His demonstrations were simple and conclusive. It is, however, altogether unnecessary for me to waste my precious time in exhibiting his formulæ; because, by withholding the solution of one point having a final bearing upon the result we so much desired, he rendered all he had said to us utterly useless. We were tantalized into desperation. I remember that I drew a pistol and presented it at the stranger's breast; while the others rushed upon him with the intention of employing violence to compel him to a disclosure. With the slightest exertion conceivable, he sprang from his seat high above my head, and descended with both hands upon my shoulders. Instantly bringing his knees to his elbows, he vaulted from me to the window and disappeared. The persons in the room were amazed at this feat; but I—oh, the sensation of sinking as my body gave way under the reaction of his bound! I fell upon the floor. My breathing became laborious. A gurgling sound accompanied the respiratory movements, and I tasted blood. They carried me home insensible, and how long I lay in this condition, no one ever informed me. I rallied from extreme prostration, struggling against a croaking, inefficient cough that confined itself within my chest, without sufficient force to dislodge the blood, which continually oozed up over my tongue. The physicians at length triumphed. I got up and staggered about the streets. It was the middle of June, when I was, one morning, notified of the determination of my friends to send me to Europe. I was told that the proper arrangements had been made with various banking houses in Great Britain and on the Continent—there was to be no limit to my expenses. I was accompanied to New York, and then placed under the care of the Captain of the steamer Great Western. It *did* seem as if my *friends* were anxious to get rid of me. God forgive them! The voyage across the Atlantic was a quick and a pleasant one. I was decidedly benefitted by it. One morning, (I think it was the first of July,) I arose and walked upon deck. We were within a league of the coast of Wales, with the mountains piled up before us in great beauty. It was then that I, for the first time, felt that

regret which has preyed upon me up to this moment—regret for time thrown away in sensuality, when I had the power to unroll such a vast scroll of beauty, as there unfolded itself at every turn of the steamer's wheels. A simple truth, to which I had been strangely blind, flashed upon me like a revelation, that every man, long before the establishment of his character, has implanted in him a cogent love for the beautiful, a disgust for the low and hideous. Let him follow the impulses which direct him to the contemplation of Nature; every thrill of pleasure will open a new vista through the endless variety; and the Virtues will beckon him to "come up higher." But should he, by that mysterious infatuation so indefinitely signified in the word temptation, stumble into the monotony of the Hideous, the only alternations will be the frenzy of excess and the aching void of satiety; while his retreat is obscured by a hundred rampant and often unconquerable vices. It amazes me to think of the abject uniformity marking the routine of the reprobate. The scenes of drunkenness are the same every day, and everywhere. The temples of gambling in New Orleans do not differ from those in New York or London. The same cold apathetic being presides in all of them—there is observable the same horrible perversion of sympathy into mere curiosity, when the unfortunate commit their acts of desperation. But the admirer of God's works has his course forever upwards; and finds that the scenes through which he moves are susceptible of no variations, which the eye, in its wonderful contrivance, cannot refer to the sensorium as distinct pleasures. The Welch mountains direct him to the Highlands of Scotland; and the delight which rewards his stroll in the Parks of London, becomes a foundation for the pleasures to be gathered in the Garden of Plants, and the Elysian Fields of Paris. Oh, when I left Liverpool and passed the Isle of Man—when I saw the Ailsa Craig rising up from the water, with the gulls fluttering about its natural minarets, and watched the looming of the Isle of Bute and Arran; when the morning sun rolled up the mist like a curtain to display the panorama of the Clyde, and I knew not where to turn my eyes, at one time enticed towards the North by the brown hills, and at another diverted towards the South by the green carpeting of a meadow dotted with cattle; and when I saw a little private boat dart from the bank to convey a gentleman from the steamer on his return to his home, and watched him, in the exuberance of health and contentment, following the path along a hedge of blossoming thorn, while his neat white house peered cunningly at him through the copse—oh, I wept like a boy, and, in the bitterness of my soul, cursed the Imp of the Perverse that had led me astray.

But the rapid succession of beauties exhilarated, strengthened me. We passed Dumbarton Castle, and my enlivened fancy detected a proud austerity in the old ruin, which others did not see, as if the crag exulted in being the guardian of Wallace's sword.

At length we arrived at Edinburg. There, stimulated, revived by the scenes around me, recalling so much of history and romance; parsing now and then before the seat of Jeffrey, or the house of McKenzie, and musing, in the quiet evening, upon the dwelling where Allan Ramsay lived and wrote his "Gentle Shepherd," I felt such a spring of returning health that I began to hope my repentance had

not been too late. I determined to extend my rambles—to make a tour of the Highlands. While preparing for this expedition I fell upon the plan of employing the works of Sir Walter Scott as guide books in my travels. But the project was cruelly frustrated. I had placed the "Lady of the Lake" in my knapsack, consequent to the selection of Loch Katrine as the first route in my romantic journeys. It struck me, however, that I would be doing myself injustice to leave Edinburgh without consulting some of the eminent physicians connected with the University. It was in conformity then with this notion and the instructions of my friends, that I appointed an hour for Professor Alison and Dr. Craigie to visit me. They were punctual. I had enclosed for each a fee that ensured a prompt attendance. I met them with a confident smile, for, excepting a strange sensation in my chest, a sensation of *insufficiency*, I felt as well as I had ever done in my days of health. They examined me carefully by percussion and auscultation, carrying on their conversation with each other in the Latin language. After a half hour's consultation, Dr. Craigie turned to me, and said in a broad Highland idiom:

"Fly for your life."

I staggered back stupefied, and giddy with amazement.

"Fly," I repeated. "Where? Why?"

"Any where," he answered, "to the south—to Madeira, to Italy. The first Scotch mist that envelopes our city in the approaching fall will strike you dead."

They left the apartment. The strange feeling within me rose up like a spectre, and told me they were right—that my excesses had, long ago, lodged the fatal train in my constitution, the mine having been sprung by the shock I received in the gambling saloon. I paced my room that whole evening like a convict, until, in an agony, I sank down and cried aloud:

"Then I will die in Naples!"

I remained but a night in London. It was a matter of only eleven hours across the British Channel, and I put my foot upon the soil of France at Boulogne. Two days afterwards I occupied the whole of the *coupé* in the diligence. I paid a most extravagant price for it, but I was determined to be alone. I lolled upon my cushions, and looked out on the beautiful country through which we were passing. It was Picardy—green with its vineyards and wheat fields, and bounded by an undulating horizon studded with wind-mills. At a stopping place I saw a burly Englishman point towards a forest, and say to his companion, "there was fought the battle of Cressy."

Is it possible that man can never forget an outrage, which nature has forgiven centuries ago? Every little daisy shakes its head in the evening breeze, to persuade the traveller that no battle was ever fought there. Even the recent frown spot of Waterloo has unbent itself into smiles; and now, there is nothing there to make one shudder but the mounds and monuments erected by national vanity. And the flowers, the gallant little flowers, wink at you as you pass, as if to say, "hush! do not betray us, —we will, with the aid of the ivy, cover them up yet!" Why, the wheat, which I am told, revenged itself for the trampling it received that day, by fattening upon the gore which soaked into the soil, and attained, for years afterwards, a disgusting height—the wheat has drunk up all the blood and come down to its natural size, while

man must pick up every bullet from the field, to aid him in perpetuating the horror of that great carnage.

Paris.

I threw down a hundred francs before Andral and bought a confirmation of my doom."

[The handwriting of the manuscript had gradually become more careless until the last page was almost illegible. In fact there is evidence (a large blot) that the pen fell from the writer's hand. The continuation below, is commenced with boldness and distinctness, a circumstance favoring the opinion that he must have taken repose. The omission of ten months in the narrative shows, also, that the author did not remember where he had left off, and that he had neglected to review what was previously written.]

"Ten months spent in Naples had manifestly improved my condition. I felt able to undertake a journey to the Alps. I marked out for myself a route, through Sardinia, to Mount Blanc, and left Italy; with the intention, however, of returning to pass the next winter in its genial climate. One day, while toiling along a dark ravine in the Lepontine Alps, whither I had gone from Lake Maggiore, I came upon a group of German students disputing with an old Frenchman. They were standing near a deserted hut, a few paces in front of which was a frightful chasm. It was impossible to ascertain its depth, for it was veiled in darkness. The students were denying the possibility of a feat which the Frenchman said had been achieved across this chasm. As soon as I approached them, they appealed to me as umpire.

"Some eighteen years ago," said the Frenchman, "I passed through this defile when the hut here was inhabited by an old man and a boy of fourteen or fifteen years. I was telling these gentlemen of a feat performed by this boy, the truth of which they deny. I take no offence at the denial; and, I have no doubt, you will receive my account of it with the same mistrust. I should probably not believe it myself, hearing it from another. It was this: The lad had a goat of marvellous strength and sagacity. After provoking it to mischievous playfulness, he vaulted at least five feet in the air, then descending, grasped the horns of the animal with his hands, and brought his knees upon his projecting elbows, so as to remain poised in this perilous position until the goat bounded across the chasm."

The students, and the Frenchman himself, watched my countenance expecting a smile of incredulity; but they gathered nearer to me, in astonishment, when they saw that I turned pale, and heard me ask with much anxiety:

"Did you say, sir, that he brought his knees forward upon his elbows, and thus balanced himself?"

"Yes," answered the Frenchman, "and the moment the goat obtained footing on the other side, the youth sprang back from its head across the chasm to the spot whence he started. I was speechless with amazement at this feat. Before I proceeded on my journey, however, I chided the old man for permitting his son to risk his life in such a frightful manner; but he replied with much indifference, 'Ludwig knows what he is about; you owe him a Louis d'or for stopping to look at him.' I refused to give the youth encouragement in continuing the practice of the feat, and left them. I cannot believe the lad was the old man's son, else surely the affection natural to parents would have saved him from

the awful fate, which befell him; for, no doubt, his bones are now lying at the bottom of the chasm; you see the hut is deserted."

"He lives!" I exclaimed with much earnestness, "he still lives!"

"How, he lives?" they all asked, "you know that he lives?"

"Yes. Listen to me and then tell me if you do not believe he is yet alive."

I recounted to them my adventure in the gambling house, and compared it with the Frenchman's; pointing out the identity of action, in poising the body upon the hands, bringing forward the knees upon the strained elbows, and the resolution of the position into a bound communicating a powerful shock of reaction to the point of support.

"Ah, yes," rejoined the Frenchman, "it seemed to me that nothing but the proverbial strength residing in the neck of a goat, could have withstood the shock."

"Did you observe nothing else remarkable in this youth?" I enquired.

"No, I left, as I have already told you, without paying them any further attention."

The students became interested in me, and proposed that I should accompany them through Bavaria, on their return to Heidelberg. I was pleased with their manners. Indeed, their unaffected bluntness, their strong friendship for one another, their utter abandonment of care completely won me, and I joyfully accepted the invitation.

"At Ulm," they said, "you shall drink the best beer in the world, and at Heilbron you shall see the Iron Hand of Goetz Von Berlichingen."

Parting company with the Frenchman, whose way led him in the direction of Innspruck, we shaped our course towards the lake of Constance, and, after a ramble of six weeks, arrived at Heidelberg. Instead of returning to Italy, I imprudently passed the winter among the students of this celebrated University. I had every external appearance of good health, and would have considered myself restored if that feeling of vacuity, which the deepest inspiration could not remove, had not incessantly withered my hopes, forever directing me, like the genius of mortality, to my inevitable doom. I had nearly resolved upon journeying back to Naples, when a student by the name of Muller laid before me a plan for removing every trace of my disease. It was to accompany him to Giessen—become a pupil of the great chemist Liebig, and analyze substances containing iodine and bromine. He contended that the continual inhalation of these substances in vapor, while my mind was elated with the beauties of scientific research, must surely change in the course of time the diseased condition of the lungs. The plan was so plausible that I left Heidelberg with Muller, and came to this town, Giessen, about the first of last March.

It is here that my story properly begins.

It was my first day in Giessen. I sat down to dinner at the Einhorn by the side of a man, whose appearance and manners captivated me at once. He spoke the English language fluently; and it was not long before we were conversing intimately, and even confidentially. His name is Winther. At this moment—not two hundred paces from me—he is manacled in a room at the hospital. He raves, and I am distracted by his shrieks. With the wildest cries, he is ever exclaiming about the Voice, the Hand, and the Silhouette; and

charges me with cowardice, and as being an accomplice against him. Oh, Winther! my well tried friend, are we to die in this fearful way? "Truly, the cup is bitter."

It was that very afternoon—soon after we had dined. The shock was nearly as overwhelming as the one I had suffered in the gambling saloon. I bled profusely. It happened thus: Winther took my arm and conducted me into the billiard room attached to the hotel. As we entered we were met by two men, who seemed to have just finished playing. When they had left the room Winther said to me:

"Those are the two most remarkable personages in Giessen. The smaller one is a half idiot, sent here to derive amusement from the study of Chemistry. He advanced in his experiments with increasing interest, until he ascertained the fact that the Nitrate of Stroutia communicates a crimson color to the flame of alcohol. He became enthusiastic at this discovery, and now every evening his room is illuminated with this peculiar light, which some think he has, by a proportion or addition known only to himself, deepened to the color of arterial blood. He is an instance of what can be done by judiciously managing the *grotesqueries* of the idiot. The poor fellow, no doubt, will become a pyrotechnist. The other person is known here as the Marburg student. He was imprisoned twelve months in the Marburg prison for political interference, and regained his liberty only a few months ago. Since his enlargement he has become a merciless practical joker, and on this account Wolff, the idiot, seems to be strongly attached to him. During his imprisonment, a small yard was granted him for exercise, and he had it converted into a gymnasium. Here, he acquired such astonishing agility, that a guard was placed in the vicinity whenever he exercised. His feats of vaulting are truly astonishing. In a few days you shall see ——."

I was seized with a violont agitation that arrested Winther.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Did you say," I enquired, "that this man obtained his liberty a few months ago?"

"Yes," replied Winther, "he has not been in Giessen longer than four months."

"Is it not possible," I continued, with an oppressive anxiety, "that he made his escape years ago?"

"Impossible. He was prevented from leaving the prison by the guard. Besides, he was seen every day until his release. But why do you ask—what is the cause of your alarm?"

I told Winther my story. I had been impressed, from the first moment I saw my friend, with a prevailing expression of melancholy dimming the vivacity of his features. He now contemplated me with deep sadness, and exclaimed, with a sigh:

"Ah, you are also the victim of a mysterious agent. But every man has his peculiar demon, from a whim to a passion—from a passion to a veritable devil."

There were now no persons in the room but Winther, myself, and the billiard marker. We had been playing, perhaps fifteen minutes, when I stooped forward over the table, eager to display some brilliancy in the stroke I was about to make. But, at that moment, my hand was arrested, and I experienced a thrill of horror, as Winther's cue dropped upon the floor, and I heard him hiss through his pale lips, the words:

"Aye, villain! you know I would!"

I looked up. A frightful change

had come over Winther's face. That which but a moment before beamed with friendship and peaceful intelligence, was now livid, and convulsed with passion. He trembled through his whole frame, and his eyes were fixed in a direction towards the door. It was not the stare of madness; it was the disorder of rage, terror, and perplexity in conflict or rapid alternation. I looked at the billiard marker, and my amazement was increased, by noticing that he, instead of being attracted by Winther's extraordinary behavior, was also staring towards the door, in the most stupid bewilderment. I was completely overpowered by the conviction that some apparition, too appalling for me to look upon in my state of debility, was approaching us, and I staggered back and fell against the table upon which our hats were placed. In falling, my face was involuntarily turned towards the door. There was nothing to be seen, but I recollected that just as I stooped over the billiard table—and my eagerness to play had caused me to forget the circumstance—a voice of singular intonation said something in the room, in the neighborhood of the door.

Winther ran to me, and supported me in his arms.

"Forgive me," he said, "I pray you forgive me! It was only a momentary illness."

"If it was only the voice," I gasped.

Winther uttered a loud cry, and wrung his hands.

"Oh, sir," he exclaimed, "did you hear it? It is then a reality. I had hoped it was an hallucination, but, since you heard it, it must be a reality. Did you also hear it?" he enquired of the marker.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you remember the words?"

"Oh yes," replied the marker, "they were plainly spoken, though the voice was a somewhat curious one. The words were: *Adolph Winther, would you meet, face to face, the murderer of Bertha?*"

Winther shuddered, but he spoke not another word in enquiry or explanation; for, as he supported me in his arms, he perceived that I grew weaker, and was suffocating under an attack of hemoptysis. He hurried me to my apartment, and despatched a messenger for medical assistance. Night and day, for more than a week, did this noble-hearted, generous, unfortunate Winther watch by my bed side; at one time deploring my cruel fate, and at another grasping my hand, and exclaiming "cheer up, Maxwell, you shall yet live many years!"

As soon as I recovered sufficient strength to converse, I alluded to what had happened in the billiard room, and asked Winther for an explanation.

"Perhaps," I said, "our acquaintance is yet too short, and this request is presumptuous; but if you need a friend ——."

"Stop, Maxwell," answered Winther, "you are entitled to my fullest confidence; and all the facts shall be placed before you, but not now. You are far too weak yet. If I were to tell you my history in your present debilitated condition, you would die under the recital. When you do hear it, your curiosity will not be satisfied. It is a chain of mysteries multiplying and becoming more perplexing every day. I am goaded, as you perceive, to seek revenge; but my adversary, though he whispers in my ear at noon day, is invisible. That he is, nevertheless, tangible, this knife is the proof. It is a weapon he has wielded—and with dreadful effect."

Winther drew from his bosom a bowie knife, and handed it to me.

I unsheathed it, and, to my astonishment, saw that it was made by a cutler of great celebrity in New Orleans.

"How is this, Winther?——."

"Wait, Maxwell, for the proper time. I cannot tell you now. Oh, no, I cannot tell you now!"

"But, Winther, have you ever been in New Orleans? This knife could not have been procured in any other city. When were you there?"

"I was never there," he replied, "but he, no doubt, was."

"Who?"

"My enemy."

"Oh, Winther!" I exclaimed, as a suspicion flashed across my mind, "think a moment. Can it be possible? The stranger in the gambling saloon—the youth in the pass of the Alps—the Marburg student—tell me can it be ——?"

Winther sprang from his chair with an exclamation. He paced the floor for half an hour in deep thought, and then turning to me, said:

"Maxwell, you are right—it must be so. The light has burst upon me so suddenly that my mind is oppressed—confused. Look you, Maxwell, it is the Marburg student. I am of the opinion that the imagination can fabricate no event, unconnected with supernatural agency, which is not within the bounds of possibility. There is a hero, in one of Alexandre Dumas' romances, who, by means of a substitute, conceals his escape from prison, goes out into the world, vanquishes his enemy, and returns to his dungeon. The Marburg student has, no doubt, accomplished the same thing. Yet, I cannot conceive why we, living in countries so remote, should be the objects of vengeance to the same individual. But it must be so; and see, how he has brought us together. Come, Maxwell, my friend, we are united for life or death, and by Heaven, we must stand gallantly at bay."

Winther's words greatly excited me. The more I pondered, the more I became convinced that the currents of our lives had been tributaries to the same stream of fate, and that we were struggling in rapids, which, at no great distance, must terminate in a fearful cataract.

A month passed before I was sufficiently restored to leave my room. Winther procured me the lodgings I now occupy, and exerted himself to increase my comforts, and obtain the best professional attendance. He introduced me to his friend, McDonald, a cheerful, warm hearted Scotchman. Ah, McDonald! would that you were here now to take our hands, and sing, as you have so often done, in your clear, ringing voice, the words:

And there's a han' my trusty fiere,
And gies a han' o' thine,
And we'll tak a right gude willy waught
For auld lang syne!

Even Winther, in his wild frenzy, and I in my deplorable prostration, would return the grasp of enduring friendship, which, it is my hope—my comforting hope—is to expand into some heavenly attraction upon our reunion in the existence which begins at death—the grand immortal life which knows neither change nor tears.

I soon discovered that he had not been entrusted with Winther's secret. When I spoke of the gloom, which so often excited our wonder, he laughed, and said there was a foolish report in circulation, of a voice that had disturbed Winther, while engaged in one of those silly student duels, and caused him to receive an ugly cut across his face, but he thought it was only the influence of German superstition.

I commenced my studies in the

same laboratory with McDonald, and a close intimacy soon united us. He encouraged me to stroll with him to the neighboring hills, and delighted me with frequent spirited recitations of the stirring old Border ballads; or soothed me with a Highland song of love.—Sometimes Winther joined us in these excursions. Once we walked seven miles, as far as Wetzlar, where we read the "Sorrows of Werter" in the "house of Charlotte," and leaned over the wall of the church yard, to gaze upon the spot pointed out to us as Werter's grave.

Four months passed in this way. My friends endeavored to convince me that my malady was yielding to the skill of the physicians; but that indescribable feeling—that imprisoned monitor near my heart told me that nothing could avail; my fate might be postponed, it could not be averted.

I made known to Winther these forbodings, and besought him to disclose his history. But he refused, and, in fact, never explained to us this singular delay. One day, I asked him if he still heard the voice.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "nearly every day. By-the-by, I have come to ask your opinion about a new feature in the mystery. I believe that I am to be destroyed by a process of slow poisoning. I have received a shock—an electrical shock—mild it is true, but plainly of an electrical nature. While sitting in my chair, this morning, devising plans for the detection of my tormentor, I felt something like a spider's web, fall against my face. I raised a hand to brush it away; but, upon touching it, became convinced that it was NOT a spider's web. I seized the almost impalpable substance, and examined it in a strong light, but without being able to discover anything. At that moment it stung me. Yes, by Heaven! it was more like a sting, since I again think of it, than an electrical shock. Oh, Maxwell, how is this! am I pursued by a supernatural being? God knows I am innocent. There was a momentary suspicion, it is true, that I murdered my father, but a second thought proved it to be physically impossible; and you heard my enemy confess that he slew Bertha—my poor Bertha."

Winther covered his face with his hands, and wept aloud. I knew not how to address him. It seemed as if this mysterious foe would not be content with the destruction of my friend's body—else why the delay; could it be that he aimed at the overthrow of his mind.

"But my turn will come!" exclaimed Winther, starting up, his tears of grief changing into flashes of ferocity, "my turn will come, and the rust of Bertha's blood, which tarnishes the brightness of this blade, shall yet corrode *his* heart!"

He thrust his hand into his bosom, as if to draw forth the knife; but paused in sudden recollection, and continued, somewhat cheerfully:

"Come, Maxwell, go with me. I had forgotten that the knife is at the cutler's undergoing repair; the handle is injured. Come, go with me—I must not be without it."

I took his arm, and we descended into the street. As we passed the Einhorn, McDonald joined us, and we proceeded at once to the cutler's. He is a man under the patronage of the students—employed by them to repair and sharpen their Schlägers. When he handed Winther his knife, he requested permission to have a private conversation with him.

"Whatever you have to say,"

replied Winther, "make no secret of it before these gentlemen."

"Very well, sir. My sisters are dress-makers in the little shop across the street, as you perceive. I was with them a few days ago, when a gentleman came for a curtain of black crape, which he had ordered to be hastily made for him. Struck with the singularity of the article—a curtain made of black crape—I was led to observe him closely. Well, sir, this morning he came into my workshop to have a kind of clasp fixed to the bottom of a small porcelain dish; for what purpose I cannot imagine. When he saw your knife he started."

"Ha!" exclaimed Winther, "started did you say?"

"Yes, sir," continued the cutler, "and told me to fix the handle well—that the next blow was to be at the heart of a man."

Winther's agitation was so excessive that he could not speak. McDonald could not contain himself.

"How is this, Winther?" he cried. "What is the matter?—Explain yourself."

"Say, sir," Winther at length burst forth addressing the cutler, "do you know the Marburg student?"

"I have seen him," replied the cutler.

"Was he the person?" enquired Winther.

"I am unable to say. The fact is I recognized him as the same person I had seen at my sisters' by a curious spot upon his cheek. It might have been the Marburg student in disguise."

"Come away, Winther," enjoined McDonald, with an uneasiness of manner, indicating his fear that Winther's mind was failing, "Come away, we will return here some other time. In the meanwhile I have something to communicate to you and Maxwell, which I fear will distress you. Let us repair to the little café near the Einhorn."

With some difficulty we gently forced Winther away, and, after a circuitous walk to tranquilize his disturbed spirits, we entered the café. Here we drank coffee and played dominoes. It was at the termination of one of these little games, when McDonald, with a sigh, informed us that, through letters received that morning from his father, he was to meet him in London on business of vital importance to the welfare of his family. He did not say what was the nature of this business; but the day appointed for its transaction required him to leave Giessen on the next Thursday morning. It was then Saturday. This announcement cast a gloom over the party. We were silent for a long time, until McDonald, taking Winther's hand, questioned him in these words:

"Will you suffer me then to leave Giessen without telling me your history?"

"No, no, McDonald," answered Winther, "you shall know all. As you are to remain with us yet so short a time, let me defer it until the last moment. We will pass the evening before your departure with Maxwell, and then I will tell you my story. But, until then, my friends, my comrades, make no allusion to it. The remaining days we are to pass together, are few—let us spend them merrily."

It had become dark and misty before we left the café. Winther insisted upon my passing the night with him, as it was too late for me to return home. I consented, and we walked in the direction of the Einhorn, where we were to separate from McDonald.

Crossing a small street, we were

arrested by a flash of crimson light streaming upon us from a distant window.

"Ah," exclaimed Winther, "a happy fellow is Wolff—happy in his idiotic fascination with the nitrate of stroutia."

"Yes, happy enough if he were unmolested. I think you ought to go to his protection with your schläger, Winther," added McDonald.

"How?" asked Winther.

"Why," continued McDonald, "it is this accursed Marburg student. Not content with leaping from astonishing heights upon the shoulders of the poor fool, under the excuse that the idiot likes it, he must frighten him at night with his tricks of ventriloquism."

Winther started as if he had been struck by a dagger. McDonald was distressed at this additional evidence of mental infirmity in his friend, but he refrained from making any remark, and bade us good night.

Arrived at his lodgings, Winther gave me an opiate, and dismissed me to my repose. How long he sat up I do not know. The opiate acted as usual—lulling me into a trance, rather than into sleep. For sometime I listened to the various noises in the neighborhood. There were some students in a drinking house, singing a wild chorus, in that mellow and harmonious fullness of tone which belongs only to the deep-chested German. Then followed the clattering of their glasses, and other sounds of revelry. My last waking thoughts dwelling thus upon music, it was natural that the same train of ideas should re-appear in dreams.

A vast dramatic vision rose before me. It was the opera of "*Robert le Diable*," and the scene was the church yard. The grave stones stretched away in the distance; some upright and glittering in the moonshine, others leaning and dusky in the shadow, while the ground was strewed with fragments crumbling into dust. Then came the gathering of spectres. Some arose in vapory corpse lights, gradually condensing into shrouded figures, that drew aside their hoods, and stealthily turned their wan faces towards me. Others stood in groups curiously gazing, just as old dwellers in a community would contemplate a new comer amongst them. Phantoms flitted before me—some pausing with wavering looks of pity; but many rushing furiously up with violent motions, their hands uplifted and their forms contorted into shapes of terrible *grotesquerie*. Then there were hosts of them, further removed, who endeavored to attract my notice, by the most hideous pantomime, such as beckoning, nodding the head, demonstrating with the index finger of the right hand upon the palm of the left, and sometimes pointing with both towards the lurid horizon. Meanwhile as the effect of the opium deepened, my brain seemed flooded with strains of bewildering music. The spectres linked themselves into fantastic, but noiseless dances. Those near at hand moved slowly, those in the middle ground flitted on through light and shade, swaying from side to side, and far in the distance, blending into an indistinguishable extent of tossing whiteness. There was a clang of cymbals, as though a blood vessel had burst within my brain. A gigantic figure loomed above the horizon, and moved forwards with the gloomy speed of a thunder-gust. Upon his head, he carried an immense vessel filled with fine sand; and, as he advanced, he drew the spectres into his wake,

and whirled them round and round like leaves and feathers in a monsoon. When he came near to me, he stopped, and, with rage and disappointment distorting his features, exclaimed:

"Ave, villain, you know I would!"

Then I heard a voice of singular intonation say:

"When?"

"To-morrow morning!" answered the figure.

"Where?" murmured the voice.

"At the Staufenberg!"

"Your second?"

"Maxwell—and yours?"

"Your father—ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"

The figure poured the sand in a mound upon me. I struggled to extricate myself, and, with a horrible feeling of suffocation, awoke.

The moon was shining into the room, and enabled me to perceive Winther sitting up in his bed. As soon as he saw that I was awake, he called out:

"Oh, Maxwell," said he, "why did you scream? Did you hear it?"

"Hear what? I heard nothing—I have only been dreaming."

"Ah, well, let it pass. Compose yourself to sleep again."

But I could sleep no more that night. When morning came, I was so prostrated that I had to be conveyed home in a carriage, and and it was not until the second-day thereafter that I could venture forth from my room.

LINES.

(*Oriental.*)

Up in an old Pagoda's highest tower
I sat, and watched the falling shades of eve;

Long curls of smoke, and sounds of distant lutes
As faint as smoke, spread through the lonely wood.

The evening wind blew over the cool stream,
Troubling the pallid pin-flowers on its bank:

And when the autumnal hills were thickly strewn
With faded fallen leaves, the hoar frost fell.

Naught could I see in all that cloudless sky,
Except the wild goose flying to the south.

Hearkening in bright moonshine I heard the sound
Of distant villagers beating out their rice.

Then, thinking of the friend, whose absent face,
The long year through, not once had lightened mine,

I sought the window shaded o'er with pines,
And struck the strings of my melodious lute.

UNPUBLISHED REVOLUTIONARY PAPERS.

NO. I.—LETTERS OF JOHN RUTLEDGE.

With this number we commence the publication of the complete series of letters from John Rutledge, Governor of South Carolina, to the Delegates from that State in the Congress of the United States.

It will be remembered that when Charleston was invested by Sir H. Clinton, the Governor was advised by Gen. Lincoln to leave the city, which he did, and how efficiently he struggled for the restoration of his State to her citizens will be manifest from a perusal of these letters. The defeat of Gates at Camden compelled the Governor to retire into North Carolina, and after re-entering the State with Gen. Greene, and retreating with him into Virginia, he was persuaded by the latter General to visit Philadelphia, being assured that his presence there could not fail to be serviceable to the cause of his country. Accordingly he left Greene's camp, on the Haw River, not many days before the critical battle of Guilford C. H., in March, 1781, and remained in Philadelphia until the following June. When he rejoined Gen. Greene at the High Hills of Santee, the summer quarters of the American army, the upper country had been regained from the British, and only the battle of Eutaw was wanting to put the whole State, with the exception of the capital, in the possession of her citizens.

The letters, from the fall of Charleston to the departure from Greene's camp, exhibit in gloomy colors the utter prostration of the State and the sufferings of her people; they cannot fail to excite the deepest interest; those written after his return possess an interest of a different kind; here are exhibited the difficulties and perplexities of the civil authority. In the first stage the civil authority had been completely extinguished by arms; in the last we see it reviving, and finally, in the Jacksonborough Assembly, asserting its existence and commanding the respect of the military power. With the assembling of this Body, the office of the illustrious writer was surrendered to his fellow-citizens, and the series of letters concludes.

These letters were preserved by Judge Bee, one of the Delegates, and by his son, the late Thos. Bee, Esq., presented to the Charleston Library Society. With the exception of two, they are all holographs, and many bear the marks of haste. In copying them for this paper, no attempt has been made either to correct them, or to present them precisely as they appear in the originals.* The writer used contractions freely; these have generally been written out. No necessity exists for the correction of the orthographer or the grammarian. Occasionally the copyist was struck with a fancy to preserve some favorite contraction.

These letters are now published for the first time. A short extract from one appears in Gen. Moultrie's History of the Revolution; and Judge Johnson cites another for a fact which does not appear in the letter cited. It is a small matter, and only argued the haste of the learned Judge. The outrage on Richardson's family is represented by Rutledge as one of Tarlton's exploits; Johnson makes him ascribe it to Rawdon.

By His Excellency John Rutledge, Esqr.,
Governor and Commander-in-Chief of South Carolina:

To the Honorable HENRY LAURENS, JOHN MATHEWS, THOMAS BEE and FRANCIS KINLOCH, Esqrs:

Whereas on or about the first day of February last ye were appointed by a Resolve of the Senate and House of Representatives, of this State, Delegates to represent it in the Honorable the Congress of the United States of America, but no time is by the said Resolve fixed or limited for your continuance in the said Delegation, so that doubts

* It is not to be understood from this that the copyist has intentionally changed or omitted a single word in the originals, but old fashioned spelling has not been faithfully preserved; the manner of writing a date is not literally followed. It is possible that some of the contractions have not been understood. If in any case a doubt should arise as to the accuracy of the printed copy, the sceptic will be allowed access to the originals.

may arise touching the duration of the said appointment, and whereas it appears expedient and necessary to prevent such doubts by fixing a certain term to the said Representation, I do therefore, with the advice and consent of the Privy Council, by virtue of the power and authority in me vested, in and by an ordinance of the General Assembly of this State, entitled "an Ordinance for the better security and defence of this State during the Recess of the General Assembly," hereby declare that the said appointment shall hold and continue until ten days after the next meeting and sitting of the General Assembly of this State, unless it shall be sooner revoked by me, or the Governor and Commander-in-Chief for the time being, of the said State, or by the said General Assembly; And I do, with the advice and consent of the Privy Council, and by virtue of the power and authority aforesaid, hereby authorize and empower you, the said Henry Laurens, John Mathews, Thomas Bee and Francis Kinloch, to represent this State as Delegates thereof in the Congress of the United States of America, jointly and severally, and as fully, to all intents and purposes, as the Delegates of this or any other State may or can, during the time, and subject to the conditions aforesaid.

Given under my Hand and Seal, at Camden, in South Carolina, this twenty-seventh day of May, A. D., 1780. J. RUTLEDGE. (Seal.)

I.—LETTER TO DELEGATES.

Camden, May 24, 1780.

Gent: I could not obtain a copy of the Articles of Capitulation of Charlestown until yesterday. Genl. Lincoln, it seems, did not think it at all material to inform me of it. As I judge it necessary to acquaint you, and through you, Congress, (to whom you will make the proper representation of it,) with the situation of affairs here at this period. I send, enveloped, a copy of the capitulation, lest the Flag, which the General had liberty to send with despatches to Philadelphia, should not have arrived. The terms of the capitulation are truly mortifying, the treatment of the prisoners more so; the Continental officers are prisoners on parole at the Barracks on Haddrel's Point, and restricted to six miles from town; the seamen and soldiers are prisoners at the Barracks in Town, thus separated with a design to get ours to enlist and enter into the British service, which some have done already, and many, without doubt, will. I hope Congress will effect an exchange of these troops as soon as possible, (though it is probable that Clinton will endeavor to avoid it,) otherwise in a little time they may expect them turned against us.

On Saturday last, the enemy took post with a considerable force at Dupree's Ferry on Santee River, which they began to cross that day on their march to Georgetown, whither they had sent some vessels from Ch'stown, and they are certainly in possession at Georgetown, which was not defensible. Gen'l Casswell, who lay a little below Dupree's ferry, with the N. Carolina Brigade and the Virginia Continentals under Capt. Buford, had luckily retreated this way before the enemy got to that ferry, and thereby prevented their cutting off his retreat, which was probably their first scheme. These troops, now under command of Genl. Huger, are about 15 miles below this place, and will be here to-day.—Huger's motions will be directed

by the camp and force of the enemy—sorry I am to say his force is altogether inadequate to any offensive operation. The enemy, according to advices received last night, were, the evening before, at Black Mingo, but whether with intention to take a circuit by way of the Hanging Rock Road in order to get in the rear of our troops or to proceed for N. Carolina, is as yet uncertain; the next movement they make will demonstrate which of these points is their object. Parties are gone to reconnoitre. However, I thought it advisable not to wait for their return, but to give you the foregoing and following intelligence as soon as possible. We have no certain account what the force above mentioned is, or by whom commanded, but it is said, and I believe it, to be considerable, and under Lord Cornwallis. It is evident that the conquest of No. as well as of So. Carolina is the enemy's plan; the time for which they endeavor to enlist men, is until these countries are conquered. A junction with the disaffected at Cross Creek will probably be attempted by the body above mentioned, who have with them a large Highland Regiment. I have good reason to believe that they will send vessels, some perhaps with troops, to possess the Rivers and the towns on shore in No. Carolina, and it is probable that they will establish magazines of provisions at Brunswick and Wilmington, whither they may send great quantities of Rice from the lower part of our State. They can hardly, I think, expect to penetrate far into the Back Country of N. Carolina, unless they depend, more than I hope they can with good grounds, on the disaffection of the people there; but I presume they will extend their camp along and at some distance from the sea. I hope, indeed, their progress will be soon checked, though their numbers are really great, but surely Virginia will now be roused: the forces of that State and of No. Carolina powerfully supported by Congress, will make the enemy repent of their temerity in attempting conquests more northwardly. I cannot account for the backwardness of the troops ordered hither by Congress, and Virginia, and for our want of intelligence respecting them. We know not where any of them are. I still hope, however, that a combination of forces and better fortune than our last, will soon oblige the enemy to tread back their steps; and though I have no hope of regaining Charlestown except by treaty, that the country will be preserved, and No. and S. Carolina, and even Georgia, be retained in the Union, for surely our brethren and allies will never give up the Independence of either of these States, or suffer such valuable territory to be lopped off. Whether the enemy will make any attempt on our back country, except by tories and Indians, is still uncertain. If they send up a regular force, I am convinced they will be joined by numbers, and many men will fall a sacrifice to the resentment of our domestic or internal enemies. But if regular troops are not sent up, I think our people will manage the disaffected and keep them from doing any considerable mischief. However, I expect no other service from the militia; they are so apprehensive of their families being killed and their properties destroyed by the tories and Indians, who daily threaten hostilities, whilst they are absent from their districts, that I believe it will be impracticable to keep any number worth mentioning on duty with the army, or at any distance from their own homes. If I can get

them to embody in their own districts and keep the country quiet, it is really as much as I expect they will do at present, and until troops arrive from the Northward; but even this depends on the enemy's not sending up regular forces to take posts in the back parts of the State, for if they do, the disaffected will certainly flock to them, and those who are not disaffected will either abscond if they can, or (which is more probable) be taken prisoners with arms, in which case they will expect to be treated as those are who have been taken under similar circumstances, viz: put on parole, a piece of policy which the enemy have adopted with respect to our militia for obvious reasons. This is a melancholy, but a faithful account of our affairs at this time. However, we must not despair. I will still hope for great and speedy succour from our Brethren to animate and support our people, and for a reverse of our late bad fortune. But *immediate* and the *greatest* exertions of the Northern States and of Congress are, (be assured) indispensable to prevent the desolation and ruin of this State and Georgia, and the enemy's obtaining (what they flatter themselves with shortly securing,) the three Southernmost States, too valuable a prize ever to be given up to them.

I request the favor of hearing from you as soon as possible, and of knowing what aid we may expect from you, and when we may be assured of it. Gen. Gates or some other able and experienced general with the troops who come, will be absolutely necessary. We have not a Continental General here but Huger, whose health will scarcely suffer him to undergo any kind of fatigue. Col. Hamilton is exchanged, and I suppose will do much mischief amongst his old friends in N. Carolina. You will order the person, by whom you write, to come the Upper Road, and to proceed to Camp, wherever it may be; there he will either find or hear of me.

I am, with great esteem, gent.,
Your most obed't serv't,
J. Rutledge.

P. S. (Private.)—Be pleased to send me, as soon as possible, a copy of Lincoln's letters to Congress respecting the capitulation. I want to know why, after the last reinforcement arrived (of 2,500 men) he did not evacuate the town and save his troops, which I think he might easily have done, with all his artillery and stores, by crossing in the Frigates and other vessels over to Lempriere's and coming through Christ Church Parish, before the communication was cut off, which would have preserved the country, or at least the army, and probably frustrated the enemy's plan of conquering the State, much less of going to N. Carolina; and why, even at the last, when Cornwallis was posted near Wappetaw with 2500 men, Lincoln did not endeavor to make good his way with all his troops (which he might have done, though with some loss) rather than agree to so infamous a capitulation, for the Garrison are, in my opinion, in effect, Prisoners at discretion. These things appear mysterious to me, but I will suspend a final judgment on them till I hear what he says on the matter. It is currently reported and believed here that G. Britain will offer America the Independence of all the States except No. and S. Carolina and Georgia, and perhaps even of N. Carolina, and that such a proposition will be accepted. I think it impossible that

Congress will leave us in the lurch, but pray inform me candidly and fully what may be expected on that head. If they never will give up the Independence of any one State (which I trust they will not) it would be best to declare it immediately in the most pointed terms, to satisfy the wavering and defeat the schemes of our enemies; such a declaration, generally made known, with a good number of troops, would revive the spirits of many of our credulous and dejected, though well meaning people.

All your friends who were in town are well; not a militia man killed or hurt, but Peter Lord, killed; and no officer of the continentals, that I recollect, killed or wounded except Capt. Parker of the Virginians, and Capt. Thos. Moultrie, killed; also Philip Neyle. I left Mrs. Kinloch and Mrs. Huger well, at Kensington, yesterday fortnight.

The Delegates of South Carolina in Congress.

P. S. Be pleased to make known to Major Harleston, if with or near you, the contents of this letter.

P. S.—May 26, 1780, Camden.—Casswell's and Buford's men are come up hither. Each corps consists of about 400 effective. Gen. Huger proposes sending Casswell to Haly's ferry, on Pee Dee, in N. Carolina, and Buford's to Charlotte; from thence towards Hillsboro, thinking this force too insignificant to resist the enemy in this State, and that they will be of more service in N. Carolina for the present, where he apprehends the enemy will endeavor to make an impression. Our intelligence from below is that the enemy had crossed Murray's Ferry the day before yesterday (about 85 miles from here) on the march hither.

II.—LETTER TO THE DELEGATES.

Hillsborough, Sept. 20, 1780.

Gent: A copy of Capt. Marion's letter to Gen. Gates, and of the examination of one Allmand, (which are transmitted by this opportunity to Congress,) will inform you of our latest intelligence from S. Carolina, but I do not believe that part of it which relates to Picken's having taken post at Ninety Six. I don't know whether the General has sent to Congress a copy of Lord Cornwallis' letter to Col. Balfour—I therefore envelope one.—His lordship sent similar letters to the officers commanding in the several districts throughout the State. I think it is beyond a doubt, that at least 9 men of those who had declared themselves British subjects and taken up arms with the enemy, and who had afterwards joined our party, have been hanged, and that the houses of several who had left them have been burnt, upon a presumption, I suppose that they had come over to us. On the 15th inst., Col. Sumpter lay, with about 200 men, to the Westward of Catawba; Genl. Davidson was, with about 400 militia, below Charlotte, and Gen. Summer, with (it is said) about 800 men, that day reached Salisbury, where he halted to get pouches made for his men, and this is all our force that I can find, to be actually embodied and in the field, except the little party under Marion, and a few at Cross Creek under Col. Harrington; not a man from Virginia is in this State, except about 250 continentals under Buford and about 60 of the militia, who ran away from the action with Cornwallis, and who have been lately brought to Hillsborough, nor can we hear of any being on the march from Virginia.

Genl. Gates received a letter

from Genl. Washington, dated the 12th inst., but he does not mention anything of the 18 months men who were expected from thence.—The 2,000 militia who, it is said, are to come from that State (in addition to these) I am told will not rendezvous till the 25 of next month. I wish an apprehension that Portsmouth may be Clinton's object, may not retard the start of the Virginia forces. Genl. Gates says the continentals at Hillsborough, (who don't exceed 900,) can't march until they are furnished with shoes, shirts, overalls, and blankets, and until magazines are established to the westward. If so I fear it will be a very considerable time before they stir, for where these supplies are to come from, or when they will be procured, I can't guess; as yet not a single hide is obtained for making shoes. Genl. Smallwood, to whom the Legislature of this State offered the command of its militia, will go in 2 or 3 days to Salisbury to take that command. The Governor has ordered 4,800 men into the field, but what number will actually get there it is impossible at present to say. However, men are assembling daily. The Horse are to serve for 2 months, the foot for 3; but all that Genl. Smallwood can do for a while, will be to endeavor to harrass the enemy's parties, to cut off their convoys, perhaps now and then break up an outpost. Still, I fear the militia will get discouraged and tired of the business unless supported by Continental troops. However, if the Virginians would really send on the men whom they have promised, and the Continentals were equipped and marched to the Westward, and the militia of this State would also turn out spiritedly, I hope, by the exertions of the good people of S. Carolina, Lord Cornwallis' mad career would be soon checked. But alas! when may we really and reasonably expect that all these things will come to pass, and until they do, what must be the sufferings of our friends in that unhappy state! I have seen Col. Jas Williams, whose affair with Innes, (not killed as you have heard, but recovering of his wounds) was truly brilliant. He is gone on with a determination to distinguish himself as a partizan, and I believe he will. I have put both him and Sumpter (each of whom may be of service, but they will never agree) under Genl. Smallwood's command.

I wait with the utmost impatience to hear what is intended to be done for our country by Genl. Washington, with the aid of our ally. We have not a letter from Philadelphia, save Mr. Bee's, of the 25 ult. I request that immediately after receiving this, you will inform me of every material transaction to the Northernward, and get the Board of War to send your despatches by the Line of Expresses which is established from Philadelphia to Hillsborough. The Bills are not yet arrived; pray forward them, also the arms and military stores, which are much wanted.

Under the first impression of Lord Cornwallis' letter and conduct, I had thought of writing to him and of threatening Retaliation on the property of those who are avowedly his friends. However, I have as yet declined it, because he probably would disregard a threat which we could not for the present execute to any great degree, and because I hope the property of his friends in S. Carolina will in time be applied to a better purpose. But I trust that Congress will immediately take some proper measure on this point; none occurs to me so proper as the burning towns or Houses in G. Britain. Why Dr.

Franklin prevented (as it is said) Paul Jones so doing, I can't conceive; but I am sure nothing would so effectually put a stop to the enemy's cruelties in this respect as Retaliation, and seriously I wish, and shall expect, that something more than threats may now take place. It is time to convince our enemies that we dare to retaliate. Armand's corps, much reduced, are gone to Warren to recruit. White, Washington and Neilson are at Halifax, not above 25 of their men well enough for duty; 150 of the Maryland troops were retaken by Marion on their way to Charlestown, but 70 of them went to the enemy in town, and the rest have never joined the army. It is supposed they are strolling about the country, or gone home. The enemy's principal posts are at the Waxsaws and to the Westward of the Catawba. They have sent some detachments to repossess Ninety Six and Pee Dee; their force at Camden not considerable.

I am, with great esteem, gent.,
Your most obed't serv't,
J. Rutledge.

The Delegates of So. Carolina in Congress.

III.—LETTER TO THE DELEGATES.

Hillsborough, Oct. 4, 1780.

Gent: Our last accounts from the westward are that the enemy entered Charlotte in force this day week; our troops skirmished with and killed some of their advanced party, but finally retreated to and are on the east side of the Yadkin, except about 250 horse, (militia) left at Salisbury to go downwards and watch the enemy's motions. Enveloped is an account of the enemy's strength, transmitted by Gen. S.——, who collected it from some prisoners. General Smallwood and Colonel Morgan will march to-morrow towards Salisbury with about 180 Regulars, the former to command the militia, the latter a corps of Riflemen, to be picked out of them; not a Virginian is yet arrived here. When Gen. Gates will send on or march with the rest of the regulars now here, (many of whom he says are still unsupplied,) or when he shall receive any considerable reinforcement I know not; the present prospect is truly disagreeable, for everything goes on slowly—we wait with impatience to hear of something done or soon intended for us by the Grand Army and our Allies. I wish our hopes may not be vain.

A Mr. McGraw, from Newburn, informs me that he read at that place a S. Car. Gazette of Aug. 20, which mentions that Christ'r Gadsden, Hugh Rutledge, Edward Blake and 26 others, whose names he can't recollect, were put on board a vessel to be sent to England.

Gen'l Gates says he has again wrote to Congress to make Morgan a Brigadier General. I can see no objection to this appointment, but many good consequences will certainly arise from it, I therefore can't avoid seconding Gen'l Gates application and requesting that you will use your best endeavours to have Morgan immediately promoted to that rank. I am, gent,

Your ob't serv't,
J. Rutledge.

The Delegates of S. Carolina.

P. S. All the Cavalry, who are now on the march from Halifax and will be here to-morrow or next day, fit for service, do not exceed ninety. By accounts from the westward we learn that on the 1st inst., the enemy were seen on the march about 3 miles above Charlotte, with 600 men and 2 field pieces, sup-

posed to be endeavouring to join Ferguson, who was in Burke county, but going down to meet this party in order to attack our forces to the westward of Catawba. Col. Sumpter says Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Edwards are amongst the number of gentlemen shipped off, and it is said they are sent to St. Augustine.

Oct. 5, 1780, Thursday, a. m.—Pray have Morgan's promotion despatched immediately, it will be very injurious to a man of his experience and bravery to put him under the command of the militia Brigadiers. I desire that you will make a point of obtaining this rank for him.

IV.—LETTER TO DELEGATES.

Hillsboro, Oct. 12, 1780.

Gent: Congress will receive by this express, an account just now come to hand of Major Ferguson's defeat, which I hope will soon be confirmed. The General will, without doubt, inform Congress of Lord Cornwallis' strength and situation, and, (by what we can discover from some intercepted letters,) of his plan and disposition. He will also, I presume, send on copies of these letters to have the parts of them which are in cypher, unriddled, and I wish they may be deciphered and returned as soon as possible. As the General is in so great a hurry to send on this news I can add no more than that we have not received a line from you since yours of the 11th Sept'r, which on consideration, I apprehend you will allow is rather inattentive to us; that Lord Cornwallis is going on burning and hanging; Capt. Conyers assured me yesterday that 200 houses have been burnt. Col. Morgant went from hence last Saturday with about 180 Regulars, and General Smallwood went off on Monday with about 90 of the Reg. Horse; the rest of the Regulars are now here; when they, or any of them, will go on, I can't say. Pretty support this, from the continent. About 100 Virginians, of the 18 months men, arrived here a few days ago, quite ragged and unequipped, and here they are still; no other force from that country. In short, if anything material is done for our poor State in any reasonable time, it will probably be by the despised, shabby militia.

I am, in haste, gent,

Your most ob't serv't,

J. RUTLEDGE.

The Delegates of So. Carolina.

P. S. I wish you would send on by a safe hand some more Loan Office certificates as soon as possible. Can not you get the Board of War to send off an express on a particular day every week, and oftener if anything material should occur? We would do the same from here, for it is really distressing to be without any regular channel of Intelligence. The General complains that he can never hear from Congress; and when it is considered that his last letter from them is upwards of a month ago, the complaint will appear to be well founded. I must repeat my request that you will have this matter put on a proper footing. He writes, but no answer comes.

V.—LETTER TO DELEGATES.

Salisbury, Nov. 20, 1780.

Gent: My last letter to you was from Hillsborough, about the 13th ult., since which time I have received your several favors per Capt. Vanderhorst, and one of the 14th ult., which he took from the ex-

press who had it in charge, but no others; for having been down the country and Gen'l Gates expecting I would return to Hillsborough, he left with the Board of War all the letters he had for me. This circumstance has, I presume, prevented my receiving any of a subsequent date from you. I imagine, however, there are several such at Hillsborough. I have sent for them and shall answer them when they come to hand.

I fully intended going back to Hillsborough, but at Cross Creek on my way up, heard such accounts from So. Carolina, viz: that Lord Cornwallis was dead, Camden evacuated, and that the whole British Army had crossed the Congaree on their way to Georgia; also that Gates had marched from Hillsborough the 5th inst., (which he did) and was proceeding rapidly after them, &c., that I thought it proper to push for our own State as fast as possible. I therefore determined, instead of proceeding to Hillsborough, to cross the country by the nearest route for this place, which I did, and arrived here yesterday. On arriving here I found that the good news I heard on the road was entirely false; probably you will have been amused with similar accounts at Philadelphia; I will therefore give you an exact Relation of matters as they are at present.

The enemy have a post (strong with Redoubts) of between 5 and 600 men at Camden, where Lord Rawdon commands, another fortified of about 300 at Ninety-Six, under Conyer; one at Augusta, about the same number, under Brown, and Lord Cornwallis is with the main army, about 2600 Regulars, at Winnsborough on Broad River, about 45 miles from Congaree and the same distance from Camden, and Ninety-Six, so that he may pretty readily reinforce Camden, Ninety-Six or Augusta, or draw his troops from those posts to his main body, and with that or his whole army retreat down or advance up the country, as circumstances render most eligible.

Smallwood and Morgan are at 6 Mile Creek, in this State about 16 miles below Charlotte, (on the Road to Camden) with about 200 Regulars, 1100 Militia, and 150 Cavalry. Gates is just marching from hence to join them, with about 600 Regulars, and Sumpter lay, a few days ago, between Tyger and Enoree Rivers, with (it is said) about 1,000 Militia, but I believe he has now moved westwardly with a view of giving a blow to a party of the enemy in that direction. Gen'l Butler is here with about 150 men, guarding prisoners. Gen'l Stephens is at Hillsborough (and ordered from thence hither) with some Virginia 8 months men, (militia who deserted in Gates' action, and who are conditioned to serve for 8 months on that account,) and about 260 men are somewhere in Virginia on the march from Maryland. Gen. Harrington is stationed at Cheraw with about 250 men, whose tour of duty is nearly expired; a Col. Brown of this county is patrolling near him with about 150 or 200 men, and Col. Marion is moving about on Pedee and Kingston with perhaps 300. Thus you see what force and of what kind we really have on the ground and how it is scattered. However, I hope that as soon as Gen'l Green arrives he will collect them to a good tenable position, and occasionally detach strong parties to oppose the Enemy's light troops, who do the most mischief, to harass the enemy, circumscribe their limits, and in fine, oblige 'em to retire to Charles Town and give us an opportunity of re-establishing

civil government in some part of the country, of electing and convening a legislature, and of making and enforcing laws; but this will not be the work of a day; when or whether we shall recover the town, will depend upon events not to be foreseen at present, here, at least; I wish, however, the Spaniards may really do what they threaten, and that aid from our allies was more powerful and successful. The Colonel and Justices of Surry County took upon 'em to release all the No. Carolina prisoners taken in Ferguson's defeat on giving bail to appear at Court; but I imagine many, if not all of 'em, will return to the enemy; they put the officers on parole; they have broke it and gone off, probably to the enemy, and they enlisted the So. Carolina tories, taken in that defeat, (116,) to serve in the Continental Army 6 months. However, 30 of 'em ran away on the march from the Moravian towns to this place; the rest (76) were released from their enlistment and are here in goal—this was a strange and unaccountable step of the Col's and Magistrates. A Col. Cleveland hung 8 or ten of the most noted horse thieves and tories (of N. Carolina) taken in Ferguson's defeat, and Lord Cornwallis has complained to Smallwood of such cruelty, though he, and those acting under him, have hanged many of our own people. It is said (and I believe it) that of the prisoners whom Brown took at Augusta, he gave up 4 to the Indians, who killed 'em, cut off their heads and kicked their bodies about the streets, and that he (Brown) hung upwards of 30 prisoners; his lordship therefore has mistaken the side on which the cruelty lies. Gates has carried the letter with him. However, I will send you a copy of it and of the answer which will be sent to it when one is sent. I am endeavoring to procure authentic information respecting the hanging, house burning, plundering and other cruelties and acts of barbarity committed by the British in Carolina and Georgia, and shall resolve, when I have obtained it, what to do or write, and to whom, on those points. I do not chose to take up the matter without good authority. From a letter dated the 4th inst., wrote by Leslie to C (ornwallis) and found upon an emissary coming this way from Portsmouth in Virginia (of which I presume Gov. Jefferson has sent a copy to Congress) and other circumstances, it appears that the plan of those generals was to have formed a junction of the troops under their respective commands, that they hoped to do so in this State and expected to have been powerfully aided by the Tories of this country. However, Ferguson's defeat has frustrated that plan, and I hope it will never take effect; but I think it probable that Lord C. will call for Leslie's troops or some other reinforcement to the Southward; if so we shall have more trouble than we otherwise should. I omitted to mention that there are some (a few) Regulars still at Hillsborough who can't march for want of shoes and clothes. Lord Cornwallis has proposed to exchange the people taken on King's Mountain for our militia in his hands, but I think that proposal must not be adopted. Gen. Huger tells me he wrote you an account of Sumpter's successful resistance of Major Wemys' attack, and of his having taken that office; he is a valuable acquisition to us, but I am sorry to find that he is only slightly wounded and likely to recover. I wish he may not give Sumpter the slip, for he keeps him with him. I have seen in a Charles Town Gazette, of

Oct. 14, a congratulatory address to Lord Cornwallis on his defeating Gates, and a proclamation of his Lordship for sequestering the estates of the Rebels, in the list of whom I presume we shall stand, but as I suppose Rivington has printed that address and proclamation, I do not send 'em.

I shall expect with impatience Major Lee's corps, Gen'l Green, and letters from you, all which I presume are on the way; pray give me every material piece of intelligence as expeditiously as possible. I shall set off for Charlotte in 3 or 4 days. In hopes of an interview with Gen'l Sumpter there, or some other convenient place, having sent to him for that purpose,

I am with great esteem, gent,
Your obed't serv't,
J. Rutledge.

P. S. Salisbury, Nov. 20, 1780.—The person by whom this is to go not having set out as he purposed, I've kept it open to add any thing which might occur before he went. Capt. or Major Davie (of which gallant officer without doubt you have heard) is just come up from Smallwood's camp, which is still as above mentioned Col. Davie's report of the strength and posts of the enemy and of ours, is much the same as above, except that Lord C. has moved lower down the country, and so has Sumpter; the latter is below his lordship, about S. W. of him. C. is at Shirer's ferry, or the E. side of Broad River, Sumpter below that ferry between Broad and Saluda; his present object is to collect a force, and by going so low down the country give those who are desirious an opportunity to join him. Davie says Tarlton is in quest of Marion, and doing much mischief in burning houses on Santee.

I wish Lee's corps were come, but fear they will stop in Virginia. Davie further adds, that the enemy mount many of their infantry, in order to proceed rapidly with their cavalry, the latter of which consist of 250 good. I fear the Virginia 18 months men will not come on, (for Gen'l Mulenburgh, who was on the march Southwardly with 1500 turned back,) unless the Enemy should leave Virginia, and I am sorry to find that we must rely so much on our own efforts. I mean on those of the Carolinas. However, I will endeavor to prevail on Col. Cleveland and the mountain men to assist us for a short time with a party of volunteers, (they will not stay long) and I shall undoubtedly use every exertion to prevail with our own people to act as they ought to do. Inclosed is a continuation of your appointment which I transmit, lest any doubt should arise hereafter, (at the end of 12 months from the time of your nomination,) about your continuing in the Delegation. I intended to have sent it long ago; but the matter slipt my memory. Excuse haste, for I have not time to re-write and transcribe this letter, being obliged to write many despatches and transact several matters before I set out for Charlotte.

Nov. 25.—Tarlton has lately burned the House which was General Richardson's, turned his widow and family out of doors, and plundered them; burned about 30 other houses on Santee, and is gone in pursuit of Sumpter.

The Delegates of S. Carolina in Congress.

(On the Envelope.)

If Mr. Baird should not proceed, and the post should not be going from Baltimore or Lancaster, (immediately after his arrival there,) to Philadelphia, he will be pleased to send this letter by express (a trusty person) to the gentleman

for whom it is directed—the expense of which they will pay.

J. R.

VI.—LETTER TO THE DELEGATES.

Salisbury, Nov. 26, 1780.

Gent: I have just received by the person whom I sent to Hillsborough, your favors of the 10th and 24th ult., and observe with pleasure what you say respecting a letter to the King of France. I hope Congress will send several copies of it—each by a gentleman of address, sense and spirit, master of the subject, and well acquainted with the French language, who will, without offence or the fear of giving it, make a full and true representation of our affairs. I believe nothing else is necessary to obtain from France immediate and ample supplies of money, clothing, tents, arms, military stores, and a sufficient aid of troops and ships. An early and vigorous campaign would give us Independence, that should be the first object of France and America, and our utmost efforts used to obtain it as soon as possible. The Chevalier and Marquis are warm friends of America. They will, if requested, give us their influence and interest. I wish the Marquis would be personally an advocate for America with his prince. An application from Gen'l Washington would have considerable effect in France, and a confidential officer sent by him to concert measures with the French Minister of War, would do more than can be expected from our Plenipotentiary at Versailles, with the Count de Vergennes. It is a melancholy reflection, (when we consider our inexhaustible resources and powerful alliance,) that there should be a British soldier in the Continent, and intolerable, that in the present state of the War our affairs should be in such a wretched condition as they are. I am persuaded that nothing which can retrieve them will be omitted by you.

Col. Marion had a successful skirmish some weeks ago with a party of tories; the inclosed extract of his letter to me will give you the particulars. It is said here that Tarlton attacked Sumpter last Monday and was repulsed, with the loss of upwards of 100 killed and wounded, that Tarlton was mortally wounded, (but was carried off;) that only one man was killed on our side, and that Sumpter was slightly wounded in the arm, (the ball was cut out,) and retreated pretty high up the country, apprehending that the enemy were about to attack him in great force. I give you this news as we have it; there is no official account come of it, but it is told with great appearance of credibility. However, we must not publish till we are sure of it. I repeat my request that you will transmit to me with the greatest despatch every material occurrence, and am with great regard, Gent.,

Yr. most obd't Serv't,

J. Rutledge.

P. S. I shall set off as soon as I close this packet, for Charlotte.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON SOUTHERN CIVILIZATION.

NO. III.

That there is such a thing as a collective intellect whose peculiarities may be noted and delineated in nearly every people we have hitherto taken for granted, and indeed we need cite no further proof of it than the usage of common parlance. We habitually speak of the genius of this or that people, meaning by this their peculiar tendencies as well as their general intellectual tone, their aptness for certain pursuits, as well as their incapacity for others, their proneness for certain modes of thought in philosophy, their natural predisposition to excellence in certain styles of art, no less than their political idiosyncracies. The existence of such characteristics witnesses the existence of collective intellect; for we know that there are only a few of them, the fostering of which is the special interest and business of particular individuals of such a nation, that most of them exist independently of any human care, and are the spontaneous growth of peculiar intellectual predisposition implanted by the Creator, being generally an unconscious possession, revealing itself only to a careful and philosophic contemplation. Indeed the necessity of something like this collective intellect to *association* itself even, can be no better expressed than in the following words of Guizot: "A common conviction, that is to say one and the same idea, recognized and received as true, is the fundamental basis, the hidden bond of human society. We may confine ourselves to associations the most limited and simple, or rise to the most complicated, the most extensive; we may examine what passes between two or three barbarians united for a hunting expedition, or in the midst of an assembly called to treat of the affairs of a great people; every where and in all cases the fact of association consists essentially in the adherence of the individuals to the same thought; whilst if they do not comprehend and understand each other, they are but isolated beings, placed side by side, but which do not impress one another, nor hold together. A common sentiment, a common belief, whatsoever be its nature or its object, is the first condition of the social state; and it is only in the bosom of the truth, or of that which they take to be the truth, that men unite and society is born. And in this sense, a modern philosopher* has with reason said, that there is no society, but among intellects; that society exists only in those particulars, within those limits, wherein is accomplished the union of intellects; that where intellects have nothing in common, society is not; in other words, that intellectual society is the only society, the necessary element and the foundation, so to speak, of all external and visible associations.†

Now, it is evident that each such intellectual society must be a unit, at least within its own limits. The fundamental ideas around which, as a nucleus, it is formed, may not be the same as the ideas which

*M. l'Ablé de Lamennais.

†Histoire de la Civilisation en France, Tom. 1 *ere.*, p. 307–8.

have served as the nucleus of another association, but they must be one and the same for at least the dominant majority of individuals in a single community in order that an association capable of developing a civilization, may grow out of it. This "intellectual society," which Lamennais so truly asserts to be "the only society," is, with a shade of alteration in the idea the collective intellect, we have so often mentioned. Only look at it less in reference to the personal relations of the individuals, and more in view of the aggregate and sum of the ideas themselves upon which the individuals write and form a whole, and its conception is easy. The existence of these common ideas, nay, even of common modes and tendencies of thought, are themselves proof of the existence of a common collective intellect. Now of this we claim that it is the essential condition and subject of civilization, and that without it no civilization can exist, that is, that where a nation consists of such diverse elements in such equal strength that no one can acquire the absolute superiority and at the same time so oppressed and incongruous that amalgamation is impossible, and each so small as to be incapable of constructing for itself a separate political existence, the result of such a forced mixture of discordant and jarring atoms can never result in civilization. The first, and what we might call the embryonic form of a civilization is the collective intellectual unity of its people, nor only so, but this unity must continue while the civilization lasts, and whenever it is destroyed, civilization must fall with it. And though as civilization grows upon this fundamental intellectual unity, it specializes itself into many and seemingly opposite forms, yet the contrariety of these is one not inconsistent with an underlying unity, but they, like the limbs of the body, seemingly diverse, are built upon a common plan, developed from a common germ, and though varying, nay, even in some sense opposite in function, yet their very oppositions become necessary details of a perfect symmetry, and conspire together to accomplish the same common ends. So then this unity is never lost, but becomes specialized into a whole with parts.

But of this specialization more hereafter—for the interpretation Guizot gives of this unity is founded more on theory than on practical observation, and though given in reference to "*la société spirituelle*," to which an ideal theoretical standard is in many respects more applicable, it must yet be guarded against in our consideration of that intellectual unity which is the basis of civilization. He says that this unity is founded in the unity of Truth,—"Truth is one he argues, therefore if the intellect of a people be fixed upon the contemplation of truth, it must grow into oneness from that contemplation. But truly the intellect of a people may be one, without having truth particularly for its object—nay even this oneness may exist, where the grossest errors, the most debasing superstitions, and a tenacious adherence to false views of morality are among the common features of the collective mind. We have only to recall the fact that the collective intellect of the Ishmaelites first overran a third of the world, with destruction in one hand, a religious imposture in the other, before it settled down to exhume an ancient science, and develope an intellectual activity of its own, whose effects are still felt by the intellect of modern Europe, and whose existence is borne witness to by some

of the commonest words in the mouths of our school-boys.

The unity we speak of, therefore, is not that which might be conceived to spring from an infallible perception of the same truth by all the minds of a community—it is rather a unity of intellectual organization, such that all the minds sharing it, if placed under the same circumstances, will naturally incline in the same directions, will exhibit the same tendencies, and in the general arrive at the same ideas, as conclusions upon which collective action must be taken, or perhaps still more generally as great actuating motives which impel the mass of the people unconsciously in the same directions, the greater part knowing not and asking not why.

Now, the existence of a unity of intellectual organization like that described, demands as its necessary condition, a unity of Race. We fully agree with Count de Gobineau that there is an intellectual and moral diversity of the races, consonant with those physical diversities which are so easily demonstrated, and which have been of late so minutely studied and described by naturalists. Unfortunately of these intellectual differences it has not been possible to acquire so thorough a knowledge; and since in each case the study demands a profound analysis, the widest literary research, and a practical acquaintance with the people, its subject, it is obvious the first necessary requirements for such a study are such as it falls to the lot of very few men to possess. And, indeed, except in regard of the Indo-Germanic nations, the West Africans, the American Aborigines and the Chinese, we can scarcely be said to have the necessary materials. With regard to the principal nations of modern Christendom, their essential peculiarities are well recognized even by themselves and every newspaper writer now talks of the ideality of the German intellect, the practicability and power-loving activity of the Anglo-Saxon and the more nearly equal balance of these qualities in the French intellect, united there with a refined and vastly developed sensuousness. Yet certain it is that distinct and easily recognizable as the peculiarities of these nations are, their differences are quite small when compared with those which are brought out by contrasting them with other races as the Chinese or even with the ancient civilization of Greece; and, indeed, the Germanic nations constitute a single civilization, as is abundantly exhibited in political matters by their international laws, whilst every science in Europe and America is one and the same, and their poetry all partakes of a certain feeling for and fellowship with nature, unknown to their masters the ancient Greeks and Romans. At the same time we by no means deny the reality of their natural distinctions, and we believe these due not to circumstances, but to the organization itself of their minds. Hence from the contemplation of the present state of our own modern civilization, we deduce two facts—the particular national intellectual unity of each of the peoples composing it, and the general intellectual unity of the whole of Christendom—a collective intellect of each nation, and a collective intellect of the whole community of nations. Now, if there be one thing we learn from nature, with so much clearness that all men acknowledge its truth, it is that the Heavenly Father works in us and in the world about us and through us upon that world, according to definite laws. Turn where we will, examine what we please, either in the material or the spiritual crea-

tures of His Will, the same state of things reveals itself to our investigation. All things constitute a system, divided and branching into many parts and details it is true, but all harmonizing and uniting, in one general plan and idea, like the grand passages and seemingly fitful changes of a majestic strain of music, some of them far off from us, like creatures of other worlds, some near and distinct as familiar things, some beautiful and soft and tender, some grand or solemn or awful, now gliding on in an unbroken link of harmony as the stars in their courses, aad now troubled by a discord, whose presence is as designed, and whose influence has been as nicely foreseen and adjusted as those of our own jarring fellowships with Evil, and Pain, and Death.

The details of this harmony, this consistency, the ideas according to which its various special ends are designed and attained, the modes in which its various parts work together we call *laws*. A law, therefore, as distinguished from a divine precept or commandment, is the manner in which God works in His creation. In each special case, this modus operandi, the *law*, will be found consistent with itself, in harmony with correlated laws, and with the whole system, essential to the existence of the thing in which it is manifested, essential to the well being of neighboring things and essential to the symmetry and unity and accurate balance of the Whole System. We can neither add an iota nor take away a tittle. Whatever is there *must be*—and whatever must be is there. And so we come to know, that there is no systematic occurrence of the same or similar phenomena under the same given conditions, that does not indicate the existence of a law, whose importance and usefulness we indeed may not perceive, but whose very existence is the full proof, and incontestable witness of its own importance. We think such a recurrence of phenomena is visible in the history of civilization, betraying a principle upon which the development of the intellectual activity of nations proceeds. Not that in this case of intellectual developement it has its only exemplification, for it is in our belief a universal principle, but here its working may be as distinctly discerned as elsewhere, and perhaps no where else can we find it evinced in forms more familiar to the vast majority of civilized men.

We have already argued that the collective intellectual unity is the first stage of civilization, and that considered as a whole its development proceeds by a specialization of it into parts. This necessarily contains as an implied assertion that the intellectual unit is at first comparatively homogeneous, that its pursuits are few and nearly the same for all the individual minds which compose it. And that such is the case, a parallel between any barbarous (i. e. undeveloped) society and a civilized one, will readily demonstrate. Take for instance the ancient German tribes, which, for barbarians, were by no means remarkable for homogeneousness, and setting on one side their soldiers, priests, and scalds, any two of them united in the same individual, and even existing in company with skill in handicraft, the soldier being generally his own armourer for example, and contrast with these the civilized Germanic nations of the present day, with their innumerable special ramifications of pursuit—in other words their division of labor. Every man is no longer a soldier, the soldier is no longer his own armourer, nay, the armourer himself can only con-

struct a single kind of weapon, and most frequently only a single part of that single weapon. But though the sphere of his labor be more contracted in proportion to the whole, it is conceived and carried out according to the teachings of a science unknown to the ruder arts of his ancestors, and demanding so much care and attention to details, as necessarily to employ the whole of his time and mental energy.

Nor will a consideration of the purely intellectual pursuits afford less striking evidence of the gradual progress of a comparative homogeneousness to the condition of variety in unity. The characters of poet, historian, and priest, united so commonly in barbarous and semi-barbarous society are in these days very distinct, and though the attainments of excellence in several branches of intellectual activity by a single individual is looked upon with admiration by the most civilized men, yet it is so because it is an exception—a proof of more than ordinary genius, capable of resisting somewhat that natural course of things, to other men irresistible, and of conquering for itself a position of command within a wider range. But every day, as society grows older, and intellectual activity more developed, this tendency to socialization increases in strength—the sum of what must be known or accomplished in any one department of human activity is so vast, as to require the devotion of the whole lifetimes of the ablest men. Lastly, these departments, which are the ultimate ramifications of the great collective intellectual labor in one generation, become themselves subdivided in that which follows; and it would not be venturing too much to predict, that specialization will, in the course of a century, proceed so far that a Bacon would not be able to write more than a critique of Political History, a Goethe and Schiller would be confined to the Lyre, and a Humboldt could do no more than present a general view of the condition of some single Physical Science. Of course this progressive specialization is the incontestable proof that there exists a powerful collective energy at work, and that this energy is not the motive force of a single intellect, but the gravitation of a collective body of millions towards some distant and as yet undiscerned point of spiritual space. No less does it show that this body is not a mere hap-hazard collection of discordant intellectual elements, but a vast intellectual unity, manifold and varied in its parts, but all the rather for that reason, a more or less perfect and comprehensive unity in the midst of its diversity. Take for illustration any one of the manufactures of modern times with its hundreds of workmen, each elaborating a single product or conducting a single process, which of itself perhaps is wholly unavailable either for profit or pleasure. Would such a state of things exist? Is it in the nature of man, not only to continue, but even to tolerate such labor, did not fruitful purpose, ultimately to be realized, demand it? And yet such a purpose is not immediately the object of any one particular workman, but of the collective unanimity which for that end pervades the whole body of workmen. It is the "common idea" spoken of by Guizot which animates them. But it will be said, that here there is not necessarily such an unanimity; that men are constrained by the necessity of earning their bread much more than by any other consideration; and that a workman may elaborate the product for which he is fitted, without know-

ing or caring what further use is to be made of it, provided only his end is attained. And this leads to the consideration of another feature in the intellectual unity, which is one especially to be borne in mind —we mean its independence of the volition of individuals. The very fact that in such an establishment, workmen may be found who are there only from necessity, demonstrates the irresistible force of the collective intellect. The unanimity exists still, whether enforced or voluntary—the collective intellect, with or without the consent of any one individual, moves to have its labor performed according to its own peculiar system, lays hold of all the resources and commands all the necessaries of life, and the unwilling laborer finds himself compelled to obey its commands and accept its conditions, nay even to become part of an intellectual agency, created by no human design, and independently of the consent of all men.

Among these nations of Christendom, collaborators in the most complicated and vast civilization the world has ever seen, we have a more magnificent illustration of the resistless power of this stupendous agency. A collective intellect of Christendom has been for centuries forming and developing itself among these nations. Very appreciably distinct as each of their national civilizations is from the other, yet they all have points in common, and on these is founded the possibility of such a collective intellect, into which each of these more circumscribed national civilizations enters as a component individual element. All of the physical sciences, as they at present exist, belong to this collective intellect—their modes of research, the formulae in which their results are expressed, are one, or nearly so, for the whole community of nations—and though there are still national distinctions in the modes of employing these, the intrinsic unity of the whole still subsists. Nay, the most powerful of these nations could not capriciously depart from, nor make innovation upon what might be called the established usages of science; the collective intellect of Christendom to which that Science belongs, would irresistably compel it to conformity. The same is true to a less extent with regard to the other and lighter pursuits of pure intellect; but in the sphere of politics, we have its chief exemplification. Our international laws, whose only validity stands in the circumstance that they express the common sense of this collective intellect of Christendom, are yet held sacred, and to break one of them is a national crime punishable by other nations. Nor (so powerful is the agent that enacts these laws) can any nation disallow them, by saying, we did not enact these laws nor consent to their being enacted,—they do not suit our special plans and purposes, and therefore we will none of them. A Christianized nation of the white race would be immediately outlawed by such a declaration, and on the first pretext, the collective intellect would enforce obedience to its requirements with the sword, if necessary. But in these matters the position of this agent is not even so passive as simply to punish those people that disobey its enactments. It does more. It draws into its mighty vortex every Christian nation; it allows no one to stand aloof; it compels all to take an active interest in every slight perturbation of the relations existing between the various actions which compose it. The history of our own country furnishes a case in point. The policy of our first

administrations was to have as little as possible to do with European affairs; but in spite of ourselves we have been gradually forced into the counsels of this world's intellect, until at the present day we are as necessary to the decision of every question of general importance as England, France or Germany. We see, therefore, that the collective intellectual unity, whether it be that of some obscure association, or of a great nation, or of all christendom, is not only active; it is more, it is aggressive. It absorbs every Christian Caucasian people, and compels peoples of other races to conform in a lower sphere to its dictates, and revolve about its onward progress as satellites—and even what cannot be contemplated but with melancholy feeling, even entire races of men are disappearing rapidly at the contact of this spiritual agency, with which they cannot combine, to which they cannot submit, and which, most of all, they are utterly unable to resist.

To return now from this digression. We have seen that the very condition of minute subdivision which is exhibited by intellectual pursuits, is proof of the existence of the collective intellectual unity. It is moreover the highest condition of the associate intellect—and paradoxical as the expression may seem—the intrinsic unity of a people's intellect is even more perfect, more indivisible and individual, when it has attained this heterogeneous aspect, than when under a more homogeneous form, its progress is but beginning to develop itself. And to illustrate our meaning we may take the analogy of the embryonic development of animals, before introduced. We begin with the earliest stage of the embryo, wherein it is a little more than a revolving sphere, composed almost entirely of innumerable other little spheres or cells, in fact almost absolutely homogeneous.—Next the developmental force exhibits itself, by introducing a differentiation between several portions of this homogeneous mass. The little organic spheres of one portion begin to assume a different form and new connections with each other—in fact, instead of being merely a collection of juxta-posed organic molecules, they now become united into a membrane or layer. Meanwhile the remaining portions have either retained their original condition, or they have somewhere perhaps been removed entirely by absorption, and so cavities and channels left in which now a fluid begins to circulate. From this time the layer or rudiment of the animal's body above referred to grows rapidly; it has itself undergone differentiation, perhaps as in some cases it is divided into two or three distinct layers—and the several portions of each of these have no longer the same uniformity of structure, but in one portion we observe the incipient formation of bone, in another of muscle, in another of a brain and nerves, in still another of a digestive system, and the palpitating point in a neighboring region indicates that there the original homogeneous matter has been modified into the form of a heart. In those animals which have neither brain nor bone, of course their earlier stages are not quite so complicated, but in all the same principle of differentiation of a homonogeneous mass into diverse parts, guides the whole development; limbs or appendages are next thrust out from the growing embryo—next in these themselves begins the work of differentiation, and their parts remain no longer similar, and so the development goes on until out of that original mass of homogeneous

spherules, a perfect animal, capable of swimming, walking or flying, seeking its own food, fighting its own battles, and maintaining a supremacy in its own allotted sphere, is fully formed, a perfect individual. But we must not pass over the fact, that in the earlier portion of this history when homogeneousness is still the characteristic of the whole organism, there is a more or less constant tendency to the separation of the mass into two or more similar masses, and that this tendency continues for some time, and is even permanent among the lower animals whose structure during life is comparatively homogeneous. That as heterogeniety proceeds in the natural course of development, this tendency to fission is gradually lost—the organism becomes more truly *individual* in proportion, as specialization has introduced a greater variety and complexity into its parts. Thus in the embryology of animals which might furnish a guiding analogy for the study of the histories of all progressive developments, we find first a condition of synthetic homogeneousness, a homogeneousness which contains the possibilities of all the changes which are to follow—next this synthetic homogeneousness is gradually metamorphosed by specialization of its parts into a perfect complex individual. Now, individuality, which here is almost identical with unity, is more or less perfect, as the parts of which the whole is composed are more or less inter-dependent. This is the broad distinction between a material or merely abstract unity and the unity of animal organization, as well as of animal association. In the earlier homogeneous stage, unity or individuality holds only a precarious existence—for though we have truly characterized it as synthetic, that is, uniting in itself the possibilities of all the subsequent changes, yet its very homogeneousness prevents that localization of these possibilities and tendencies, which, by distributing them one to one part, another to another, would produce a mutual dependence between the parts. Hence all of these latter have a certain independence of each other, and more than this, we find from the possibility of the fission of one such embryo into several, that the capacity for developing all the subsequent metamorphoses of the animal exists almost in equal degree and variety and completeness in all the parts of the embryo. It is not until development has progressed that the different functions of life and movement and relation are distributed among the parts, which so being unable to exist one without the other, become mutually inter-dependent, mere adjuncts of a central and perfected unity or individuality. Therefore, individuality as distinguished from idiosyncrasy, in animal life consists in the mutual inter-dependence of the parts of which a whole is composed. Now, as this inter-dependence of parts increases in influence, homogeneousness disappears, the parts become more and more unlike each other, more restricted in their functions, and more absolutely necessary to each other—and in the very fact of the disappearance of homogeneity, and the increasing diversity of the parts, we see the gradual perfecting of individuality or animal unity. Doubtless this unity exists in the organism at all periods of its growth, but to the lowest and earliest it approaches to such a unity as we find in the aggravation of entirely similar things,—it is like the unity of a crystal which may be broken up into any number of similar crystals, of any degree of minuteness,

but where the particular parts have no essential inter-dependence upon each other.

Here then is the complete parallel for the development of the collective intellect. It must always constitute a collective unit—but its first stage is one of comparatively homogeneous unity, a unity comparable in many respects to the unity of inorganic bodies; its development proceeds by the differentiation of its elementary parts, and its latter stages are those of a specialized unity, wherein the parts as they diverge from each other in form contract a closer and closer inter-dependence upon each other in function, and become severally more and more essential to the well-being and even the existence of the whole. This higher condition is the analogue of the organic unity or true individuality, which is seen in its elevated forms only among the most elevated and intelligent creatures. In the first stages the component elements, which are individual intellects, are more nearly similar *inter se.* There is less diversity of employment, the political machinery is of the simplest and most homogeneous form, nearly every man of the community having a voice in public matters, even property is usually held in common—there are no such distinctions as those between the educated and uneducated, the refined and vulgar, the elevated and debased classes of society; and even where slavery exists, the difference intellectually between master and slave is, unless founded in difference of race, nothing. Indeed the differences which do exist between men in such states of society are mostly produced by external accidents, or brute force, and where a truly intellectual difference between some one individual and his fellows does exist, it is one of those exceptions which lives and dies with the individual, and holds no proper position in the history of the collective intellect. But the collective intellect even in this stage of homogeneousness has in itself the conditions of development, so that unless external counteracting forces are present, it not only can, but must of necessity, progress by specialization to that form of the higher unity which it is fitted to attain by the organization of the race to which it belongs, and its own national peculiarities. The manner in which operates this specialization, or restriction and devotion of each single element to the performance of a single function, may be thus illustrated.* A and B can each perform a certain work in handicraft, fine art, or science with a certain degree of skill. This work necessarily includes the performance of two distinct processes. After working separately for some time, each performing both processes, and going through the whole routine of the labor, they find that by uniting they can divide the two processes, each assuming that portion only in which he is most skillful. The result of the work performed by the two in concert, thus exhibits a manifest superiority over the results produced by each working alone. But the improvement does not stop here—for each now having but a

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Note.—It must be borne in mind, that every such generalization as the present one, which concerns human society, can never be demonstrated with ideal exactness in individual cases. Though generally true, in each individual instance it is modified by circumstances to such a degree that none but they who are willing to acknowledge the well-marked difference between mathematical generalizations, and such as these for which we have no good term, will be able to follow the thread of its truth through the maze of modifying circumstances.

single process upon which to expend his attention, is enabled to give that single process more thought, and by consequence arrives at still greater excellence in its performance. After a while this specialization of the two processes becomes universal among workmen, until at last each from youth is instructed with care only in that to which he is to devote his life. This system then lies at the bottom of civilized education, viz: the special allotment of each individual to some special pursuit, office or employment. But the effects of it are not confined to the education for the pursuits necessary to the commonwealth. It is exhibited in every department, in every nook and corner into which civilized society penetrates. The whole population becomes divided into the laborers and capitalists, brain-workers and hand-workers, the refined and the coarse, and lastly, what is most remarkable, in nearly every civilized community we have also a moral differentiation—we have good and bad as well as refined and coarse classes, distinguished from each other by lines almost as strongly drawn as those of caste. We think it may be laid down as an universal rule that no people, as a whole, was ever made more moral by civilization. The specialization by which each individual is devoted as by inevitable destiny to some special employment of his intellectual powers, does not give him moral tendencies, it only imparts to him more power in the thing, whatsoever it be, to which his attention has been turned. If knavery, or the pandering to the immoral tastes of others are the paths which first open to him, this power, obtained from civilization, only "makes him tenfold more the child of hell" than he might have been in a more homogeneous society—and so there comes to be an absolute progress in wickedness, among the civilized, of the like of which we hardly know anything among savages. On the other hand it is most assuredly true that though, as has been justly remarked by others, there is no progress in our knowledge of abstract moral truths, yet the general intellectual progress certainly evinces itself in all that pertains to the application of these, as civilization is developed. The primary moral axioms have so much in common with mathematical axioms, that the whole of them may be deduced while other sciences are in their infancy, and when once adequately expressed they remain fixed forever—what is once perfect cannot be made more so. But when men come to the application of these to particular cases, every thing depends upon the intellectual judgment of the facts and circumstances, and then again upon the intellectual development. Hence we find that as civilization advances there is a positive progress in moral distinctions, and often an actual elevation of the standard of practical moral perfection. More than this, there is a remarkable tendency to the formation of moral associations, and though these are usually complicated with ecclesiastical and purely religious phenomena, yet in some instances they are not, as in the ancient Greek schools of Philosophy, and no less in the many charitable and philanthropic (so designed) societies of our own civilization. But at the same time good morals in nearly all civilizations gradually become the peculiar property and heritage of a class—and that composed of neither the highest nor the lowest of the people, but of those who occupy an intermediate station in life, as has been so often remarked, that further no-

tice of it is scarcely needful. But in this fact we see again the peculiar working of the specializing tendency which characterises the development of the collective intellect.

Now, to recur to our former assertion that the amount of evil and good, in all probability is proportionately the same in the same people, at all times of its progress, and to the views of those who consider civilization a progress towards moral perfection, we see that this view and that assertion are incompatible, and we are immediately met by the benevolent thinkers who hold it, with the demand—"what then is the use of legislation? Why should we make laws for the suppression of evil, if it be impossible even to diminish the proportion of it? We answer that though this is no legitimate argument against what we claim to be an absolute fact, yet that we make laws in order to maintain the existing balance between good and evil. In reality, penal legislation is the record of the acts of the moral sense of the collective intellect, for the restraint of its own immoral tendencies; and did any one even wish to try the experiment of abandoning it, the experiment would be impossible since this penal code is a result of the collective intellect, which never has existed without one—and hence in this sense the penal code may be said to exist independently of the choice of individual men, whose power extends no further than to moulding to some degree the form which it shall take. But the limits originally designed for this article have already been exceeded. Though much more might be said—here must we leave the investigation for the present. We have endeavored to establish the following facts and principles.

1. There is no civilization which has not for its bases a collective intellect, and this intellect must not be a mere aggregation but a unity.

2. That this intellectual unity is dependent upon unity of race, and even within narrower limits upon unity of natural characteristics.

3. That civilization is the progressive development of this collective intellect, and that its progress consists in the gradual passages of the collective intellect from a state of comparative homogeneousness, by the differentiation of its parts to a highly specialized condition.

4. That there is a collective intellect of Christendom, as well as of each Christian nation, and that therefore we may say there is a civilization of Christendom.

If these points be granted as true we will have something definite, upon which to found our reasoning as to the nature and the future of our own civilization.

RETROSPECTION AND ASPIRATION.

The fiery glow of sunset fails,
And soft adown the deepening vales
The tranquil shadows steal apace.
The winds repose, the waters keep
The stillness of unbroken sleep,
And all the unmeasured realm of space
Between us, and the stars that rise
To crown these rich, imperial skies
Majestic Silence holds in thrall;
Only, the quiet dews that fall,
In stealthy drippings from the eaves,
Or some lone bird among the leaves
Touched by a transient dream of flight
Stir to the faintest thrill of sound
The mystery of the calm profound.

The peace of Heaven is in my heart,
And if that God would grant me grace
I could lie down in this sweet place
Breathe *Nunc Dimittis!* and—depart;

Depart through Death's serenest door,
For Death hath smoothed the frown he wore,
Since She—my Love—passed through before.

I stand forlorn where last I stood
Espoused to Hope; one fair, and good,
And very generous in her trust,
And very queenly in her pride,
(The pride of perfect womanhood,
That crowneth with its regal sweetness
All meaner Creatures' incompleteness,)
Was near to blend the brightening charm
Of her entrancing human eyes
With Nature's beauty, and make warm
With murmurings of a human love—
Borne on a gentle tide of sighs—
The else cold pulses of the air.

Around me sways the orange grove,
The self-same grove that heard our vows,
And waved its glad melodious boughs,
Setting to music all we said,
And showering on her gracious head
White flowers as if to crown a bride.

Just on an eve like this She died,
So still, and fair—I saw her die
Bound with a spell of agony,
Too bitter for the balm of sighs,
That froze the tears within mine eyes,
The currents of my brain, and blood;
The while as statue-wan I stood,
As one who in the lonely trance
Of some unearthly dark Romance
Hath heard a ghostly trump of doom
Wailing above an open tomb:

Ah! then, and thus, I saw her die
And in the still immensity
Of that stern grief, I only knew
That Bliss was false, that Death was true,
And the whole world thenceforth would be
A sullen, soul-less void to me.

Love! lift me to thy radiant clime,
I sicken on the waste of Time,
And burn to breathe a subtler breath
Than that which haunts these realms of death,
For round about me float and stir
Foul odors of the Sepulchre,
Rising, a monstrous mist to blight
The glory of the inner sight,
Shrouding phantasmal shapes of ill—
But Thou, the same sweet Angel still,
Thou can'st not leave me thus forlorn
And exiled from the gates of morn.

Within my soul a vision glows,
A vision of the Peace to be
The undivined Serenity.
Within whose depths the Angels dwell:
Through many a fiery-girded Hell
Of self-inflicted wo, and pain,
Through many lives—(for still I hold
That not in vain above us rolled
The mighty planets whirl in space,
Each is the destined dwelling-place
Of souls fresh-winged in every star)—
We struggle toward the holy Height
The consummation infinite
Whereto the groaning Ages tend.

A prescient Voice foretells the End,
O! Voice that fallest faint, and far
Sound on through all our dreary night.

"From height to height the soul aspires,
Reluming its mysterious fires
Through the vast worlds which gird the way
Up to the immemorial Day
Of primal Immortality"—

Ah then! once more to meet with thee
In that far-off Eternity,
To feel that human love may shine
Unwavering 'midst the Love Divine,
To rise on Rapture's eagle wing,
And hear the spheral music ring,
And that great song the Seraphs sing,
Peal round the Godhead's mystery,
And mark when grosser systems trace
Their orbits in the outcast space,
Earth with its transient agonies
Sink from the height of those calm skies
Down to a gulf so dim and low,
They flicker to a fire-fly glow,
Myths of a million years ago!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Whoever has studied the criticism upon *Hamlet* in *Wilhelm Meister*, must have risen from its perusal with a conviction that to the highest manifestation of critical power and insight, a degree of analytical and imaginative ability is necessary, the possession of which may be said to place the first-class *Critic* side by side with the most illustrious of poets and dramatists. Rightly to appreciate art, and especially that subtlest of its forms expressed in "the rhythmical creation of Beauty," the critic must be both a student and a man of fine natural endowments. In any of the practical professions it is seldom that the uninitiated venture to be dogmatic. Law, Medicine and Theology are generally left to be expounded by their avowed votaries. A ploughman who, upon the strength of his grandmother's recipes, meddles in a desperate case with the Doctor's prescriptions, deserves to be punished with a protraction of his disease, and a tailor's clerk, whose business it is to measure broadcloth, would doubtless be pronounced presumptuous and far from the path of grace, were he bold enough to dispute with a learned Divine upon the metaphysics of predestination, the necessity of immersion or any other abstruse points of faith and doctrine. But let the claims of art or artists be brought under discussion, and the rule is at once reversed. People of the meanest understandings and the most uncultivated taste hesitate not to pass their shallow judgments, and all that is graceful in painting, striking in sculpture, genial and profound in poetry, is subjected to the sneers of coxcombs, and the stupid misapprehension of sixth rate "Critics."

But painting, sculpture, and, we may add, music having something of the sensuous about them, are to a certain extent tangible in their appeals; with poetry the case is different; addressed as it is directly to the intellect, or to the soul, with no further bearing upon the sensuous nature than is involved in the harmonies of metre and rhythm, it is evident that the great mass of mankind not being blessed with the intellect to comprehend poetry *as an art*, nor with the delicacy of sentiment and depth of passion to appreciate its *spiritual* meaning, are continually confounding the false with the true, the nonsense of newspaper "Floras" and "Matildas," with whatever is grand or beautiful in the works of acknowledged genius. The harm which is done to individual reputation, is the least of the evils resulting from the effrontery of would-be-critics. Men are easily deceived by *words*, and audacity of assertion is not unfrequently the mother of conviction. It is only upon this principle that we can account for the gross and long-continued injustice of which the public, in various lands, have from age to age been guilty towards their great Artists—more particularly their *Poets*. Only the song-writers—those who seize and embody with skill and feeling universally appreciable ideas—have been honored with the prompt recognition of the people. Yet, injustice to individuals might be borne, since posterity is sure to reverse the hasty *dictum* of contemporary folly, were it not that the same process whereby the Artist is depreciated, and his claims set aside, inevitably leads to a confused and grovelling estimate of *Art itself*.

Here is the point upon which we would insist. Until Literature rises in some degree to the dignity of a *profession*, and its *genuine* votaries be permitted to speak with the same measure of authority which is daily granted to those who now practice the three so-called "liberal professions," the cry about "encouraging our own authors," "supporting our own periodicals," "building up our own literature," is "*vox et praeteria nihil*"—unsubstantial boasting, delusion, and cant.

We are sure all our lady readers will thank us for bringing to light the following curious definition of a kiss. It is an extract from a German love-letter, written as far back as the year 1679, and treats an important subject so fully and satisfactorily, that every one of taste must consider it a gem:

"What is a kiss? A kiss is, as it were, a seal expressing our sincere attachment; the pledge of our future union; a dumb, but at the same time audible language of a living heart; a present which at the same time that it is given, is taken from us: the impression of an ardent attachment on an ivory

coral press; the striking of two flints against one another; a crimson balsam for a love-wounded heart; a sweet bite of the lip; an affectionate pinching of the mouth; a delicious dish which is eaten with scarlet spoons; a sweet-meat which does not satisfy hunger; a fruit which is planted and gathered at the same time; the quickest exchange of questions and answers of two lovers; the fourth degree of love."

In Taylor's "Flag-Ship," published many years ago, we find a number of entertaining facts, illustrating the manners and religion of Siam. In the sacred books of the Budhists are the Siamese ten commandments, the *first* five of which are obligatory upon all persons, the *last* five upon the priesthood only. These commandments are as follows:

"1. Do not kill animals. 2. Do not steal. 3. Do not commit adultery. 4. Do not tell lies. 5. Do not drink ardent spirits. 7. Do not eat anything from mid-day until past midnight. 8. Do not sleep on a place more than a cubit high. 9. Do not anoint your body with fragrant oil or powder. 10. Do not look at a female, nor at theatrical exhibitions."

Sometime in 1806, an old fashioned couple received an invitation to dinner from acquaintances younger and gayer than they were. At the bottom of the card was the then new R. S. V. P. The excellent pair were puzzled beyond measure. It would probably puzzle many now, unacquainted with the French "*Respondez s'il vous plait.*" The old gentleman, still pondering the matter, fell—like most old gentlemen who think too deeply—asleep. He had not enjoyed his rest long, before his helpmete aroused him with a nervous shake of the shoulder, exclaiming—"My dear! I have found it out. R. S. V. P. means, *remember six, very punctually.*"

The following we extract from a charmingly candid letter communicated to the New York *Sunday Times* by the regular London correspondent of that journal. The writer says that he is an abolitionist, and loves "freedom as the inalienable possession of mankind," but confesses that the emancipation question is just now inextricably involved. The whole paragraph is well worthy of attention, as illustrating the legitimate results of practical abolitionism. It is pleasing, however, to reflect that under their present difficulties, of which immense pecuniary loss may be regarded as only a single item, that the English people can at all events fall back upon their "gratified feelings as Christians and philanthropists!" This writer says:

"We spent, a quarter of a century ago, twenty-five millions of pounds sterling in the emancipation of the British West Indies, and Heaven only knows how many millions we have disbursed since in a systematic effort to blockade the coast of Africa and put down the slave traffic all over the world, particularly in Cuba and Brazil But what return have we received for this enormous outlay, apart from *our gratified feelings as Christians and philanthropists?* Cuba persists in importing negroes notwithstanding the risk, and she flourishes beyond all comparison. Jamaica, as a British example, employs free labor, and her products have gradually fallen off until the contrast is absolutely painful as well as vexatious. In view of these facts we tried the Coolie trade; but accounts from Demarara show us that the inhumanity attendant upon the importation of these Chinese equals, if it does not exceed, that of the African trade in its worst phase. Now it is proposed to hire negroes in Africa for a term of years, convey them to the British West Indies, and, after their term of service has expired, send them home again at government expense. *This looks well; and Mr Buxton argues that, under our authority,* this could be done in a popular manner, although under the authority *of other nations it would certainly degenerate into a trade in slaves.*

"I must confess that this is a very difficult problem for solution. Jamaica, in her manifest decadence, looks at Cuban prosperity and complains. Millions spent for humanity's sake, and what is the lesson taught us in the result? That free labor, in the tropics, will *not* pay beside the labor of the slave! This is a humiliating truth. It is an awkward commentary on all our (something very unwise) efforts to induce your Southern States to abandon their system of negro bondage. It is anything but satisfactory to Exeter Hall; and particularly to those fanatics of the Uncle Tom school, like my Lord Shaftesbury here and his coadjutors in your Eastern States, who, I am sorry to say, would rather see your flourishing republic whelmed in its own ruins, I think, than witness the growing importance of any part of it with negro servitude at its base. I cannot admit that I relish the picture myself, *for I am an abolitionist—it is my country's peculiarity*

—and I love freedom as an inalienable possession of mankind. Nevertheless, I may not close my eyes to the teachings of experience. Then what is to be done? Cuba must, by some means, be compelled to give up the labor of the slave, or Jamaica must, by some means, be furnished with labor just as inexpensive. If not, free labor will extinguish all value in *our* West India possessions; and if the French and Spanish islands are placed, perforce, in the same category of comparative worthlessness, sugar, &c., must reach a price at which it will not pay to encourage their cultivation. Here is our dilemma. Would the apprentice system deliver us from it?"

"During the last week a very unusual sight attracted the attention of the railway passengers, while the trains were passing through Bishopton of Moss. It was that of two females yoked in a plough, which was guided by an ungallant male, who held the stilts. The only way of accounting for this eccentric proceeding, is the suggestion that the land, which is newly reclaimed, is too light to admit of horses being employed."—*Greenock (Scotland) Advertiser.*

"If the color of these yoked females had been black instead of white," says the New York *Day Book*, "and the scene of their degrading labor had been located in Virginia instead of Scotland, our Scotch cotemporary would have had another way of accounting for the *eccentric* proceeding."

Some of the anecdotes of Jerrold, now going the rounds of the Press, are by no means creditable to the taste or feeling of that caustic wit. For example:

"At the *Cafe de l'Europe* there was a famous dish made of calves' tail, which was considered as a greater dainty than ox-tail soup. Albert Smith was revelling on this dish one day, when Jerrold took a seat near him. The gourmand said, "Are you not surprised, Jerrold, to see me eating such a dish as calves' tail?"

"Not at all," replied the other; "*extremes often meet!*"

"One evening, at the Museum Club, upon Smith's ostentatiously saying, "Wasn't it strange—we had no fish at the Marquis's last night? That has happened twice lately. I cannot account for it." "Nor I," replied Jerrold, with a serious air, "*except they ate it all up stairs!*"—a cool intimation that Smith had dined with the flunkies in the kitchen.

"Sometimes he forgot his manners, as when he said of a very tall, thin young lady, who bored him for an hour with an Italian *bravura*, that "she was linked sweetness *long drawn out!*"

"Mrs. Colonel Latter, a bigoted believer in the limited liability of human happiness, and the certain damnation of all, except some fifty or sixty of her own peculiar clique, was endeavoring to knock into Jerrold's "limited capacity" the "Five Points" of Calvinism. When she came to that of Repróbation, she said it meant, in a few words, the doctrine "that every man was *born to be damned;*" on which the outraged Christianity of the listener relieved itself by saying, "Then, had I known it, *I'd be damned if I would have been born!*" The fair theologian always considered Jerrold as decidedly in for a warm berth."

In winding up a review of Wordsworth's poems, he indulges in the following comparisons, the wit of which is hardly such as to excuse their flippant irreverence, and stolid lack of appreciation. "Wordsworth reminds me of the Beadle of Parnassus, strutting about in a cocked hat, or, to be more poetical, of a modern Moses, who sits on Pisgah with his back obstinately turned to that promised land, the Future; he is only fit for those old maid tabbies, the Muses! His Pegasus is a broken-winded hack, with a grammatical bridle, and a monosyllabic bit between his teeth!"

He could sometimes be unqualifiedly rude, personal, and impertinent, as when, upon his introduction to a fat little fellow, Sheriff Wire, he exclaimed, "*Wire*, did you say? why you are more like the chunk end of a crowbar!" The Sheriff would certainly have been justifiable in pulling the novelist's nose—had he only been able to reach it!

A correspondent who has written to us upon several historical and antiquarian matters connected with the settlement of the Carolinas and Georgia, thus refers to Charleston and the first settlers of North America:

"Charleston is an ancient city. True, its antiquity, dating from its occupation by a Christian people, does not yet reach back two hundred years; but two hundred years is a long stretch in the progress of time. Many an empire has had its birth, and its sole duration within this limit. How many generations have trod the same places, giving way, in turn, to the impatient footsteps of their successors! What a world of hopes, and fears, and pains, and pleasures, exulta-

tions and regrets, have been crowded within this period. How many works have been wrought, and how many destroyed—how many battles been fought—what victories achieved—what bright and shining lights of humanity have ministered at the altars of home, and art, and genius, and patriotism,—enough to have honored any antiquity, however remote any existence, however prolonged its duration.

"Of the age of the spot itself, no matter how little or much distinguished by its proprietors, who shall conjecture? That it held its inhabitants, coeval with the first dawn of the creation, we may reasonably assume, taking for granted that God has made nothing in vain. He has not planted the great forests of our Western land, and filled them with fruits and flowers, and birds of the air and beasts of the field, with every thing essential to man, and grateful to his necessities, yet forborne to place within the garden, the noble proprietor, to whom all were decreed by his benevolence. He has not left the settlement of this fair world to chance, leaving it to bloom and wither, and its fruits and flowers, and birds and beasts, to grow and go to waste, for myriads of seasons, until the stray barques of remote continents, driven ignorantly by stress of weather, shall drift across the great straits of the ocean sea, and people the otherwise vacant shores with humanity. The red man was probably the first occupant. But Tradition here interposes, and teaches that we should unjustly assume that the red man possessed the soil exclusively, until the modern period of the discovery by Columbus. Did the Northmen ever possess, even temporarily, this domain, as their Chroniclers contend? Is it wholly fable that there was a colony of the Irish on the banks of the Ashley eight hundred years ago, as the same Chroniclers depose,—or a white people speaking a dialect so near akin to that of the Irish, that they could not be understood by the Northern voyagers? Or were these people Welshmen,—and do we thus learn the land which yielded a refuge to the adventurous Cymri under Madoc? I have often wondered that Mr. Southey never happened on this conjecture, though I am not sure that the Chroniclers of the Northmen, in relation to America, had been collected and published by Professor Rafn, of Copenhagen, prior to the lamentable decline of faculty, by which the mind of Southey was paralyzed so many years before his death. These Chronicles yield a very plausible report in favour of the claims of the Northern voyagers to the first discovery of the New World; and the fact urged by the same Chroniclers that, in the region of country now occupied by the States of South Carolina and Georgia, a settlement was found of white people, speaking a cognate language with the Irish, would seem to depend upon testimony which is quite as clear and impressive as that which is supposed to establish their discovery of the country."

Regarding society *en masse*, we may affirm that there is *no* charity in it. The consciousness (however unacknowledged) of infirmity in ourselves, leads us to search diligently for the infirmities of others,—and when we have found them, it is not to be expected that we will bury them in a napkin. This is the process by which nineteen-twentieths of the uncharitable class become tale-mongers, and exaggerators, and busy-bodies. In proportion, too, as an individual lacks some great life-object—a definite and steady purpose, for the attainment of which all the energies are strained,—in that proportion do we find him (or her) ready to coin or circulate slander, and to live, like the vampire, by sucking dry the moral or social character of others. It is lamentable to see in what force persons of this order infest society, high and low, carrying their poison to its roots, and silently but powerfully sapping all faith in man, all generous trust in the progress of their kind. We believe that sins against charity, more than all other sins, affect the world at large, and cumber its motions (naturally feeble) towards right, as with the power of a cureless incubus. They destroy confidence between man and man. Each individual regards his neighbor as a spy. Society is converted into a state of hostility—not open and declared, but partisan, guerilla, masked—yet not on that account the less deadly. Instead of a reciprocity of benefits, a reciprocity of *injuries* becomes the great end of life. Thus existence is reduced to a warfare—bitter—and—unmitigated. All the holiest charities of life are rent in twain. Alas! that pilgrims through the same dark valley should so assail each other! We need the council and the kind offices of our fellows, and we receive—blows and contumely. We need support, and receive—a rude hustling on the way. We need blessing, and receive—imprecations. Ah! if men *could be* made to comprehend the exceeding beauty of Charity! Bending over the universe, and encircling it as with wings of heavenly glory, the mercy of

the infinite God embraces all his creatures, but *they* cannot learn to be merciful; and dust warreth against dust. It is only when life is ebbing, observes a Philosopher who had studied his species, that men can be made not only to understand, but to *feel*, sins against Charity; and this, he adds, speaks loudly for the truth of Christianity.

Leigh Hunt says that though a man in his waking moments may look as proud and self-possessed as he pleases, though he may walk proudly, sit proudly, eat his dinner proudly; though he may shave himself with an air of infinite superiority, and, in a word, may be ineffably grand, and dignified on the most trifling occasions, he is reduced to ridiculous shifts, when once floored by that great leveller—Sleep. "Sleep" (he observes) "plays the petrifying magician. He arrests the proud lord as well as the humblest clown in the most ridiculous postures; so that if you could draw a grandee from his bed without waking him, no limb-twisting fool in a pantomine could create wilder laughter. The toy with a string between his legs has hardly a posture more extravagant. Imagine a despot lifted up to the gaze of his valets, with his eyes shut, his mouth open, his left hand under his right ear, his other twisted and hanging helplessly before him, like an idiot's, one knee lifted up, and the other leg stretched out, or both knees huddled up together; what a scarecrow to lodge majestic power in!"

The last number of the *Baltimore Protestant* contains some sensible editorial comments upon the character of the public prints at the North. Many of these are daily becoming more vulgar and disreputable. "Read," says *the Protestant*, "their *medical* advertisements—read their local items—read their telegraphic announcements—read their scissorings—and what do you find? Not an *approval* of anything vicious—certainly not—but a continued detail of villainies committed throughout the land; to be spread before the readers, a delectable morning feast for old men and matrons, young men and maidens, girls and boys. At one time it could be truthfully said, that a daily paper in a household was worth almost as much to the children as a school-master. Doubtless the amount of knowledge communicated by the press to the youth growing up in our midst, is equal to that which many of them receive in our public schools; but for the honor of our system of education we may hope it is of rather a different kind!"

"*The Athenæum*," probably the most perseveringly hostile to American authors of all the London critical journals, has somewhat fallen off, we think, in the cleverness of its review-department.—But the old acerbity and bitterness remain in full force. The policy of this candid journal, in regard to American literature, seems to rest upon the ingenious device of selecting from amongst transatlantic publications, the very worst books of their class—books scarcely heard of here, but which *the Athenæum* assures its readers are quite fair specimens of the taste and genius of this country. Shallow trickery this, and yet not wholly ineffectual. When his American cousin is to be slandered, John Bull lends a ready ear and an easy faith!

The following description of a fight between a lion and an antelope is given by Dr. Livingstone, the celebrated African explorer:

"The doctor and his guides had just emerged from a narrow defile between two rocky hills, when they heard an angry growl, which they knew to be that of "the monarch of the forest." At the distance of not more than forty yards in advance of them, a gemsbok stood at bay, while a huge, tawny lion was crouched on a rocky platform, above the level of the plain, evidently meditating an attack on the antelope; only a space of about twenty feet separated the two animals. The lion appeared to be animated with the greatest fury—the gemsbok was apparently calm and resolute—presenting his well-fortified head to the enemy. The lion cautiously changed his position, descended to the plain and made a circuit, obviously for the purpose of attacking the gemsbok in the rear; but the latter was on the alert and still turned ed his head toward his antagonist.

This manœuvring lasted about half an hour, when it appeared to the observers that the gemsbok used a stratagem to induce the lion to make his assault.—The flank of the antelope was for a moment turned to his fierce assailant. As quick as lightning the lion made a spring, but while in the air the gemsbok turned his head, bending his neck so as to present one of his spear-like horns at the lion's breast. A terrible laceration was the consequence; the lion fell back on his haunches, showing a ghastly wound

in the lower part of his neck. He uttered a howl of rage and anguish, and backed off to the distance of fifty yards, seeming half disposed to give up the contest; but hunger, fury, or revenge once more impelled him forward. His second assault was once more furious and headlong; he rushed at the gemsbok and attempted to leap over the formidable horns in order to alight on his back.

The gemsbok, still standing on the defensive, elevated his head, speared the lion in the side, and inflicted what the spectators believed to be a mortal wound, as the horns penetrated to the depth of six or eight inches. Again the lion retreated, groaning and limping in a manner that showed that he had been severely hurt; but he soon collected all his energies for another attack. At the instant of the collision, the gemsbok presented a horn so as to strike the lion between the two forelegs, and so forcible was the stroke, that the whole length of the horn was buried in the lion's body. For nearly a minute the two beasts stood motionless; then the gemsbok, slowly backing, withdrew his horn, and the lion tottered and fell on his side, his limbs quivering in the agonies of death. The victor made a triumphant flourish of his heels, and trotted off, apparently without having received the least injury in the conflict.

The singularly vigorous poem which follows, was originally published in the *St. Helena Magazine*. It afterwards appeared in the London *Spectator*, with these brief prefatory remarks:

"The Poem published below relates to the early service of English officers in India, when the army was mowed down by pestilence. When Mr. Macaulay's account of the effects of small pox in England is remembered, as it describes the separation of brothers, sisters, and lovers, it will be seen that this poem gives, with wonderful effect, what is far nobler, however painful, the very poetry of military despair, but still the *dying together* of brothers in arms:"

REVELRY IN EAST INDIA.

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare,
As they shout to our peals of laughter
It seems that the dead are there.
But stand to your glasses, steady;
We drink to our comrades' eyes.
Quaff a cup to the dead already;
And hurra! for the next that dies.

Not here are the goblets glowing;
Not here is the vintage sweet:
'Tis cold, as our hearts are growing,
And dark, as the doom we meet.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
And soon shall our pulses rise,—
A cup to the dead already;
Hurra! for the next that dies.

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles;
Not a tear for the friends that sink;
We'll fall, 'midst the wine-cup's sparkles,
As mute as the wine we drink.
So stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis this that the respite buys!
One cup to the dead already;
Hurra! for the next that dies.

Time was when we frowned at others;
We thought we were wiser then;
Ha! ha! let *them* think of their mothers,
Who hope to see them again!
No! stand to your glasses, steady!
The thoughtless are here the wise;
A cup to the dead already!
Hurra! for the next that dies.

There's many a hand that's shaking;
There's many a cheek that's sunk;
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.
So stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis here the revival lies;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurra! for the next that dies.

There's a mist on the grass congealing,
'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath:
And this does the warmth of feeling
Turn ice in the grasp of death.
Ho! stand to your glasses, steady!
For a moment the vapor flies;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurra! for the next that dies.

Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore?
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul shall sting no more.
No! stand to your glasses steady!
The world is a world of lies;
A cup to the dead already:
Hurra! for the next that dies.

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betray'd by the land we find,
Where the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest remain behind.
Stand! stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis all we have left to prize;
A cup to the dead already;
And hurra! for the next that dies.

We have been recently reading Congreve, and instituting a comparison between his Plays and Sheridan's. We

wonder how any one can fail to give the preference (so far as the brilliancy of the dialogue is concerned) to the dramas of the former There can be no doubt of Congreve's superiority on this point. Is there a play in our language so full of sparkling observations and striking antitheses, as the "Way of the World?" Every scene blazes with wit. Take, for example, the dialogue in the second act, between Fainall and Marwood:

Marwood—You hate mankind?

Fainall—Heartily! inveterately!

Marwood—Your husband?

Fainall—Most transcendently! *ay, though I say it, meritoriously!*

Marwood—Give me your hand—I join with you—

Fainall—Is't possible! dost *thou* hate those vipers, men?—

Marwood—I am done hating them: and am now come to despise them; and the next thing I have to do, is eternally to forget them.

Fainall—There spoke the soul of an Amazon, a Penthesilea.

Marwood—And yet I am thinking sometimes to carry my aversions farther—

Fainall—How?

Marwood—Faith! by marrying; if I could but find one that loved me very well, *and would be thoroughly sensible of ill usage*, I think I should do myself the violence of undergoing the ceremony.

Madame DeStael has well said, that "of all the fine arts, *Music* is the only one which is considered to be immortal, and to exist in the next world, as well as in this." The other fine arts, however noble, however sublime they may be here, we believe that they cease at the grave—the portal of a new and more glorious day; but even Revelation can find no higher mode to express the triumphant honor which the hosts of Heaven pay to the Eternal Son, than that "new song" which rises forever to "Him that was, and is, and is to come." Who, in listening to exquisite music, does not feel the inward stirrings of good impulses, who does not yearn to throw off the hard tyranny of sensuality and selfishness, and to rise to a higher life?

Music seems to us to be inseparably linked to memory. It breaks the moorings of the soul to the present, and sends it adrift on the sea of the past. What ghosts of buried hopes and joys does a plaintive melody evoke! Time may have hardened us—other events, and the common course of life, may have fallen upon them like sods, and buried them away from our sight,—but now these are all annihilated,—the gulph between the past and present is instantaneously bridged over, and through the vista of years the heart cherishes its dead treasures, with all the tenderness of old.

What can the future bring like these? What if it does bear us new pleasures, so too it will take them all away. Alas! that the intense hopes and joys of the human heart should be *all in life that can die.* All nature springs from the decay of winter, rises in the flush of awakening summer, to the full glory of a new life. We every one of us die to live again—but the happiness of the past, those phantoms to which we once clung in almost an agony of love, are dead to all eternity. They are the only image of death in the whole range of created things,—they have no resurrection, they rise no more,—even the last trump will not awaken them. We *must* give them up—their solitary memorial is the ruin and despair which they leave in the heart of man. Then, too, Music, with more ease than all things else, touches the mysterious fount of tears. Is there any one who would give up the power to weep? What are the images of rain to the parched and famished earth, shadow and cooling streams beneath a merciless sun, a green oasis in the wastes of the desert, compared to a softening, soul-subduing flow of tears, leaping over and breaking down the barriers of consuming passions, or the ice of despair! As long as the soul may be touched to tears, that soul, divorced as it may have been from all that is good, is capable of being reclaimed to virtue and truth. For tears are like the rain that falls from heaven, and deeds of love and mercy spring up under their fertilizing influence. The power of weeping is a divine gift to man,—without it the rancor of remorse would eat its way into the very soul, and repentance would be a burden greater than we could bear.

The character of *Beranger's* funeral was in painful opposition to the tenor of his life and writings. A conscientious Republican, the friend as well as the child of the People, we find his remains escorted to the grave by the hirelings of a government he despised. On the day of his interment, two hundred thousand persons, it is said, gathered on the Boulevard in the vicinity of his house, but were not permitted to join the procession. The Government dreaded a popular outbreak, "and only officials, and those who had received cards of invita-

tion, were present at the religious ceremonies which took place in the church of *St. Elizabeth du Temple*, and formed part of the cortege to *Pere la Chaise*." A letter from Paris thus alludes to the military preparations of the funeral:

"About fifteen thousand soldiers were called out on Friday morning, armed with ball cartridge, and distributed over the route, or near it, over which the procession would have to pass; two thousand were on the Boulevard, in the neighborhood of the Chateau d'Eau, four thousand at the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, eight thousand at the Place de la Bastilla, and the rest conducting the funeral cortege, holding the cordons around the neighborhood of the Rue Vendome, or distributed along the streets conducting to the cemetery. There were Generals on duty. Two thousand policemen were detailed to preserve order in the crowd. Besides these, all the soldiers remaining in the barracks of Paris, and all those in the neighborhood of Paris as far off as Fontainbleau, a distance of forty miles, were ready, with arms in hand, to march at a moment's warning. A Minister said that he had no fear of serious trouble, for they could bring to the city in one hour's time fifty thousand soldiers. The Cabinet was *en permanence* the whole day at the Count Walewski's. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs was chosen for the place of meeting in preference to the Ministry of War, because of the concentration of electric wires at the former. The principal Foreign Ambassadors sent despatches at regular intervals during the whole day to their respective Governments."

Some days previous to the Poet's death, the same correspondent, addressing his letter to a London journal, wrote:

"Poor Beranger's hopeless state affects us all. The doctors shake their heads and despair. By fits and starts he recovers consciousness, and replies with alacrity to the friends who surround him, watching, as it were, the ebb and flow of the mighty life which stirs within him. The last interval of consciousness was considered ominous. He pointed to the picture of "Lisette"—his own gay, merry Lisette—which hung opposite the foot of the bed, and made a sign that it should be brought to him. The picture was done by Johannot some years since, and is in water colors, of the large miniature size. Beranger held it in a trembling grasp for some minutes, gazed on it tenderly, and, with a calm smile placing it under his pillow, turned round and sank to sleep once more. The old green coverlet, which he used jocosely to call the *jupon de Lisette*, declaring that it had been made from the identical petticoat described in his immortal ballad, covers his feet, and the only sense of anxiety he has exhibited during his illness is said to have been when, on awakening suddenly, he did not perceive it in its usual place. Amongst his intimate friends, there is not one who does not declare to have perceived the approach of this great change in Beranger ever since the death of Lisette, which happened some months ago."

Eugene Sue, the opposite of Beranger in mind, temperament, and *morale*, the account of whose death has also reached us during the last month, although he professed the warmest sympathy for the masses, even going to the extreme of *socialism* in *theory*, is generally described as a luxurious dandy, an exquisite and voluptuary, equally destitute of principle and feeling. "He always wrote," says a correspondent of the *Times*, "in white kid gloves; had his money washed before he handled it; had his hair dressed twice a day; gave grand banquets; lived *en Prince;* dressed and scented himself to extremes, and yet never looked, with his bull-neck and brawny shoulders, like a gentleman. Had he been a 'man,' with his genius, he might have done something. As it was, he sank into nothingness the moment he was elected to the National Assembly."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Sisters of Charity—Catholic and Protestant—and the Communion of Labor. By Mrs. Jameson. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

Memoirs of the Loves of the Poets; Biographical Sketches of Women celebrated in Ancient and Modern History. By Mrs. Jameson. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

The former of these works is composed of two lectures delivered privately by the author—the first on the 14th of February, and the last on the 28th June, 1855. Together, they form a complete treatise upon one of the most important subjects which can commend itself to the attention of the legislator and philanthropist. Upon the discussion of this theme, Mrs. Jameson has entered *con amore*. She has thrown her whole heart and soul into the matter, investigating the details with thoroughness, and drawing her conclusions broadly, and with reference to the permanent interests of society.

The work is not a defense of "woman's rights," in the cant sense of the term, but rather a vindication of her capacity as a co-worker with man in ameliorating the condition of humanity. Nor does the argument stop here. It proceeds to show that not only should woman be permitted and encouraged to labor, but that a special sphere is open for her efforts. We are accustomed to associate even with the best regulated hospitals and work-houses ideas of gloom, desolateness, almost despair. Hirelings—paupers themselves—are the nurses, and the whole routine of such establishments is cold, cheerless, and repulsive. Suppose that instead of the present machine system, monotonous as it is, and destitute of sympathy, another system were devised, founded upon the efficient aid of organized female societies, the members of which should be composed, not of the offscouring of the land, but of women educated, modest, intelligent, and able to administer to the suffering heart, as well as to the diseased body. Can any one estimate the blessings which must flow from such a reform? Look at the example of Florence Nightengale. Apart from the admiration naturally felt for one who voluntarily, from motives of expansive charity, placed herself in contact with scenes the most revolting, and agonies the most heart-rending, we are called, in view of her self-sacrifices, to the acknowledgment of a fact which is the ground-work of every argument akin to the one under discussion. The fact is this, that wherever man is placed, and under whatever circumstances, far from the influence of that womanly tenderness, which is the redeeming leaven in the constitution of all communities, there he degenerates into savageism, or dies like a plant in the desert, withered for want of dew. The sick soldier, at Scutari, who declared that the shadow of Florence Nightengale, as she passed along the wards, fell upon his pallet with a cool, refreshing influence, stated literally what he *felt*; but how wide the circle of meaning into which these simple words may be expanded!

The lectures of Mrs. Jameson are comments upon this beautiful text. In the evolution of her subject she brings to light facts of fearful significance. The pauper policy of England is ruthlessly exposed. We are confronted with a picture of crime, wretchedness and ignorance inexpressibly revolting. But the remedy is clearly defined, and the need for its speedy application urged with an eloquence, feeling, and power which, let us hope, may stir a tardy government to energetic action. Possessed of the revelations of books like the present, the productions of competent and honest reformers, we of the South, in no pharisaical spirit, may be permitted to congratulate ourselves upon that system of labor amidst which we live. Slavery is said to be degrading to that part of our population composed of poor whites, and the alleged sottishness and brutal ignorance of this class, is a frequent theme of taunting comment with abolitionists. Yet Mrs. Jameson tells us, "that with all their schools of all denominations, it remains an astounding fact that *one-half of the women who annually become wives in England cannot sign their names in the parish register!*" And this ignorance is the precursor, or the concomitant of the worst vices—vices at which the soul

sickens, and turns away almost tempted to espouse the belief of those mournful visionaries who "absorbed and saddened by the monstrous evils and sorrows around them, have come to regard the world as a place of penance for sins committed in some former state of existence."

However this may be, the contemplation of great social and moral misery, belonging not wholly to the workings of individual systems of government, but inherent in human society everywhere, suggests a moral of sternest import.

Feeble as is the will, and imperfect the capacity of man, it is only by the concentration of both that any real good can be accomplished in the world. Yet, upon a precisely opposite principle modern philanthropy proceeds. Wilberforce, Clarkson, and the whole herd of reformers upon the slavery question, have *assumed* the existence of corruptions where no corruptions were, while around and above them, affronting the "free" air of their boasted civilization, the "smoke of a people's torment," and the cry of their despair, have been ever rising darker and more agonizing!

We have not time, however, to pursue the subject further.

The following is a specimen of the style and the argument of Mrs. Jameson's lectures:

"Work in some form or other is the appointed lot of all, divinely appointed; and given as equal the religious responsibilities of the two sexes, might we not, in distributing the work to be done in this world, combine, and use in more equal proportion the working faculties of man and woman, and so find a remedy for many of those mistakes which have vitiated some of our noblest educational and charitable institutions? Is it not possible that in the apportioning of the work we may have too far sundered what in God's creation never can be sundered without pain and mischief, the masculine and femenine influences?—lost the true balance between the element of power and the element of love?

"It seems indisputable that the mutual influences of the two sexes—brain upon brain, life upon life—become more subtle, and spiritual, and complex, in proportion as the whole human race is improved and developed. The physiologist knows this well; let the moralist also give heed to it. * * * It appears to me that we do wrong to legislate, and educate, and build up institutions without taking cognizance of this law of our being. It appears to me that the domestic duties—what I have called "the communion of love, and the communion of labor"—must be taken as the basis of all the more complicate social relations, and that the *family sympathies* must be carried out, and developed in all the forms and duties of social existence, before we can have a prosperous, happy, and truly Christian community. I have the deepest conviction, that to enlarge the working sphere of woman to the measure of her faculties, to give her a more practical and authorized share in all social arrangements which have for their object the amelioration of evil and suffering, is to elevate her in the social scale; and that whatever renders womanhood respected and respectable in the estimation of the people, tends to humanize and refine the people. * * *

"Here then I take my stand, not on any hypothesis of expediency, but on an *essential law of life;* and I conclude that all our endowments for social good, whatever their special purpose or denomination—educational, sanitary, charitable, penal—will prosper and fulfil their objects in so far as we carry out this principle of combining in due proportion the masculine and the feminine element, and will fail, or become perverted into some form of evil, in so far as we neglect or ignore it." Page 172.

The author's purpose, in "*The Loves of the Poets,*" is to depict the influence "which the virtue and beauty of woman have exercised over the character and writings of men of genius." Upon a subject so truly noble and pathetic, it may well be imagined that Mrs. Jameson has written with force, fervor, pathos, and complete sympathy. It is no exaggeration to say that this book is one of the most charming in our language. And it is not only a glowing, but a very elaborate and instructive work. Not unfrequently we find in its records a key wherewith to unlock the mysteries of a great man's character and fate. It is rich in eloquent philosophy, no less than in anecdote, tradition, gossip, and biographical portraiture.

The author thus discourses upon "A Poet's Love," showing that it is the privilege of the true singer not only to build up for himself, but to bestow upon others an immortality on earth:

"Of all the heaven-born privileges of the poet, the highest, and the most enviable, is the power of immortalizing the object of his love, of dividing with her his amaranthine wreath of glory, and repaying the inspiration caught from her eyes, with a crown of everlasting fame.

"It is not enough that his imagination has deified her—that he has consecrated

his faculties to her honor; the divinity thus decked out in richest and loveliest hues, he places on high, and calls upon all ages, and all nations, to bow down before her—and all ages, and all nations obey! How many women, who would otherwise have stolen through the shade of domestic life, their charms, virtues, and affections buried with them, have become objects of eternal interest and admiration, because their memory is linked with the brightest monuments of human genius? While many a high-born dame, who once bestowed kingdoms with her hand, lives a mere name in some musty chronicle:

"She had no Poet—and she died!"

"And how have women repaid this gift of immortality? O! believe it, when the garland was such as woman is proud to wear, she amply and deeply rewarded him who placed it on her brow. Even if the *lover* was unsuccessful, the *poet* had his reward. * * * * Through *her* the world opened upon him with a diviner beauty; he saw her eyes in the stars of heaven, her lips in the half-blown rose. The perfume of the opening flowers was but her breath, "that wafted sweetness round about the world;" the lily was "a sweet thief," that had stolen its purity from her breast. Hers was the freshness, and bloom of Spring; she consumed him to languor as the summer sun; she was kind as the bounteous Autumn, or she froze him with her Winter disdain. There was nothing in the wonders, the splendors, or the treasures of the created universe—in the heaven, or the earth—in the seasons, or their change, that did not borrow from her some charm, some glory beyond its own. Was it not just, that the beauty she dispensed should be consecrated to her adornment, and that the inspiration she bestowed should be repaid to her in fame?

"For what of thee thy Poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again:
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behavior; beauty doth he give,
But found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee, thou thyself dost pay."

SHAKSPEARE'S SONNETS.

An extract, like this, speaks more forcibly than any possible criticism of our own. Here we rest the claims of the book; which, we would observe, is fitly bound in "blue and gold," adding another volume to that elegant library of standard works now in the course of publication by *Messrs. Ticknor & Fields.*

The Athelings—Or, the Three Gifts. By Margaret Oliphant, the author of "Katie Stewart," "The Quiet Heart," "Zaidee," &c. Harper & Brothers, New York.

The readers of "Russell's Magazine" will not need to be told that this is one of the most charming fictions which has proceeded of late years from any English pen. Mrs. Oliphant's works are all tales of real life, and derive their interest chiefly from a consummate comprehension, and graphic analysis of ordinary characters—the personages we are wont habitually to meet in our intercourse with this "working-day world." The interest which her stories awaken is not, therefore, of the turbulent kind; it is quiet, like the flow of a calm river, and yet carries with it the "still, deep music of humanity."

The first twenty chapters of this book, devoted to a description of the Atheling family, is a picture unsurpassed in natural grace and truthfulness; we feel as if we had actually entered into the privacy of the sweet English home, and been admitted to familiar companionship with its members. The matter-of-fact clerk, and his housewifely consort, Charlie, the "big, obstinate boy," grunting out his hard, common sense speeches; lovely Marian, clever Agnes, and the rusty Mr. Foggo, given to black rappee, and sly sarcasms,—there they all are, assembled in the cheerful parlor of No. 10 *Bellevue*, as interesting a group, we venture to say, as any to be found similarly situated *in* the three kingdoms, or *beyond* them! The author's fidelity of characterization is, indeed, remarkable. Her portraits live in the memory, and are daily re-produced and contrasted with the personages actually around us. We do not mean by this that the portraits are common-place daguerreotypes of common-place people; we rather mean to say that they are representative, and stand each for a *class*. Other excellences the work possesses, and among them we must notice the admirable sketches of natural scenery and phenomena. Sketches they are—nothing more; the quick, and delicately etched transcripts of some impressive features of a scene, or landscape, but they are

subjected to any fair critical tests, judged, we mean, by the rules generally applied to *literary* composition, are not only diffuse, illogical, and clumsily put together, but almost wholly lacking in that "body of thought," the want of which in this age of original, profound, and brilliant writing, is conclusive against the claims of the *author*, however little it may affect the success or reputation of the public *declaimer*.

Married or Single. A Novel, in 2 vols. By Miss Sedgwick. Harper & Brothers, New York.

In the preface to this work Miss Sedgwick declares that she has the "fears and falterings of a stranger in appearing before the present public." "The generation known to her," she continues, "and which extended a welcome, and a degree of favor to her, has for the most part passed away." Not only so, but the domain of novel writing has, since the publication of "Home" and "Hope Leslie," become, as it were, indefinitely enlarged. A new school of art, more elaborate, imaginative and intense has arisen, and an ordinary domestic tale, meagre in incident, and undramatic in action, is not likely to be widely popular. The public need to be stimulated. No quiet caterer in the line of fiction can expect his dishes to be honored, when the pungent and peppery ragouts of such skillful artistes as the Brontës, Thackeray, Dickens, the author of "The Dead Secret," and several other writers almost equally distinguished, are ever ready to furnish the host of novel readers with just the sort of intellectual nutriment they desire. But chief the fault of the work under review is, singularly enough, to be found in Miss Sedgwick's practical denial of her own principles as an artist.

While indulging in a half sneer against the sensational and intense in literature, parts of her story exhibit an attempt to write in the vein, and illustrate the peculiarities of the very school she condemns. Consequently, her story is a sort of hybrid production, the result of a conflict between former tastes and professions, falling naturally in with the scope of her endowments, and an unconfessed admiration for that more vigorous and popular style of writing to which we have referred. In a word, "Married, or Single" will not, we think, add a tittle to the author's reputation. It would have been better policy to have permitted the book to remain unpublished.

A Cyclopedia of Wit and Humor of America, Ireland, Scotland, and England. Edited by Wm. E. Burton. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

We have received the first *three* numbers of this valuable cyclopedia, which is now being issued in semi-monthly parts, well printed, handsomely illustrated, and, so far, edited with care and judgment. The work is to be completed in *twenty-four numbers*, and can be obtained only by subscription. J. B. Ford, Esq., No. 9 Appleton's Buildings, New York, is the general agent for the publishers. Among the minor good things in Part 3 is the following, under the title of "Give the Devil his Due:" "This common phrase was turned very wittily by a member of the North Carolina bar some years ago on three of his legal brethren. During the trial of a case, Hillman, Dews and Swain, (the two first named, distinguished lawyers, and the last also a distinguished lawyer and President of the University of the State,) handed James Dodge, the Clerk of the Supreme Court, the following epitaph:

"Here lies James Dodge, who dodged all good,
And never dodged an evil,
And after dodging all he could
He could not dodge the Devil."

"Mr. Dodge sent back to the gentlemen the annexed impromptu reply, which we consider equal to anything ever expressed in the best days of Queens Anne or Bess:

"Here lies a Hillman, and a Swain,
Their lot let no man choose,
They lived in sin, they died in pain,
And the Devil got his dues! (Dews)!"

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